THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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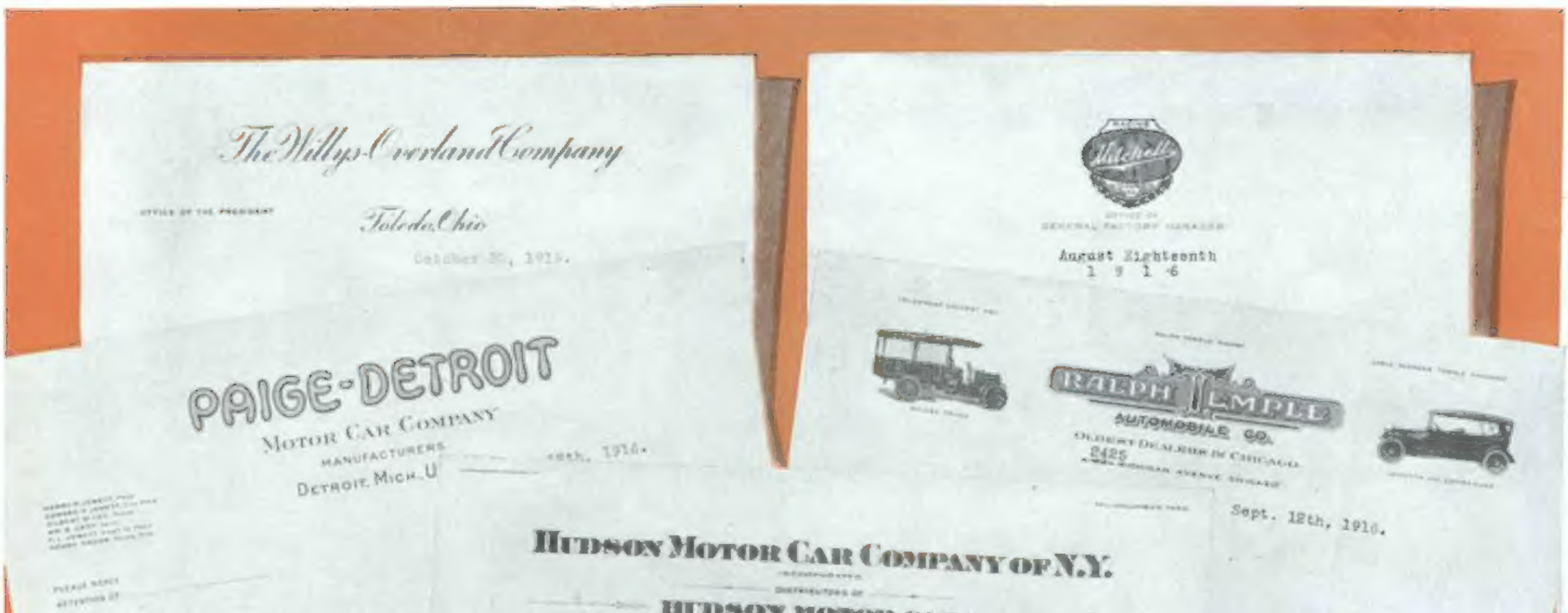
Founded A[illegible] Franklin

MARCH 3, 1917 [illegible]OPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

BRINGING OUT BARBARA—By ETHEL TRAIN



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"Our determination has been to make a ***good*** car. The success of the Overland has been due to the fact that we do make good cars.

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(Sales Manager)

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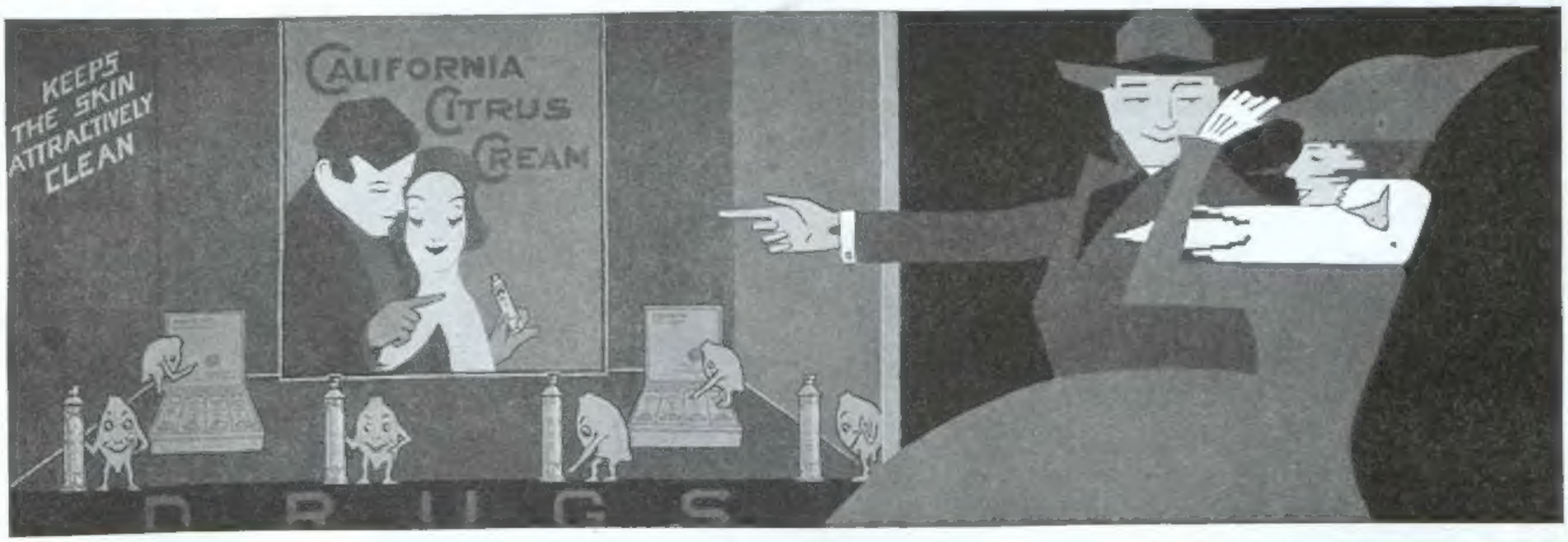

Look, Mary! Here is where I go in and buy a tube of California Citrus Cream. This March wind is cracking my lips.

You're right, Jack! But it is up to you to spend another 25c, because you have been using my Cream every time you shave.

I'll do it! But I might just as well make it 85c and get 4 tubes in that pretty box. You know the druggist in our block didn't have it the other day.

Jack! The next time you pass his store, go in and tell him that he can find where to get it in this week's Saturday Evening Post.

Partial list of wholesale dealers who are especially active in distributing California Citrus Cream

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INDIANA

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MOTHER!" I cried.

"How do you do, dear?" a carefully modulated voice replied.

Two minutes earlier we had puffed noisily into the station and the train had disgorged a carload of our girls, several of whom, like myself, were leaving school for good. I was staggering under the weight of two huge grips, one in each hand, not having been able to find in my pocketbook any change for a tip to the porter.

Mothers and mothers were pressing eager faces against the railing at the top of the flight of steps we were about to ascend, but I did not discover mine. It was terrible, that sight of other people's mothers when I couldn't find my own! She hadn't troubled, I thought, to meet her girl, who was coming home to her forever. I jumped to the conclusion that some social engagement had been allowed to interfere with that reunion to which I had been looking forward for months.

In the anguish of that moment I could not remember what she looked like. I knew I had a mother, but her face was without features, like the faces of the people I used to draw when I was a little girl. I could not imagine the faces adequately, so I just left them out.

Laboring up the steps under my load I saw Jean Royce already at the top, her little slim figure almost obliterated by the clasp of a big man's arms. No father was waiting to sweep me off my feet like that. It was the abomination of desolation, this arrival.

Then suddenly I saw father and mother both, standing quietly beside a pillar. Father looked appallingly tall, had on a silk hat and carried a cane. He's six-feet-one and always wonderfully dressed, dark, with a clear olive skin, smooth black hair, and a mustache that's too small for him. I should sketch it several inches longer and much thicker on an ideal head. He's continually being mistaken for an Englishman, though he was never in England in his life until he had finished college, and, I think, looks more French than English. At any rate, he doesn't seem a bit like an American, even to me. He was born in New York and has never lived anywhere else; yet when I walked uptown with him once, last Christmas vacation, he observed everything as though he were trying to form an impression of manners and customs previously unknown.

I Ripped Open the Nearest Grip and Rapidly Selected What I Wanted

Mother would have served to perfection as a cover design for a fashion magazine. She was faultlessly gowned, creamily spatted, with her hat tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees and, notwithstanding the breathless humidity of the June day, almost obliterated as to contours of cheek and chin by a large, fluffy, white-fox boa. Her whole appearance was calculated to deceive the observer as to her age. It did not seem possible that she could be the mother of a girl of seventeen.

When she made her even rejoinder to my glad cry she protruded her cheek out of the fur just far enough for me to kiss it. As I pressed trembling lips against its coolness I noticed a resemblance between her eyes and those of the dead stuffed animal that dangled over her shoulder.

Shocked that such a thought had entered my mind, I turned to father with some idea of throwing myself into his arms. Luckily I perceived in time the absurdity of this impulse. He was inspecting me with his habitual air of detachment. This affectation embarrassed me. He had known perfectly well for seventeen years what I looked like. The dimple in my cheek, the irregularity of my nose, the cleft in my chin—all had been patent in my babyhood; it was unnecessary to observe them further. The changes that counted were inside changes, due to spiritual growth, but to these I well knew he would devote no scrutiny.

"You've grown, I think?" he hazarded politely; and I answered with regret:

"Not much, I'm afraid," adding: "Oh! I almost forgot. I must go and report to Miss Wier that I've been met. I won't be a minute."

I found Miss Wier, in whose charge we had made the journey, standing alone, with her hands crossed, a thin, prim presence, spectacled, and as angular as the subject she taught—geometry. Contrasted with hers, my own lot seemed suddenly full of warmth and color. For her there were neither partings nor meetings. In a spot so suggestive of palpitating emotion as a great terminal the isolation of that patient figure wrung my heart.

I wanted to share with her everything I had—my father, my mother and my home. My impulse was to take her by the hand; turn a deaf ear to her trifling protests; carry her off bodily. On fire with my desire I faced about and ran back.

"Mother!" I cried. "May I ask Miss Wier to stay with us while she's in town? She's our geometry teacher, you know, who chaperoned us on the train. There's nobody to meet her and I'm sure she's going to some boarding house."

"Not to-day," said mother. Then, seeing in my face a very abyss of disappointment, she explained: "There are people for dinner." And she added, as though making a great concession: "If you want it very much I might be able to manage it to-morrow."

To-morrow! Bereft of spontaneity, what would the invitation amount to?

"If I can't have her now," I returned hotly, "I won't have her at all."

"You talk like a spoiled child," was the answer. "You don't seem to have outgrown your willfulness."

At these words memory turned up in my mind old scenes—stormy tears and tempers, frequent foot-stampings, innumerable clenchings of fists—of which I had repented bitterly in my exile, vowing that they should never occur again. Could it have been that they had had any justification in fact? That they had been a child's weapons of defense against false standards of conduct, misinterpretation of motives and want of heart? But, even if this were so, I was wrong, now that reason had wakened, in resorting to such means.

"I only meant," I said slowly, "that I didn't think she'd care to move after she was settled. She'd have unpacked her bag, and all that. Is it a formal dinner?"

"No," said mother; "there is no formal entertaining in New York in June."

"Then," I urged, "what would it matter about having one more chair at the table? Couldn't you just slide her in?"

"People are not slid in at dinner," was the reply. "Besides making the number uneven, she would be put in the embarrassing position of having nothing in common with my other guests. It's out of the question. Please go now, and report."

I went, genuinely puzzled as to what constituted informality. Offhand I should have defined an informal dinner as one admitting of any amount of elasticity in regard

to arrangement—everybody moving up at the last moment to make room for one more.

"There you are at last, Barbara!" said Miss Wier when she caught sight of me. "All the others are accounted for. Have you been met?"

"Yes, Miss Wier," I replied glibly in perfunctory school phraseology, and then stood silent before her, in the grip of sudden realization.

Of a multitude of small obediences distributed over years this was the final one. The school had made its ultimate demand of me; imposed its behests upon me for the last time. Henceforth it could dictate to me no more forever. Should I be able to stand alone? Fearful of liberty, fearful of emancipation, I felt unaccountably homesick for the old surroundings, with their hitherto irksome props, demerits for transgression of rules, marks for untidinesses, permissions written and signed. Without these, how was I to know whether I did well or ill?

At the door of my prison I stood hesitant, blinking at the daylight. I was unaware that these thoughts showed in my face, until I saw Miss Wier's eyes soften strangely under her glasses.

"It's hard to give you up. It's harder for us to give you up," she said in a tone I had never heard her use before, "than it is for you to leave us. How we shall miss you, my child!"

Tears started to my eyes. I threw both arms round her neck and squeezed her with all my strength.

"Oh, Miss Wier!" I choked. "After all the bother I've been to you with my rotten work in mathematics!"

She only smiled. At school she got up with her subject, spent the day with it, and took it to bed with her to ponder it in her dreams. Now she vouchsafed it not even passing attention.

"I hope nothing will spoil you," she said fervently, bending over to kiss me on the lips. "Dear Barbara! Good-by!"

I could give no expression to my grief at having to let our association drop then and there, just as it had sloughed off the relation of teacher and pupil, so hampering to the growth of friendship on equal terms. To breathe a word of what had passed between mother and myself would have been arrant disloyalty; so I gave her one more squeeze, released her abruptly and dashed away, not once looking back.

When I came up mother saw me wiping my eyes, but she made no comment. The three of us moved along together, and yet apart, followed at a respectful distance by a porter carrying my grips. The station was rather crowded with people standing in little groups, which broke up inevitably to let father through. What was it, I wondered, that thus cleared a path for him, as though he were a fire engine or an ambulance? I hated to suspect it of my democratic countrymen, but I gathered that it was the "distinguished foreigner" impression he produced.

All this had little to do with the reunion of a family. It was no reunion—this meeting of three people who had nothing to say to one another except obvious things like "Here is the motor," which mother now said as a little automobile rolled up.

Its wheel was in the hand of a chauffeur unmistakably French, with mustaches as sensitive as the whiskers of a cat, and lynx eyes that indicated an order of intelligence too high for such a simple job as driving a toy machine.

At school the same old darkies were familiar presences to generations of girls, but mother changed her servants with the seasons, as she did her gowns. An uneasy fear tormented me that she would have changed her daughter, too, had that been practicable. It would have relieved her of the herculean task of making a silken purse out of a sow's ear, when the sow was likely to protest at the amputation. I fancied her discarding me with scant compunction—a last year's daughter; a daughter out of style; one not worth the trouble and expense of remodeling.

"Show me your latest thing in daughters," I could imagine her saying in her somewhat languid voice. "No; not to take with me. I shall have her made to order. My last daughter I got ready made, and she was such a complete failure that I had to throw her away."

Whimsical as was this idea, it made me seem to myself even more of an alien than I should otherwise have done in that delicately upholstered car, my well-worn clothes brushing the luxurious ones on each side as I sat down uncomfortably between my parents upon a seat obviously designed only for two.

I felt as though I were being taken somewhere to be adopted instead of to my own home, and that the first thing they would do when they got me there would be to order me a bath and provide fresh raiment.

The groom adjusted the robe and asked:

"Where to, madam?" touching his cap.

"Home," was the answer.

"Yes, madam," he replied, touching his cap again. "Very good, madam," touching it a third time.

"And—James!"

"Yes, madam," with another touch.

"Tell Réné not to drive quite so fast as he did on the way down."

"Very good, madam," with still another sign of deference.

I had begun to regard this frequent gesture with fascinated eyes.

"Don't you get tired of being treated like royalty?" I questioned flippantly when the door had snapped. "I should be bored to death by having a man like that about."

"His manners are excellent," returned father with an emphasis which was clearly meant to reflect on mine; and, indeed, the groom's were the better of the two.

"It's a tiresome trip from school in hot weather," mother remarked presently.

"Yes, mother," was my prompt answer. "Quite, mother."

"Through uninteresting country," she went on.

"Yes, mother," I repeated. "Very, mother."

"Did you make an early start?" father inquired.

"No, father," I replied in monotone. "Not very early, father."

Conversation languished.

At length mother tried again.

"Did you receive a letter from me yesterday," she questioned, "with money in it?"

"Yes, mother," I said. "Thank you, mother."

At this, with one accord, they drew back.

"Have you lost your mind?" father demanded. "Or are you making fun of us?"

I laughed.

"I was only trying an experiment," I explained. "You see, I have such difficulty with my manners, and his kind seemed so simple I hoped an adaptation of them would work. It won't, though. It seems more difficult for a girl to give satisfaction than for a groom."

"You put things in the strangest way," mother objected. "Why do you talk about giving satisfaction, as though you were a servant? You, the daughter of the house!"

I made no reply. It would have required some thought to formulate my reasons for the remark; and, even had I done so, my success in conveying them would have been problematical. Theoretically I was the daughter of the house, certainly; but practically I was worse off than the groom, who, if his efforts to please did not meet with success, would be dismissed, and thus provided with an opportunity to try his luck elsewhere. There was no such loophole for me. Satisfactory or not, now that I was here, here I should have to remain.

How was I to fit into the existence of which the expensive trifles I had already noted were the emblems and the signs? I had no notion of either the duties or the perquisites of my position. Instead of familiarizing me with them gradually during my adolescence—the period of greatest adaptability—mother had abruptly cut me off at its start from my natural surroundings and thrust me into others where entirely different ideals prevailed.

Having kept me for four years out of sight, put away like a lunatic, she had suddenly brought me back in the expectation that I would feel like a daughter.

I didn't feel like a daughter. I didn't know what I felt like, I'd been away from home so long—ever since I was a kid of thirteen. Now I was almost a woman; too old to go to school any more. Every summer I'd been packed off to camp, and the winter and spring vacations were too temporary to make much impression.

Just then we passed the cathedral and my eyes fell upon a long line of orphans going in to some service.

That was it! That was what I felt like! A blue-garbed Orphan, with a capital O—a Public Charge—an Institution Child! By a quick transition my thoughts passed from myself to mother. If I had had no mother she had had no child. During my long exile she had remained in undisturbed possession of a childless house. She had had no willfulness to encounter; no opposition; no interruptions; no demands; no whispered confessions; no penitence; no confidences in the dark, cheek on cheek.

The motherhood that was the kernel of my soul revolted, and there arose within me a fierce longing for a little child of my own, that I might make up to it all that we had lost—she and I. I felt that I should never be able to give it up to anyone, even at night. When I woke I should want to feel its warm, live, marvelous little body in my arms; press it, limp and unresponsive as it was, against my breast. It would grow up then without my knowing it; and I should grow along with it, because I should have to find answers to the questions it asked. That would be much less disconcerting than receiving it back from somewhere, full grown, like a Venus rising out of the waves.

Poor mother! I understood a little now why she had not seemed more glad to see me. My absence had become a habit. It wasn't going to be easy, this taking up of motherhood at the eleventh hour. She had omitted all the steps—the settling of childish difficulties; the comforting of small troubles easily comforted. As she sat there beside me, so calm, so dainty, so aloof, she seemed to me to resemble in every respect a woman who had never either desired or possessed a child.

"Where's he going?" I asked suddenly, when the chauffeur failed to slow down at the accustomed corner. "Stop him, mother! He's passed the street."

"What are you thinking of, Barbara?" she returned. "I wrote you we'd moved into the new house."

"Oh-h!" I gasped. "The new house? Of course! I'd forgotten all about it. It went completely out of my head."

"We've been in it two weeks," said father as we slowed down before an imposing edifice, which upon my previous views of it had been obstructed by scaffolding. "That is the only reason we're not at Westbury. Rotten bore! It's practically all furnished."

"All furnished!" I repeated, incredulous. "That immense house—in two weeks? But you had a lot of things, of course."

"Very little that was suitable," he replied.

"My furniture?" I insisted, suspicious and on the defensive. "You haven't got rid of that?"

"You'll see," said mother evasively as we got out.

The front door swung inward, revealing three men, one in afternoon attire and

While Two Women Were Pinning and Snipping at Me, Mother Ordered More Dresses

two in livery. All had British countenances, entirely devoid of expression, and all were six feet high. These strange, imposing servants in possession of a strange, imposing house oppressed my spirit.

"What's become of Jules?" I whispered to mother, referring to our erstwhile French butler, whose wrinkled, smiling face had welcomed me home at least twice—at Christmas and at Easter—and who, therefore, in our ménage might almost have been regarded as a family servant.

"I couldn't have a Frenchman in this house," she replied.

"But you have one on your car!" I demurred, doubting whether I should ever master these distinctions. It was apparently correct to employ a French chauffeur. A butler, however, must be English. Moreover, an impressive presence was a requirement. Not being very tall myself, I had a fellow feeling for those who did not measure up to standard, and determined that when I had a house I would employ only short men.

The entrance hall was spacious, with Caen-stone walls and a floor of black and white marble laid in squares.

We went up in the elevator to the third landing to inspect my room before lunch.

The walls of this room were paneled in ivory; the furniture was ivory and cane; the hangings pale-rose taffeta; the rug of the same hue. The desk was supplied with a desk set of pale-rose leather in dull tooled gold, and the crowning touch was a pale-rose quill pen, thrust into a pale-rose receptacle filled with white shot.

I had never seen white shot used for ammunition and I wondered where these had been obtained.

I did not like this two-tone room; it cried to heaven for some jarring note—something crashingly purple, orange or blue; yet my heart overflowed in appreciation of the pains mother had bestowed upon it; the time she had spent in carrying out the minutiæ of the scheme—just now, when she was so busy and had so much on her mind. Nothing that day had made me so happy as this, and I threw my arms round her neck, crying: "Oh, mother darling! How sweet of you!"

It Was No Reunion—This Meeting of Three People Who Had Nothing to Say to One Another

Her next words chilled me to the bone.

"I felt sure you'd be pleased with it," she said. "This whole room was on exhibition, just as it is, in every detail, even to the pictures, at the interior decorator's. All they had to do was to move it. Luckily even the curtains were an exact fit."

She left, telling me to meet her in her sitting room when I had taken off my things.

While I was standing disconsolate there was a muffled knock at the door. I opened it and found that my grips had arrived in the hands of one of the huge footmen. No sooner had he left than I ripped open the nearest one, scattered its contents over the floor, and rapidly selected what I wanted. My old felt slippers went under the bed, my memory book on the table, the photographs of our cheer leaders and basket-ball teams I piled on the desk—all but a few of the choicest, which I stuck in the mirror of the dressing table. Then, a little comforted, I ran downstairs. In the dining room the table was laid for two, father having disappeared.

It was a very large dining room indeed, decorated in green and white marble, with a stone mantel and tapestried chairs.

"The breakfast room isn't finished yet," mother explained. "We'll always lunch there when it is."

The butler stood behind mother's chair, a footman behind mine. Acting in concert they pulled the two chairs out simultaneously. I sat down, my feet missing the floor by half an inch.

The first course was cold eggs in aspic jelly, with an herbaceous border encircling the dish. I partook nervously, not only of the solids but of the party-colored garnishings.

"Have you got a new cook?" I asked, detecting an unfamiliar bite at the tip of my tongue.

"A chef," she replied, "who was twelve years at Voisin's. He's an expert at seasoning."

The second course roused little interest in me, as the eggs had more than satisfied my appetite. It consisted of small round fillets, each with a mushroom on top and, underneath, a layer of artichoke resting upon a foundation of toast. I took one perfunctorily, and also a spoonful of very black thick sauce. Salad followed; and we had for dessert ice cream, together with strawberries almost as big as plums. At least that was the way they felt when I swallowed them.

Coffee was served in mother's sitting room by the butler, the first footman immediately following him with liqueurs on a tray. We declined both and they marched out again.

"I've ordered the car at three," mother announced.

"Must we go out?" I asked, lolling in an easy-chair. "I feel as though I didn't want to move after that lunch."

Her eye rested upon me in disapproval.

"You must learn not to eat everything," she said. "I don't. If you noticed all I took to-day was an egg, some green peas and a strawberry or two."

"What do you have it all cooked for, then?" I questioned. "Isn't it a waste?"

"Oh, no," returned mother vaguely. "François doesn't waste anything. He makes use of it in some way, of course."

"Where are we going at three?" I resumed.

"To get you some clothes," she replied with decision.

I had not been mistaken, then, in my conjecture as to raiment.

"What's the matter with those I've got on?" I demanded, in sudden reluctance to part with the rough garments that had adapted themselves to my casual lines, and the discarding of which would mark the end of an epoch.

"They're unsuitable," she decreed. "They were all very well for a schoolgirl, but you're not a schoolgirl now. Go and put on your hat."

As we crawled down Fifth Avenue, in a line three deep with motors bent on similar errands, I remarked that we should never get to Rosenberg & Hymen's at this rate.

"We're not going there," mother enlightened me. "I shall not dress you at the department stores any longer. We'll see whether Yvette has anything."

Yvette had a great many things. Her dressmaking establishment, which specialized in girls' frocks, was carried on in a large corner house built not five years before as a private residence, and hastily vacated, as such houses often are in New York—why, nobody knew.

Yvette herself failed to appear, but in her absence the gowns were displayed by a Miss Hawkins, who seemed to be a person of authority, and a smiling assistant to whom money was no object.

"This is only a hundred and fifty dollars," she would say, holding up an exquisite, flowerlike dress, thrown together out of nothing more durable than net and tulle. "That blue chiffon with the silver embroidery is two-twenty-five; but look at the lines of it!"

These figures made my brain reel. Up to this time, while a girl at school, eighteen-fifty had been the highest price paid at Rosenberg's for my "best" dresses. My shirt waists I had been allowed to choose myself at Tracy's, for sums ranging from $1.49 to $4.75, articles of striped and zigzagged patterns in which my soul had rejoiced. At home I had always had my supper apart on a tray, and at school my wardrobe had stood up well beside those of the other girls.

"How do you like the blue, Barbara?" mother asked indifferently. "Don't you think it's rather pretty? I think I shall have my daughter try the blue one on, Miss Hawkins."

I went over to her and whispered tensely in her ear.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for that dress is robbery, mother!" I said. "Don't buy it! Please don't! Suppose I should get a spot on it! Let's go back to Rosenberg's. They've got lovely things! Really they have, when you get extra lace to fill them in! I'm not out; I don't need such a beautiful dress as that."

"Yes, you do," she returned placidly. "You forget that you're coming down to all my informal dinners after this. Could we have this dress for to-night, Miss Hawkins?"

At Rosenberg's alterations inevitably took ten days; so I was astonished when Miss Hawkins acquiesced suavely:

"If there's not too much to do, madam; certainly I'll hurry it through for you! The alterations, of course, will be extra—I can't tell how much until I see just what there is to be done."

While two efficient young women were pinning and snipping at me together, mother ordered more dresses and arranged for appointments late in the week. As we were leaving the establishment I reminded her that she had forgotten to ask anything more about the cost of the alterations.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Miss Hawkins offhand. "The young lady seems to be very economical; so different from most of the young ladies nowadays. How nice that is!"

Her tone was bland, but her glance at me was inimical as she bowed us out.

On our way home I maintained silence for at least two blocks. Then I burst out.

"It's wicked to charge twenty-five dollars for those alterations! Why, mother, there was hardly anything to do! Just a little redraping in the back and putting in some tulle—about a dollar's worth, I should think. It could have been done just as well in the house."

"Not in time for to-night," rejoined mother easily. "Why do you worry so, Barbara? You're not paying for it."

We had tea, served by most of the men; and when I went up to my room there was the gayly striped box that held my dress.

I had no desire to open it. The extravagance I had seen displayed that day sickened me. More food than you could eat; better clothes than you needed to wear; a servant at every door and behind every chair—I was weary of it already, weary and depressed. What was the object of this continual outpouring of money for that which was not bread?

One little pincushion of mother's choosing would have meant more to me than the whole room she had bought at a price, and a single kiss of real welcome I should have prized above all the finery in the world.

"You must learn how to wear your clothes, Barbara," she admonished me as we went downstairs together at five minutes to eight. "You can't move about in an evening gown as though you were swinging clubs."

I restrained my movements obediently.

As we passed the heavily wainscoted room known as father's "study," through the open door I glimpsed the butler deigning to occupy his leisure moments in altering by the fraction of an inch the positions of the magazines on the Italian table.

(Continued on Page 29)

A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

HE REINED in the big gray gelding for an instant while he watched his son and the girl take the fence together. There was a hard thunder of hoofs, like a hammering of bass drums, as they raced neck and neck; and then suddenly the great chestnut hunter that the boy rode and the girl's fine black mare were over lightly, like swallows whipping over water.

He brought the gray across easily, with a quick lift of his knees, and leisurely took in the scene before him. Three hundred yards away, up the hill, between the bright yellow of the gorse and the grayish brown of the winter grass, he could see the red streak of the old dog fox as he headed warily for the copse above; then came the flying squadron of the dappled pack, heads forward and tails stiff, silently intent; and after that Tim, the old huntsman, in faded red broadcloth and brown corduroy, on his mare Pegeen. Then again came the girl and his son, tall, lithe figures on their mounts. Behind him straggled the rest of the hunt, motley in red broadcloth and gray tweed.

He brought the gelding down to a walk, and for the first time in many years he let his eye wander from the quarry and the pack. His glance was on the girl ahead, in her trim habit and bowler hat. And he wondered to himself how it was that, of the thousand times he had seen her, it was only on the last three or four occasions she had engrossed his attention. He had always known her for a little beauty, and he had laughed at every dare-devil feat of hers that had evoked the applause of the countryside. But somehow he had never thought of her as a woman until a few days ago; and yet she was twenty-five.

"The little Heart of Corn!" he said to himself tenderly, repeating the name that the peasantry had given her.

And then suddenly, as though he had been storing up memory subconsciously these ten years or more, there rushed into his brain a flood of remembrances of her. It seemed to him that he had always been looking into that imperfect oval face, with its tinge of olive color, its full gray eyes, and straight black hair. He could always remember her swift boyish stride and hunched shoulders; the mannish hunting dress; the little spurred feet in the top boots—and, above all, that pert, inquiring, challenging look of hers, that made one uncertain, a fox-hunting parson had said, whether to thrash her or kiss her.

And how often had he laughed at Tim the huntsman's description of her!

"She's a rare young devil—Miss Hester!" Tim would say. "Ah, but she's the little Heart of Corn!"

That morning at the meet she had greeted him pertly, sitting there beside that son of his, who seemed less of a son than a younger brother.

"I doubt, Sir Patrick," she had said in that touch of brogue that was hers, "you're getting old. I heard your bones creak, and you climbing into the saddle."

"Huh!" her father, old Colonel O'Donnell, had snorted. "Boyd's younger than his overgrown son, and he rides harder; and harder than you, too, miss."

And he could, too, at forty-six, outride his son Harry, who was only twenty-three; and her, too, though she was the best horsewoman of the county.

A host of new and disturbing ideas had come into his head since he had begun noticing her, now that there was the fleeting expression in her eyes that betokened she was woman as well as tomboy, capable of loving as much as of riding to hounds. He remarked the trim tidiness of her, and it occurred to him, with a sense of shock, how much in need of attention his house and gardens were, which had had no woman to care about them now for two-and-twenty years, except for a doddering housekeeper and a couple of maids who would be more at home milking cattle than polishing furniture.

That old house of his, now, for example, resting at the foot of Slievegullion—how much she could have done with that! There in the great dining-room, where the portraits of the Boyds looked down mellowly from the wall—the Boyd who had fought with Cromwell, and "Boyd of the Boyne," and the Boyd who had stood by Grattan against Castlereagh—those and a dozen of others, soldiers and statesmen—would there never again be a gathering of beautiful women and stalwart men? In the drawing room, with its noble depth and height, with its virginal, which a queen had given his father, with damascened weapons on the walls, would there never be a woman to brighten it, to place flowers here and there, to warm it into the intimacy of life? Every corner of the house was cluttered with fishing rods, with guns and saddles. A pair of spurs lay on the antique sideboard in the dining room. An otter dog dozed in the depths of a brocaded couch.

And that garden, too, with its walks that should be graveled and its flower beds that should be trimmed; the little lake, where swans should be, with their throats raised exultantly—would there be never again a beautiful woman in clinging white to pass down its alleys in the full of the moon?

The red fox had taken cover in the copse, and about it the pack was circling busily, with shrill impatient yelps. The whipper-in was herding them together, making his lash crack like a rifle. Boyd watched the girl as she sat back easily, waiting for the leader to give tongue.

"A woman in the house!" Boyd thought to himself. "We need a woman in the house."

And for his son, too, something was needed. In spite of the boy's years at Harrow and Dublin, there was lacking a polish to him—due undoubtedly to the lack of mother care, the lack of mixing with women. In a while, Boyd felt, the lad might become a boorish type of county gentleman, like old Squire Boyley, who spoke of nothing but the points of cattle and the vintages of port. No; there must be a refining somewhere.

The fox had broken cover and was careering uphill gayly. The hounds broke into a passion of crying and tore along in a wavering piebald stream. The girl was after them like an arrow.

"The little Heart of Corn!" Boyd repeated as he watched her; he nodded his head in conviction. "That's what we need—a woman in the house."

II

IF YOU had been present—say, three years ago—at one of the formal levees at Dublin Castle, your eye would have wandered past the gorgeous Viceroy; past the Ulster King at Arms, with his four heralds; past the bemedaled generals and Knights of Saint Patrick, in their long cloaks, with their swords and stars—and it would have fixed on a tall, young-looking man in modest court dress, knee breeches and sword, standing apart, with his back against the wall and his arms folded. You would have been certain to ask his name.

"That is Sir Patrick Boyd," the answer would have come, with a note of deference at the name.

A tall, lean figure of a man, I remember him, six feet or thereabouts, and spare as a lance. He impressed you as a sheaf of sinew, something like a panther. Surmounting that came the lean, aquiline face, with its overbig nose and its overlong jaw; the chestnut hair, with just the faintest gray at the temples; the cool, calm, fearless brown eyes. If it had not been for the eyes one might have thought him to be some official, aged thirty-two; but the look in them showed that he was a man who had lived long enough to gain poise and authority. Still and all, one would hardly have thought him to be forty-six years old, and to have a son of twenty-three.

It means very little in England—that name, Boyd of Beltana. It means nothing in Europe. In America it has hardly ever been heard. But in Ireland it means a great and gallant sportsman, a credit to his country; one of those last figures of Irish gentlemen who resemble, in a way, the old noblesse of France—like the White Knight, the Knight of Glyn, O'Conor Don, and McGillicuddy of the Ricks. It means all that; and it does more—it recalls a tragedy.

They will tell you, old county gentlemen in rough tweeds and blue poplin stocks, disappointed diplomats in third-rate capitals, officers of the Rifles and the Fusiliers, sunburnt from India—all who had been to Trinity with him—that they cannot understand how Boyd married her.

"You could see she was that sort," they say. "You could see it with half an eye."

They alluded to little Ada Breguel, that turbulent French dancer who whirled across the stage of the Empire, shook Dublin out of its lethargy, and captured the hearts of a field marshal and a chancery judge in ten minutes. A woman who looked like a child, is the description I get of her, with her pert flashing face, her mass of black curls and her slight figure.

Boyd met her after the theater and in one week they were married. It was his perfect courtesy, his respect for her, for whom few others had respect, and a clean wholesome manner of wooing that gained her. He was twenty-two then, and a student at Trinity.

His father, blunt old sportsman, took it philosophically.

"Well, it's done now. Let's make the best of it," he said. "Thank God his mother isn't alive to see it! She was such a stickler for family!"

Nor did he last to see the worst of it. A week later they brought him home on a door from the hunting field; and the men's heads were bared.

She had thought she would enjoy being Lady Boyd of Beltana; of having a recognized position in society; of having a husband who treated her with deference. She had all the *gamin's* love for a title and lands. She would escape, she thought, the muck of dressing rooms, the tyranny of hours, the need for giving every ounce of herself every moment to keep her hold on the public.

But she found the North sad. The hunting and the fishing did not interest her. She discovered, to her amazement, that a duchess was only a charming elderly lady, such as a butcher's wife might be. The two peeresses she met never wore their coronets, and one of them swore like a trooper. At the Punchestown races none paid attention to dress, as they did at the Grand Prix. They watched the horses. She was bored.

"There are no smart people here, Patrick," she would complain to him. "Let's go to Paris and live."

"But I can't, dear," he would explain patiently. "I've got my responsibilities here; my tenants—everything."

"I'm so sick of it," she would tell him.

This frame of mind occupied her for a year, at the end of which their son Henry was born. As soon as she could get round she packed her trunks.

"I'm sick of you," she told Boyd. "I'm sick of your place. I'm sick of your people. I'm going back to something with life in it."

Nothing could hold her; arguments, affection—not even threats. The dregs of Paris were in her, and they suppurated now into an ulcer of discontent. She had never wanted horses and dogs, flowing water and blossoming heather, a house surrounded by purple mountains. She had wanted an *hôtel* on the Avenue Kléber, the adulation of bankers, the intrigue of music halls. A fierce nostalgia for them seized and paralyzed her.

"I don't want your child," was her final word.

She died in Paris a few years later. How, nobody but Boyd knew; and he never spoke of it. Even he could find nothing good to say of the dead. So he said nothing at all.

The boy grew up. Out of the indiscriminate features of childhood emerged the hooked Boyd nose, the heavy Boyd jaw. Out of the cooing clamor of infancy emerged the wonderful Boyd dignity and the Boyd calm. There was nothing in him of his mother—not one speck.

"A miracle of God!" the friends of the family judged it. But of that they mentioned no word to Sir Patrick. He was not the sort of man who allowed criticism of his wife, no matter what she had been.

Tall and lithe and straight he grew, while his father watched him with a care a mother could not have equaled. He taught him to ride and shoot straight; the ethics of sport; the duties of a landlord to his tenants; the duties of a gentleman to his dependents and his peers. And little by little they came to resemble each other, until the boy seemed but a pocket edition of his father.

"I'd know him out of his father anywhere," Tim the huntsman would say. "The same high head and the same eyes. Aye, and the same way of looking at you. The dead spit of the Boyds—God bless him!"

To Harrow the father sent him, going over to England to be near him, and forsaking, for the time, the furze-clad hills and ditches of his hunting country for the sodden plowed fields and elaborate social meets of the Saxon. Carefully he guided him through Trinity, in Dublin; and then Harry came home.

"What is it to be, Hal," the father asked him—"army, navy, diplomacy, church?"

"I'd rather stay at home, sir," he said, "and help you with the estate. If we look after our own people the Empire can look after itself."

"I'm glad," his father said simply; but his heart leaped at the thought that, for another generation at least, the Boyd tradition would be carried on; that another link of the chain would remain to care for the people and govern the estate well and justly.

Together they rode to the hunt and back from it. They visited cottages; planned improvements; heard complaints and investigated them. There was always the kind word for the children, and an occasional phrase of the vanishing Gaelic for the white-haired women sunning themselves at the doors. There was a joke for the fox-hunting parson and a chat over politics for the parish priest.

"Listen to me, my friend," old Father Kelly told a member of Parliament who had journeyed North during the agrarian discussion with an eye to the disaffection of the neighborhood; the member had spoken violently about "landlords' spawn," as he put it. "Listen to me: You may shoot landlords in Kerry and ambush them in Roscommon. But if you advise that here you'll go home on a stretcher. And it won't be the landlords will send you. It'll be the tenants. I'm just telling you!"

And it wasn't alone their sense of justice and honor that made this man and boy popular in the Barony of Oriel. It was the deep bond between them that called forth the sympathy in everyone. Even old men's eyes grew dim as they saw the admiration and the near-worship of the son for the father; his happiness when they were together; his pride in the elder man's strength and endurance, handsome face and proud carriage.

And women with children smiled tenderly in understanding as they watched the baronet's concealed solicitude for the boy's welfare, the careful training, the inculcation of ideals. They understood even more his patient waiting for the boy's return when away on a visit, or on a trip to Dublin, or a round of the fairs, looking after stock. Patiently the baronet sat and waited on the terrace for his return, like David, sitting between two gates, waiting for tidings of Absalom, his son.

III

A GREAT line of Boyds there had been since De Courcy clanked into Ulster at the head of his Norman band; and of all that line there had not been one who was a famous lover. They were not uxorious men—women in the main had no attraction for them; but it seemed their custom to pick out one woman and to lavish their lives on her. It was their boast that they picked out wives of high ideals and tried to live up to them.

"A grand eye for a horse, they've got," the country people would say; "aye, and a grand eye for a woman. 'Tis better for a girl to be married to one of them than to be a queen, with crown and jewels. A better thing, surely."

There had been few of them who had married outside their own Province of Ulster. They mated with the O'Donnells and O'Neills, overlords of the North; with the O'Hanlon women, those red-haired, strapping amazons; with the De Lacys and D'Arcys, tall, commanding women who still retained the Norman manner. A Boyd had stolen a King of Spain's daughter, and another Boyd had brought home an Austrian; but that had been all—that and the defection of Sir Patrick, who had married the dancer from Paris.

"A queer thing for him to do!" the tenantry puzzled. ""Tis many the hearts were sore and broken on that same day."

That was dead and gone, now; buried in the oblivion of twenty-three years, until it seemed no more to the squire than a tragic story that had happened to someone else. For twenty years the stream of affection that was in him had been dammed by the caring for his son; and now that the boy was no longer a stripling, but a man, the stream flowed over the bulwarks and was prepared to take its natural course.

If there was one woman who would have suited him in the whole world it was Hester O'Donnell. He liked everything about her—that quick and boyish stride that was always carrying her swiftly somewhere; those raised eyebrows that gave the impression she was eternally puzzling over something. More still, he even liked her way of walking along the road, her left hand in the pocket of her tweed coat.

And then came the daily, ever-dramatic change from the hoyden of the mannish stride to the gracious, well-gowned woman who presided over her father's table—a slim, soft beauty, to the manner born. That was the thing which fascinated him.

"A sportswoman and a great lady," Boyd told himself. "There's only one in a million!"

He had noticed her watch him self quizzically, and with a little tenderness in her eyes. She could not feel anything particular for him, he thought; but she might be receptive toward his courtship. Her father, old Colonel O'Donnell, would be only too pleased at the alliance. Indeed, he had once hinted at it himself.

"I wish I had someone to look after that child," the colonel had said—"someone like yourself, Boyd."

"She'll find a young man some of these days," the baronet had answered; "my kind are too old."

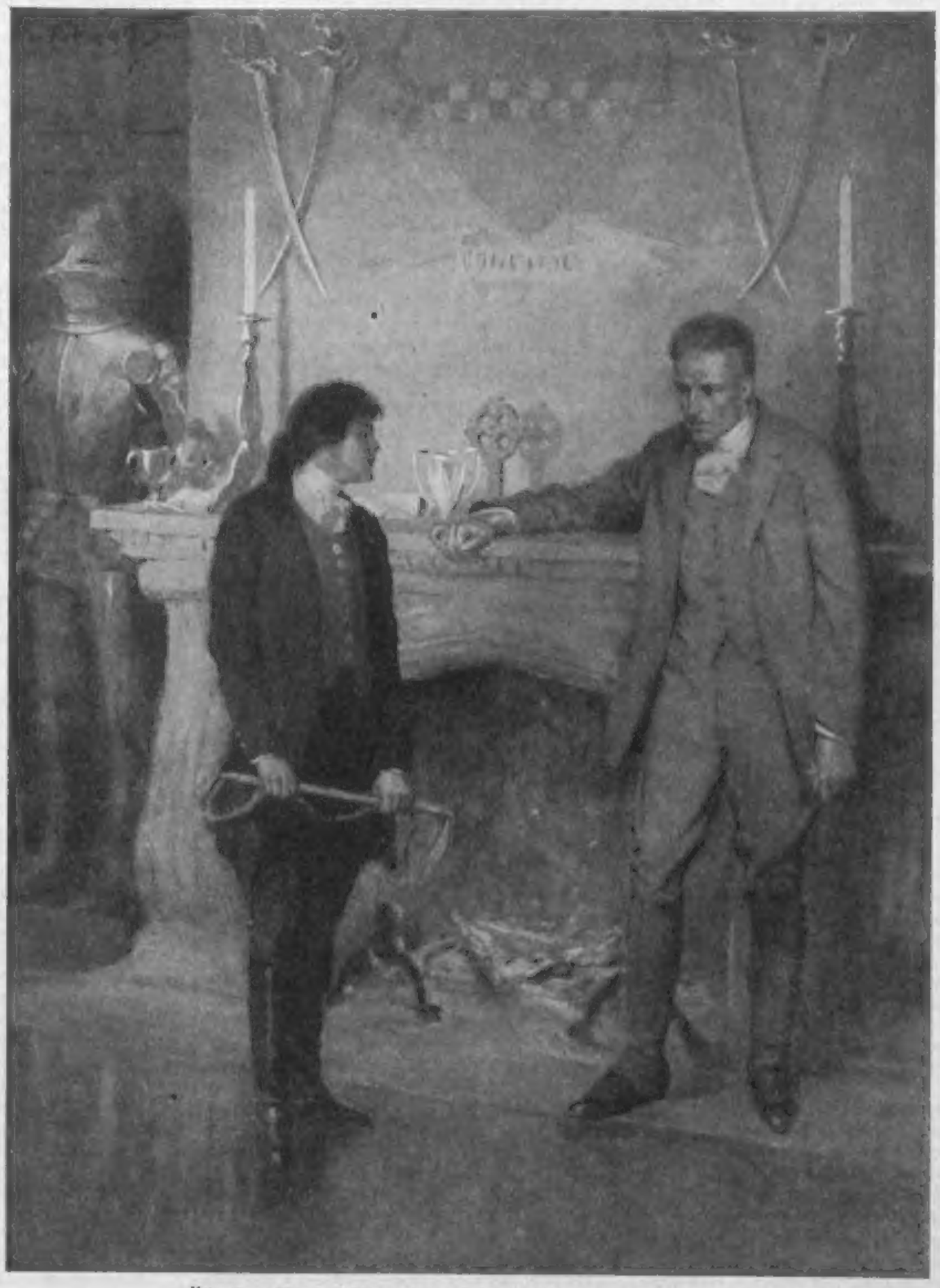
"You're good for twenty-five years in the saddle yet," O'Donnell chaffed; "and she's not exactly an infant. She's twenty-five years old."

Whom else could she marry? Boyd tried to think. Two or three seasons she had been to London and Dublin; but from both of them she had come back heart-whole apparently. For the officers of the near-by garrison she seemed to have no liking. There were few of the old stock left from whom she could choose. She was too much of "a fine woman," as the phrase went, to be taken by the younger whippersnappers she might meet. She would want a whole man—mind, body and soul.

"I can't think of anyone she could care for." The baronet shook his head.

Well, then, if that were so, why shouldn't he have his chance as well as the next? An old name and a fine estate, a constitution ten years younger than his age, there might be a possibility of the match appealing to her. And then there was the boy. She seemed to like him, from their companionship together. How happy they could be, all three of them! And how the old house would brighten up, as it used to be under every one of the Boyds until his tragedy had occurred! Again there would be the laughing parties there, the balls, the hunt breakfasts—everything as the old tradition had it, the tradition of his hospitable, open-handed ancestry.

It was getting toward evening now. The sun had dropped behind the crest of Slievegullion, and a great golden light, like a



"On Your Word of Honor as an Irish Gentleman, Is That True?"

liquid, bathed the mountainsides. Beneath it the lake lay, a placid winding pool bordered on each side by pine trees. As he stood by the open French window and watched it across the garden with the stripped rhododendron trees, the baronet wondered to himself how the boy would take it. A great flight of wild geese went clamoring by, and Showk, the red setter, raised his head as though he heard something. He trotted down the avenue of chestnut trees. A moment later Boyd could hear his son's strong barytone ringing out:

"I cautiously saluted her, and I viewed her o'er and o'er;
And I says: 'Are you Aurora bright, descending here below?'
'Oh, no, kind sir,' this maiden fair, she modestly replied;
'I daily labor for my bread down by the tanyard side.'"

The boy swung round the side path to the back of the house. He had been duck shooting, the baronet remembered, and he was probably going round to leave his gun and bag before coming up. He could hear the old housekeeper greet him:

"Yerra, Master Henry, and 'tis you is the elegant shot. Eight of them, and you not gone upward of an hour!"

"Not so bad for a young one—eh, Margaret?"

And then his voice rang out again:

"Her golden hair in ringlets rare hung down her shapely neck,
And the killing glances of her eye would save a ship from wreck.
Her cheeks like fair Hypatia's, and her teeth so waxy white,
Would have made Napoleon her slave down by the tanyard side."

He swung into the room easily, with his shotgun beneath his arm. His hair was tousled under the tweed hat, and the pockets of his golf coat were bulging with cartridges. His hands were in the pockets of his riding breeches. There was so much wholesomeness to the devil-may-care look of him that Boyd's heart jumped with pride.

"Dreaming, father?" he asked laughingly. He put his hat upon the muzzle of the gun and propped the barrel carefully against the wall. "A penny for your thoughts, sir."

"I was thinking, Hal —— What would you say if some fine day I were to get married?"

"Success to you, sir, a thousand times! And I'll dance at the wedding until the dawn of day." He paused for an instant and his voice grew anxious: "Why, sir, you've not been worrying about me, have you? Sure, I'd only be too glad of anything that would make you happy. Who is it, sir? Lady Alice Sellingham?"

"No."

"Mrs. Brown-Abott?"

"No."

"Surely it's not Miss Reddy? It couldn't be she!"

"It isn't," his father laughed back.

"Who is it, sir? Don't tease me about it."

"Hal," his father said softly—he kept his head averted with some sense of embarrassment—"it's Hester O'Donnell I want to ask to marry me."

"Hester O'Donnell!" The name seemed to be more gasped than spoken.

The elder man was noticing nothing. His mind was full of relief and tenderness at the son's quick delight at his happiness. He didn't notice the long spaces that came now between his remarks or how white he had suddenly become.

"Have you asked her yet, father?"

"Not yet, Hal."

Another long pause. The son moved toward him at last.

"I wish you every success, sir. If you get her you'll be getting the best girl in the world; and I've often said that the woman you'd marry would lack for nothing. Success again, sir."

"Thanks, Hal."

The boy straightened up and moved toward the door.

"I'll be taking the gray down the road for a gallop," he said. "He's not been out to-day."

Hal swung off quickly. His father stood there motionless. He couldn't trust himself to speak, so moved did he feel. How happy they three would be together, he thought! He listened for his son's voice to break into the countryside ballad again. The boy did so much like the last verse. The baronet repeated it to himself with an amused smile:

"Farewell, my aged parents; to you I bid adieu;
I am crossing the main ocean, my love, for love of you.
And if ever I return again I will make that girl my bride,
And I'll roll her in my arms down by the tanyard side."

But no swinging barytone arose, lilting the grace notes of the Come-all-you. The only sound the baronet heard was the shuffle of the gray hunter at the stable door; and then, an instant later, the thunder of his hoofs along the road.

IV

IT SEEMED to Boyd, in those three days, that there had always been a gray cloud over Slievegullion Mountain, and that the lake had always been misty and desolate, with no sound from it but the hollow and lonely booming of the bitterns. About the house the servants came and went with the furtive, exaggeratedly careful step that seems to go with the presence of Death—as though that were a light sleep, instead of being the heaviest of all. Riordan, the butler, for instance—his ruddy cheeks seemed to have suddenly gone gray. Margaret, the housekeeper, was ever wiping a tear from her eye. The stableboys' loudness was hushed, and the maids whispered together in a stealthy susurrus that was more irritating than if they had shrieked aloud. Even the dogs whined, as though they knew something was wrong.

Where had his son gone? the baronet demanded of himself fiercely. And why? There had been no news of him beyond that which came with the man who brought the horse back from Goraghwood Station, and who said the boy had got into the Derry train. To every station on the line Boyd had wired; but no news came from any.

"He can't be dead!" the baronet told himself over and over again, fighting against the fear that was rising in him; and as he began pacing about he noticed himself in the glass, and he saw suddenly how aged he had become in the few days. His face was haggard, and great rings showed about the eyes from sleeplessness. He had become old overnight, like Ossian of the Fianna, who had touched earth after living in the Enchanted Isle.

Why had the lad done it? he asked himself, going over the thing again like a foxhound searching a covert. Why? He had seemed glad that the father was about to marry. There seemed no objection to that ——

Riordan, the butler, came into the room.

"Miss Hester O'Donnell to see you, Sir Patrick," he announced.

"Show her in, Riordan," Boyd told him.

There was no need for Riordan to show her in. She was behind him like a flash.

Her face blazed into the baronet's.

"Where is my boy, Sir Patrick?" she cried to him. "What have you done to my boy?"

He looked at her in amazement. A great color had mounted to her cheeks and her gray eyes were flashing in little sparks of vindictive light. Her ride over had blown a strand of black hair across her brow, and in her right hand she held her riding crop fiercely, as though at any moment she might strike him with it.

"Your boy?" he asked faintly.

"Yes; my boy," she told him. "My boy! Nobody's but mine."

"I see!" He felt a little faint for an instant; but he pulled himself together quickly. "Hester, did you care for Hal?"

"I did," she told him boldly. "And he for me."

"Why didn't he tell me?" Boyd asked. "Why didn't he tell me?"

"He would have," she answered—"in a few days."

He must have gone very white then, for the eager fire went out of her face and a look of anxiety came into it as she watched him. He went over to the fireplace and leaned heavily on the mantel.

"Sir Patrick," she whispered—"he's not dead?"

"No; he's not dead."

There was a pause in which it seemed to each of them that they could hear the other's heart beat, and that they each could feel the other's mind and soul struggle with a gray, shapeless fear.

"Why? Why did he go?" Hester O'Donnell asked breathlessly.

He did not answer for a minute; it seemed such a hard thing to say, such a terribly violent, blasphemous thing in the face of what he had just heard. But it had to be done.

"I'll tell you, little Hester," he explained: "I told him I was going to propose marriage to somebody. I thought it would be good for him to have the house as it ought to be—to have a woman in it, as it were, who would look after him. I was afraid of his going wild. Do you see? Do you understand?"

"Yes; but why should he go away?" she demanded. "What is there in that to make him go away?"

He kept silent and watched her as she bit her lips and knit her brows, trying to puzzle it out. She raised her head to ask him again, to demand an answer; and they looked at each other without saying anything. The color faded from her cheeks and she recoiled slightly.

"You wanted to marry me?" she cried out.

"And to put it absolutely brutally"—he lied with a wry smile—"the only reason I had for wanting to marry you was my son's good. I never thought of him as being anything but a child; never thought of his marrying."

"At his age you had a son a year old," she told him. She took a quick turn about the room, head down, thinking. "I know where he is," she said suddenly: "he's in America. He's taken the Derry boat for New York. He was always saying, if anything went wrong —— Oh, I know it in my bones—he's there!"

"I'll go look," Boyd told her. "I'll find him for you."

"Listen!" she asked him fiercely: "What you said to me—that the only reason you had for marrying me was for his sake—is that true?"

"Absolutely true."

"I don't know," she said. "On your word of honor as an Irish gentleman, is that true?"

"On my word of honor as an Irish gentleman," he answered smilingly, "it's true."

"Oh, then it is true!" she said in relief; and, letting herself break down, she cried in his arms.

THE police had failed and the private detectives had failed to find any trace of his son in the week that the baronet had been in New York. There was nothing else to be done, they told him, shrugging their shoulders. People disappeared every day, and no trace was ever found of them. Perhaps the son was at home now. Perhaps it was only some boyish escapade, some hiding of himself out of pique. But Sir Patrick knew better; he knew the boy.

Disconsolately, night after night and day after day, he roamed the streets. He watched the quays, with the longshoremen loading cargo by sun and incandescent light. He watched the Subway workers crawl out of their cave, shift by shift; but no Harry was among them. He searched among the structural workers who clambered like pygmies up and down the great iron columns. And yet there was no sign.

"Give it over," the police told him. "There's not a chance in the world. If he's to be found we'd have got him."

"He's here," the baronet replied doggedly. "I know it in my heart. He's here!"

The porters at the Grand Central came to know him, sitting there forlornly in the great main hall, waiting for the boy to pass through. The men at the Pennsylvania offered sympathy as the police told the story. He would thank them politely and, after hours of waiting, go away.

"I know he's here!" he would tell himself. "I know he's here! We both feel it—Hester and I."

It was eight o'clock now. Somewhere the strokes rang out from a near-by church as he crossed Herald Square from Sixth Avenue. The theater crowd of motors whirred into Broadway, their horns snarling like dogs. The Elevated Road lumbered by overhead with a thunder like bass drums. Here and there horses picked their way through the maze of cars and pillars with the adroitness of trick skaters upon ice.

All about him advertising devices twinkled and flashed—a red star; a pelican opening and closing its beak; a chariot snorting along, the horses' nostrils distended, the driver flogging viciously at their flanks; a pair of boxers leading and countering, with absurd mechanical gestures. It all seemed a vast pandemonium of sound and light.

Sir Patrick saw none of it, heard none of it, as he blundered his way across as calmly as though he were walking across his own moor. A shrill whistle cut into the air like a knife. From a street near by came the loud, insistent clang of a bell. The automobiles stopped short as if turned to stone. A huge furniture wagon, with two figures on the driver's seat, drew up within a foot of him. The clamorous bell was nearer. It was fifty yards away.

"Hi, you!" a policeman shouted from a distance. "Where do you think you're going? Get back!" The baronet did not hear him.

A slight figure in overalls and a flannel shirt sprang from the furniture van. It caught the baronet by the shoulder and swung him into safety. The fire engine whipped by in a streak of red.

"A narrow shave, sir!" he heard said behind him. "Did I hurt you?"

He turned round unbelievingly, and caught the figure by the arm.

"Harry! Is it you, Harry?"

The boy went white. He tottered and nearly fell.

"It's I, father," he said.

(Concluded on Page 102)

"Yerra, Master Henry, and 'tis You is the Elegant Shot!"

THE PHANTOM CIRCUIT

Out of the Corner of My Eye I Saw the Military-Appearing Spy Dawdling a Hundred Feet Away

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

"DID you find her?" I asked George Turner when we met two years after the close of a brief association in Bermuda.

It was the first night out from Honolulu, and the turbiner Hesperia thrust her lofty bows into the rich glow of the rising moon as if hurrying out of the unreal, phantasmic sea toward a daylit world.

"Did you find your real woman?" I continued. "Or did some other motion-picture director seize your prize?"

"I found her and directed her," he announced with sudden bitterness. "I'll probably destroy the film."

"What picture did you feature this—this paragon in?" I asked.

"War stuff," he mumbled.

"Then you, too, did your battles on a California field?"

Turner laid one finger on his neck and indicated a deep, triangular scar. I begged his pardon in proper terms.

"I was in China—and all that," he explained. "My people sent me over at the beginning of the war."

"And you really got a picture?" I inquired respectfully. "You had your wish—grim reality before your camera? Kiao-chau?"

"Not there. I got my picture in Bismarckshafen."

"I confess I never heard of it," I told him.

Turner acknowledged that most people had not.

"A German coaling station just outside the Samoan Group," he told me. "Used to be rather under the United States protectorate; but we let the Germans have it a good many years ago, and they made it a real naval station, defended by a third-class cruiser, a hundred and fifty soldiers and a little fortress. Besieged and captured by a modest expedition from the Colonies."

"Good picture stuff?" I demanded.

"I don't know!" he burst out. "Just six weeks ago I finished it—three thousand feet. The reels are in the purser's safe. And I'm not sure I'll ever turn the film in. I—I may burn it!"

"Nonsense!" I said roughly. "You're morbid. You get some genuine fighting stuff—not to speak of being wounded yourself—and then go daffy because of—er—a woman," I concluded lamely.

He considered my remonstrance, for he presently ejaculated: "Ha! Not so simple as that. To tell the truth, I staged the affair as a fake—a replica of a real fight, of course, but redone with an eye to the dramatic possibilities, and with a girl in it. The thing fizzles out finally—but I got this!" He pointed again to the uncomely scar on his neck. "I risked my life for her," he muttered.

"You thought you were filming a battle that had taken place before, and found yourself taking the real article?" I suggested. "And the girl? How did she come out?"

Turner peered about him at the shadowy figures recumbent here and there under the deck lights. Then he laid a shaking hand on my arm.

"I don't know!" he whispered.

"You don't know?" I cried. "Surely you must know! What does your film say? The camera can't lie!"

"Can't it?" he whispered again. "I daren't look!"

A thought occurred to me. I had, before this, heard motion-picture men mutter of strange apparitions seen against the projecting-room screen, as if ghastly actors had seized the set stage for themselves and played an unearthly scene above the commonplace of the cinema. Had this shaken and desolate man caught a glimpse on his costly reels of some such phantasmal drama? Out of the unknown had some dark power called forth a dimly seen, unforgetable horror? I fished for my answer.

"The girl played the lead as you planned?"

He shook his head as much as to say once more "I don't know!" Then he began at the beginning.

II

WHEN I reached China they told me I had better go back to America. Officialdom disapproved of pictures, and particularly motion pictures of actual events. Not a soul was even decent to me till a representative of a Dutch concern took pity on me and said:

"You're wasting time in Hong-Kong. Go to Melbourne and see Major Forsythe."

I went to Australia and didn't find him, though everybody seemed to know of him. He was a very high personage, I understood—a kind of free lance, with the entrée everywhere. In Sydney I got trace of him, though nobody would admit for a minute that the major held any place under the government. Yet it was as clear as day that the man was vastly important. I was justified in assuming that the very indefiniteness of his position meant he was something extraordinarily lofty and influential—exactly the man who could help me. Incidentally I learned that he had a daughter.

"The major is a queer card," said an acquaintance; "but the girl is magnificent. I suspect her father is a lord and she a lady. She has the grand manner. Lofty? Handsome? And cold? My word!"

Following a hint, I sailed for Auckland. There I discovered my man. He was living very quietly and unobtrusively with his daughter. Inquiry for him in official quarters elicited nothing but inarticulate murmurs.

I went to his house—a cottage back from the road—and caught him right in his own doorway. I told him I had been referred to him, and set forth my business, which was to get permission to make moving pictures of as much of the active operations as I could.

The old boy shied terribly, waved his well-kept hands, and gave indications of great mental disturbance. I gathered that he was about business so fine, so delicate, so weighty, that a breath might do irreparable injury. Nothing out-and-out, you understand—evasive civilities uttered in a mysterious tone. At the end he leaned outward from the doorway and said impressively:

"Mr. Turner, you would do well to consider my position here. And your own."

"A warning?" I asked. "Or a threat?"

He lifted his lids a little, so that I saw his somber eyes.

"The air is filled with it," he said. "One breathes it. It is the terror by day and the menace by night. 'Who? Who? Who?' one man asks of another."

"Who?" I repeated. "Who what?"

"Who is a spy?" he whispered.

At the time I hadn't learned my lesson. I was astonished that this elderly soldier and man of affairs should be affected by a phantom, and stated that I, at least, was no spy. I insisted that I represented a reputable and neutral film company, and stood a little on my dignity. The major seemed abashed, stumbled over a sentence or two, and then astonished me still more by curtly asking me inside.

I was extremely surprised to walk into a large, bare apartment and come to a stand before a small, light table on which a young woman knelt and held a tin saucepan over the single gas jet that depended from the dusty ceiling.

"My daughter Aileen," the major mumbled.

I realized that this was no maidservant.

"I am heating this milk for the kitten," she told him calmly, and surveyed me for an instant with eyes as emotionless as crystal.

We stood there like owls until the contents of the little pan steamed. For a very good reason the major didn't ask me to sit down—there was no chair. It didn't matter. I stared at the girl and understood perfectly that I should never see another woman with so splendid a throat—her head tilted back a little as she looked at the gas flame. I wondered how she was going to get off that spindle-legged table.

Her task finished, she simply slipped to her feet and set the pan down. Then she looked at me as if to defy me to inquire what kind of a kitten drank scalding hot milk, with rum in it. Her father ignored the saucepan and introduced me as his friend—"The General Director of the Planetary Film Company." He repeated that I was his friend.

Presently the major excused himself and departed.

"How much do you know of my father's plans?" the girl asked me suddenly when he was gone.

I was startled—I couldn't get it out of my head that she bore a title and was socially equal to the magnificence of her beauty—and answered that I knew nothing, except I had heard he was very influential. I explained to her, in full, my own plans and hopes. I wound up by pleading with her to help me with her father.

"I want to have a chance to accompany some of the expeditions they are sending out," I said. "I want to film some genuine war stuff. You see, Major Forsythe can assure them I am harmless. Personal influence means everything to me."

She was haughtily interested. She went into particulars about the business; asked a score of questions as to my ability to depict battles, sieges and assaults; was anxious to learn how we motion-picture people reproduced scenes of the past; and inquired what was the minimum material I needed to start work.

"Give me the story of a battle, put me on the spot with soldiers enough, artillery and paraphernalia, and I'll make the fight live again," I told her.

"And a real battle? Could you make a film of that?" she demanded.

I explained that this would be possible; but that when I had taken all my pictures it would be necessary to arrange the scenes in some logical order, so that the spectator in the theater would get a clear notion of the continuity of the action and see the outcome in a single flash.

"Give me three hundred feet of actual fighting and I'll make two reels of battle," I told her.

Then we discussed the government's half-hearted entertainment of proposals that motion pictures be made of actual warfare, to be exhibited for patriotic purposes. Here she seemed to have special information, and suggested that

many hard-worked officials had been reluctant to take the matter up only because there was doubt in their minds whether the censorship would be adequate.

"If there is one thing more than another that they fear, it's giving information to the enemy," she said.

The girl's complete and splendid beauty was bewitching me. I could think of one thing only.

"I must have your father's help—your help," I said.

"Impossible!" she told me.

All that week I could not get Aileen Forsythe out of my thoughts for a moment. You see, she was precisely the woman I had been seeking all my life; the kind of woman everyone looks at when great things are afoot; and a woman, I fancied, whose extraordinary loveliness was like a crystal wall about her passionate soul. And from the hour she dismissed me from the cottage I never managed to lay eyes on her. The major avoided me as if I were poisonous.

My plans seemed vain. Nobody would listen to me. Once or twice I met with rebuffs that partook of a semi-official warning to be gone from the country. Why did I stay on?

The only explanation I can offer is that I had been completely subjugated by that girl. Nothing mattered except my seeing her again. With my belongings packed, and various police agents constantly hinting at my departure, I stayed in Auckland, walking the streets, and biting my nails because I could not see Aileen again. I was mad. I dreamed of running off with her; of making her the lead in a company that would film miracles. I told myself that nothing mattered but her; I fought the fear that she, with her social position and title, would have forgotten me. Oh, well!

I was at last ordered out of the Dominion. I was given so many hours in which to clear out. I was at the end of my resources. I sat in my wretched room, cursing wars and all their consequences. My landlady bustled and fidgeted in the hallway, eager to be rid of her dangerous guest. A muffled policeman stamped the pavement outside. Then my door opened and Aileen Forsythe walked in.

I stared at her. She was dressed, I saw, for a journey. I gaped at her.

"I must have your help," she said in a clear voice, as though we had parted only an hour before.

"I'll do anything in God's world for you," I replied fervently. "Anything!"

She lifted her veil and I saw the despairing expression on her face.

"I'll be grateful," she murmured.

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

Her whisper barely reached me:

"I must save my father."

In amazement I repeated the word after her:

"Father?"

"Yes," she said. "I've thought and thought! And there is no one to go to but you."

I thought I saw her plight.

"You don't want him to go back into active service?"

"I don't want him shot as a spy," she told me.

I tell you that, when Aileen looked at me with her level, sad, beautiful glance and formed the word "spy" on her strained lips, my heart missed a beat. God help me! I had lived under the pall of suspicion too long, I'd had too much experience with the dreadful obsession that holds whole nations in its power and makes them cringe at the word "treason." I was instantly convinced that Major Forsythe was a traitor. I believe I uttered no sound except an "Ah!"—a brutal ejaculation that must have pierced the girl's bosom like a bullet. But she faced me gallantly.

"He mustn't be shot as a spy!" she repeated.

"Is he a spy?"

You see, I had to know. I might be in danger myself, for having been at his house.

"They won't believe that he is not," she said simply.

"Why not?"

"And they won't believe you either," she murmured.

I fairly jumped.

"Me?" I shouted.

"They know that you came to our house," she said. "And—haven't you felt what the police think of you?"

"But this must be some—some definite affair," I stammered. "Your father has—they have discovered ——"

I looked into her eyes. The two of us stood there in that wretched room with the shadow of the gallows dark above us. I admit that the whole affair sounds unreal, exaggerated, false. Who was this girl? Who was her father?

I Sat in My Wretched Room, Cursing Wars and All Their Consequences

Yet I trusted her. She had warned me. She hadn't come to me empty-handed either. She had a scheme to save her father's life—and to save my own, too.

"What am I to do?" I asked her.

"You must take pictures—a picture," she told me.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have already been given notice to quit the country."

"I can arrange it," she said, growing calmer. "My—er—friends have risked giving me a chance." She assumed a proud expression. "I have friends—still."

"I can understand it," I returned.

"And though they have no definite knowledge, they are aware that father has been indiscreet. Nothing, you see, is certain. So there is time. I have seen several people who are really powerful. They have stretched a point." She flushed. "They have thought it might be arranged for you to go to Bismarck Island and take a picture of the expedition there. A government boat is going down with supplies. You could take myself and my father along as members of your company."

"Still, I don't understand," I protested. "I'm ordered out of New Zealand and you tell me your father is suspected of being a spy. Do you mean to tell me that the government will actually let us go together and take pictures of some maneuvers?"

"Not of maneuvers," ran her swift correction. "They look at it this way: they will have us all under surveillance. They will be sure that you aren't taking observations or pictures without their knowledge. Father will be—we shall be—it amounts to our being really prisoners. But no one will know. I have arranged it."

I suppose I stared at her, for she flushed hotly.

"Is it too much to do for my father?" she cried.

"You arranged it!" I repeated. "And what—er—friend in the government did you deceive? A young man? In love with you?" She choked, and I went on: "And now you come to me and try to make me put my neck in the noose. Are you wagering on my being in love with you too?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I'm not!" I stormed.

Then I was silent. I saw the mystery of her inscrutable eyes and knew my falsehood for what it was. I loved her. Nothing she might do or say could ever change that truth. She was very still, like a lovely enchantress in the presence of a miracle she had wrought.

Presently I found my voice. But at the first syllable she laid a finger to her lip. The stair outside the door creaked. Someone was listening. It was a tight place. Any moment the man outside might rush in and denounce us. I played trumps.

"We have only a little while," I said in a loud voice. "If we have government permission we must make our arrangements right away. Are you ready?"

She knew better than I what depended on eluding and deluding the invisible auditor on the other side of the door. She did not hesitate, but replied in a calm voice:

"I suppose we had better go."

The stair creaked again and we waited. The spy was gone. Undoubtedly he would watch for us on the street. We went down and walked slowly to the corner. A glance behind me assured me that we were followed.

"He is going to see you home," I muttered.

She whispered back:

"We must have everything settled and our passes in our hands, and our luggage ready, this afternoon."

"Then it is so dangerous?" I asked. "Have they got anything—any proof against your father?"

"You don't know him as I do," she replied in a restrained tone. "They will work on him. We must have everything decided and done to-night. We must sail to-morrow. There is a steamer going to Bismarckshafen in the forenoon. Oh, we must hurry!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the military-appearing spy dawdling a hundred feet away. It struck me that he was expecting others to join him. I seemed to catch a vision of myself huddled in a cell. I looked up the street and caught sight of a flag floating from a staff three blocks away. I touched Aileen on the arm.

"If it's a matter of such haste, come on!" I said.

At the door of the American Consulate she looked up and grew pale.

"Why—they will turn us out!" she whispered. "And it won't help my father. I don't care what happens to me."

"Or to me either, I fancy," I told her bitterly. "But you've dragged me into this and I propose to have some guaranty that you will not leave me in the lurch."

"We must hurry," she responded with an evident effort to be calm. "We must arrange matters and tell my father—warn him."

"He Would Have Fought if There Had Been a Chance"

"When we have done a little business in here," I replied, and led her inside, under the Eagle of the United States.

Twenty minutes later we came out, man and wife! On the lower step she halted and let me see into her splendid, bitter eyes.

"You have had your way," she said. "You will be sorry. I did this only to save my father."

I held her by the arm.

"Shall I be sorry, I wonder?"

She flinched at my touch; then smiled faintly.

"I must not resent it, I suppose. You have the right to lay your hand on me. I have warned you."

I relaxed my clutch and she withdrew a step. Then, in some impulse of feeling, she stretched out both hands to me.

"I—I'm sorry!" she cried.

"I have a good deal to do," I responded. "I know enough of the plan to work it out. When I've got my own arrangements made I'll let you know. Then you can take it up with the people you know in the government. I'll see you this evening."

After she was gone I still felt the quick pressure of her fingers about mine as a steady stress on some obscure nerve that went to my heart and made me a little breathless and weak. I turned on my heel and strode back toward the spy, who still dawdled on the curb. He seemed puzzled.

"Look here," I said vigorously; "I don't like your manner. Keep away from me and my wife."

The man opened his mouth.

"Your wife!" he repeated in a daze.

"My wife," I told him. "I warn you!"

The spy gulped, stammered, and tried to give me to understand that he was on entirely other business than I suspected. He almost made me laugh, so hurt he was at being thought ungentlemanly. I left him to his bewilderment and hastened to make ready for this preposterous and thrilling adventure. And I was married to the most absolutely perfect woman in the world!

III

MY GOODS packed up, my landlady thoroughly satisfied by my explanation that, at last, I had been sent by the government on an expedition, a hasty call made on a couple of unattached camera men, I swallowed a bite of lunch—my wedding supper!—and went to Major Forsythe's cottage. I rang the bell loudly. The old fellow himself opened the door and I pushed by him.

"I must see my wife," I told him.

He grabbed my hand.

"She told me," he said, clinging to me. "My boy!"

"You will be hanged for this business," I said brutally, jerking away from his insufferable clasp.

"Hush!" said a voice from the obscurity behind him. I looked beyond the candle flickering on the table. I saw Aileen, her earnest, intent face vividly emerging from the dusk.

"I think I had better take a walk," her father said in a stifled tone, and was gone.

"Well?" I remarked to my wife.

Just as I spoke there was the long roll of a drum from the distance, a gloomy and ominous reminder of the search of a city for traitors. Aileen answered me quietly:

"I saw my friends. They think it best that we go to Bismarckshafen to-morrow, as you said. Father will go too." She bit her lip. "They will see that you don't miss the boat. That is what you get for marrying me."

"Be frank," I adjured her. "I've trusted you. Trust me."

"I shall have to uncover a—an imposture," she said with difficulty. "My father's."

I tried to help her out.

"I know he is a spy," I remarked gently.

"He isn't, at all!" she protested. "That is part of his imposture."

"Then he isn't really a retired British army officer?" I demanded. "Is that a pretense too?"

She bowed her head.

"Better tell me the truth," I urged her. "I am wholly in the dark. I came here expecting to find an honorable officer, busy on his country's affairs. They told me you were a lady born. I find—so far—that Major Forsythe isn't at all highly regarded by his supposedly fellow British officers; and—I doubt whether you are a lady born."

Her defenses were beaten down.

"I know! I know!" she cried. "That is only part of the great pretense. We are both impostors—but spies, never!"

"Was our marriage this afternoon a pretense too?" I demanded. "How many husbands have you?"

"I had one," she said simply.

"When?" I shouted, seized with a wild rage.

"This afternoon, when you put this ring on my finger," she answered. "I—I lost him at the door of the American Consulate."

I was touched. But I didn't wish to make a new, useless surrender.

"You aren't in mourning for him?" I asked brutally.

"No," she said. "I had my moment of reality—in a whole lifetime of playing a part."

I was suddenly swept by a feeling of prodigious triumph.

"Then you love me!"

What was it I saw in that girl's mysterious eyes at the instant? I can't tell. Something exhilarating and soothing, rousing and satisfying.

"Come!" I urged her. "Stop playing a part and live realities. Let's get back to the Consulate. I've made you an American. Let's get away from here and back to the States."

She gave me a glance of inexpressible regret.

"I'm bound," she whispered. "I'm the only person in the world who understands my father. I must save him. I've always promised myself I would save him."

"Who will save me, Aileen?" I pleaded.

"I will!" She glowed, transfigured. "It will be my reward for all the years I have suffered—to save you." Her voice fell into a compassionate murmur. "I will save you from myself."

The street without became clamorous with the noise of men following a single, steadily tramping man whose footsteps seemed to come straight for us. We held our breath till the night patrol was past the door. "You speak constantly in riddles," I said. "Tell me what it all means."

IV

"HE TOLD my mother he was a major in the Confederate Army," she said. "He married my mother, who loved him. He wasn't ever in the Confederate Army, you see—or in any army at all. But mother left her people and died in two years."

"He killed her," I said.

"No!" she protested. "She was a Southern girl, and lovely and proud. She wouldn't have fallen in love with anybody but a brave soldier. Father knew it and lied to her. But when she found him out she understood why he had deceived her."

"Womanlike, she forgave him," I remarked. "She excused his lie because it was to win her. But there were other deceptions—that have landed your father here in Auckland to be seized as a spy."

"Oh, yes!" she confessed. "He tried to conceal himself from me too. He wanted to be worth my loving as well."

"By falsehoods," I said.

"Wasn't I worth it?" she inquired in a low voice. "Maybe not! He came to me in school when I was fourteen. I'd written him that I was homesick. 'My dear,' he told me, 'I'm back from fighting for the Stars and Stripes against the Spanish. I've been badly wounded, my child. I can't live any longer without a woman in my house.' I knew—and yet I went gladly with him."

"He hadn't been fighting against Spain?" I demanded.

Aileen shook her head.

"He only dreamed it. He never let on; but so many people got to looking sidewise at him. They laughed at him. We had to quit America."

"Japan?" I said, smiling.

"He had been there, he said, years before. I don't know. You see, everything with him was a grand pretense. He is a splendid child, making believe. But when the Russian War broke out we had to leave Japan. I don't know why. So we went to London."

"And what did he pretend to be, there?" I asked.

She did not wince.

"An American naval officer, retired. And then someone turned up to say horrid things. Then it was Hong-Kong—Auckland."

"A spy!" I muttered.

"Only another pretense," she pleaded. "It's father's way to accept any suggestion of his own importance. Nothing is so talked of now as spies. He never actually did anything wrong—he couldn't. People first suggested that father had been a most important man in England. He couldn't disabuse them. Then they suspected him. Now they think he may be a spy."

Their Shouts Rang Out; But Above Them I Heard Aileen's Clear Cry: "Father! Father!"

"Your explanation is plausible," I admitted. "Your father is mildly insane. But it strikes me that his performance was pretty consistent. He won a fine woman to wife, and you for a daughter. He has never ceased to be an impostor. I fancy you live on the money he makes by it?"

"Mother had no money at all. Freeing of our slaves made us bitterly poor. Father knew that. He had then and has now his royalties on a patented tin can."

"Tin can!" I echoed.

She nodded.

"It sounds awful, doesn't it? Mother never knew that! Father is a rich man." She looked at me appealingly.

"I can forgive his lying to win your mother," I said, "if she was as beautiful as you are. The rest is beyond me. I can't understand the motive for a life so perfectly futile, disgraceful and perilous."

"It didn't take me long to sympathize with him," she told me. "He had begun his deception to be worth mother's while. He kept it up to be worth my while. Now he does it to be worth his own while!" She lowered her eyes. "It is terrible never to have done anything worth while—to have invented only a tin can!"

Dimly, of course, I did get a light on the old fellow's mental twistiness. He should have been an actor. The same queer spiritual hunger—I insist on the genuine nobility of the desire—that impels certain men and women to be always playing some part on a stage, however obscure and tawdry, had made him enact rôle after rôle in real life, where Destiny directs the stage. He had picked the world for his theater—and financed the venture on the proceeds from the invention of a peculiar and useful tin can. I demanded better illumination.

"He lacks opportunity," she answered.

"To be real?" I suggested.

"You see," she explained, "he was deeply touched by the brave struggle the South made in '64 and '65. He would have loved to have fought under the Stars and Bars."

"Why didn't he?"

"He was a boy in the North," she answered. "I suppose he heard only Yankee talk. When he heard the South's story it was too late. But he did his best! Don't you see? He joined the Lost Cause when the end had come. He said he had been in the Confederate Army!"

"And lately he's been a British officer."

She wrung her hands.

"It was because of Belgium. He was so helpless. 'They call Americans damned neutrals,' he told me. 'Other people are dying gloriously on the field of battle, and we sit and smoke at home as mum as mice!'"

"Well?"

She bent over the candle, which lit her starry eyes.

"He would have fought if there had been a chance."

I understood. I pondered the loyalty of fine women, who take our pretenses and our dreams and our tinsel, and try to make real the phantom of impotent ambition; and always toss us the cloak of their glowing love when the mire soils our useless finery. Lucky the man who plays his part in the spotlight of a woman's love!

"But what is to be the end?" I demanded.

"Your film," she said. "A picture of a battle—the storming of a redoubt—and my father dying gloriously at the head of his troops!"

V

WITH the gas burning yellow over our heads, we studied the map she flung open on the table. Within half an hour I was in possession of the story of the sending of a small naval force to Bismarck Island by the New Zealand Government, the attack on the enemy squadron there, the assault and capture of the fortifications of Bismarckshafen.

Aileen made it plain that certain officials would like nothing better than to have the whole affair fittingly celebrated in motion pictures; and in the course of her narrative I perceived that she had managed very shrewdly to give a much-embarrassed lot of men a chance to extricate themselves from a bad business by shipping the false major, his daughter and myself to a place where we could do no possible harm. Everything had been arranged except the professional details, which would fall to me on our arrival.

"I have no choice except to agree," I said. "But where does your father come in? How is he to appear on the film?"

"You see?" she said breathlessly. "People will see it in the theater—they will see Major Forsythe—and they will say to themselves 'What a gallant soldier!' In the States—in Hong-Kong—in London—men who have known him and laughed will see the picture and confess they were wrong. Major Forsythe will have given his life in the assault on Bismarckshafen!"

"You seem to think those fellows down there will gladly step aside and give him the glory in the picture," I warned her. "My experience tells me that he won't be allowed so much as a place on the side lines."

"I'll arrange that," she told me.

"And everybody will know that the picture is only a fake," I went on.

She looked deeply into my eyes.

"It will be real," she murmured. Then she tossed her head. "I have known all my life that sooner or later someone would denounce him. We will anticipate them. No one can say anything when we can point to the film, and to him, and say 'He died at Bismarckshafen.'"

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Jeeves and the Hard-Boiled Egg

He Furthermore Endeared Himself to Me by a Most Extraordinarily Gifted Imitation of a Bull Terrier Chasing a Cat Up a Tree

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SOMETIMES of a morning, as I've sat in bed sucking down the early cup of tea and watched my man Jeeves flitting about the room and putting out the raiment for the day, I've wondered what the deuce I should do if the fellow ever took it into his head to leave me. It's not so bad now I'm in New York, but in London the anxiety was frightful. There used to be all sorts of attempts on the part of low blighters to sneak him away from me. Young Reggie Foljambe to my certain knowledge offered him double what I was giving him, and Alistair Bingham-Reeves, who's got a valet who had been known to press his trousers sideways, used to look at him, when he came to see me, with a kind of glittering, hungry eye which disturbed me deucedly. Bally pirates!

The thing, you see, is that Jeeves is so dashed competent. You can spot it even in the way he shoves studs into a shirt.

I rely on him absolutely in every crisis, and he never lets me down. And, what's more, he can always be counted on to extend himself on behalf of any pal of mine who happens to be to all appearances knee-deep in the bouillon. Take the rather rummy case, for instance, of dear old Bicky and his uncle, the hard-boiled egg.

It happened after I had been in America for a few months. I got back to the apartment latish one night, and when Jeeves brought me the final high ball he said:

"Mr. Bickersteth called to see you this evening, sir, while you were out."

"Oh?" I said.

"Twice, sir. He appeared a trifle agitated."

"What, pipped?"

"He gave that impression, sir."

I sipped the high ball. I was sorry if Bicky was in trouble, but, as a matter of fact, I was rather glad to have something I could discuss freely with Jeeves just then, because things had been a bit strained between us for some time and it had been rather difficult to hit on anything to talk about that wasn't apt to take a personal turn. You see, I had decided—rightly or wrongly—to grow a mustache, and this had cut Jeeves to the quick. He couldn't stick the thing at any price, and I had been living ever since in an atmosphere of bally disapproval till I was getting jolly well fed up with it. What I mean is, while there's no doubt that in certain matters of dress Jeeves' judgment is absolutely sound and should be followed, it seemed to me that it was getting a bit too thick if he was going to edit my face as well as my costume. No one can call me an unreasonable chappie, and many's the time I've given in like a lamb when Jeeves has voted against one of my pet suits or ties; but when it comes to a valet's staking out a claim on your upper lip you've simply got to have a bit of the good old bulldog pluck and defy the blighter.

"He said that he would call again later, sir."

"Something must be up, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

I gave the mustache a thoughtful twirl. It seemed to hurt Jeeves a good deal, so I chucked it.

"I see by the paper, sir, that Mr. Bickersteth's uncle is arriving on the Carmantic."

"Yes?"

"His Grace the Duke of Chiswick, sir."

This was news to me, that Bicky's uncle was a duke. Rum, how little one knows about one's pals! I had met Bicky for the first time at a species of beano or jamboree down in Washington Square, not long after my arrival in New York. I suppose I was a bit homesick at the time, and I rather took to Bicky when I found that he was an Englishman and had, in fact, been up at Oxford with me. Besides, he was a frightful chump, so we naturally drifted together; and while we were taking a quiet snort in a corner that wasn't all cluttered up with artists and sculptors and what not, he furthermore endeared himself to me by a most extraordinarily gifted imitation of a bull terrier chasing a cat up a tree. But, though we had subsequently become extremely pally, all I really knew about him was that he was generally hard up and had an uncle who relieved the strain a bit from time to time by sending him monthly remittances.

"If the Duke of Chiswick is his uncle," I said, "why hasn't he a title? Why isn't he Lord What-Not?"

"Mr. Bickersteth is the son of his grace's late sister, sir, who married Captain Rollo Bickersteth of the Coldstream Guards."

Jeeves knows everything.

"Is Mr. Bickersteth's father dead too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leave any money?"

"No, sir."

I began to understand why poor old Bicky was always more or less on the rocks. To the casual and irreflective observer, if you know what I mean, it may sound a pretty good wheeze having a duke for an uncle, but the trouble about old Chiswick was that, though an extremely wealthy old buster, owning half London and about five counties up north, he was notoriously the most prudent spender in England. He was what American chappies would call a hard-boiled egg. If Bicky's people hadn't left him anything and he depended on what he could prize out of the old duke he was in a pretty bad way. Not that that explained why he was hunting me like this, because he was a chap who never borrowed money. He said he wanted to keep his pals, so never bit anyone's ear on principle.

At this juncture the doorbell rang. Jeeves floated out to answer it.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Wooster has just returned," I heard him say. And Bicky came trickling in, looking pretty sorry for himself.

"Hullo, Bicky!" I said. "Jeeves told me you had been trying to get me. Jeeves, bring another glass, and let the revels commence. What's the trouble, Bicky?"

"I'm in a hole, Bertie. I want your advice."

"Say on, old lad!"

"My uncle's turning up to-morrow, Bertie."

"So Jeeves told me."

"The Duke of Chiswick, you know."

"So Jeeves told me."

Bicky seemed a bit surprised.

"Jeeves seems to know everything."

"Rather rummily, that's exactly what I was thinking just now myself."

"Well, I wish," said Bicky gloomily, "that he knew a way to get me out of the hole I'm in."

Jeeves shimmered in with the glass, and stuck it competently on the table.

"Mr. Bickersteth is in a bit of a hole, Jeeves," I said, "and wants you to rally round."

"Very good, sir."

Bicky looked a bit doubtful.

"Well, of course, you know, Bertie, this thing is by way of being a bit private and all that!"

"I shouldn't worry about that, old top. I bet Jeeves knows all about it already. Don't you, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eh?" said Bicky, rattled.

"I am open to correction, sir, but is not your dilemma due to the fact that you are at a loss to explain to his grace why you are in New York instead of in Colorado?"

Bicky rocked like a jelly in a high wind.

"How the deuce do you know anything about it?"

"I chanced to meet his grace's butler before we left England. He informed me that he happened to overhear his grace speaking to you on the matter, sir, as he passed the library door."

Bicky gave a hollow sort of laugh.

"Well, as everybody seems to know all about it, there's no need to try to keep it dark. The old boy turfed me out, Bertie, because he said I was a brainless nincompoop. The idea was that he would give me a remittance on condition that I dashed out to some blighted locality of the name of Colorado and learned farming or ranching, or whatever they call it, at some bally ranch or farm or whatever it's called. I didn't fancy the idea a bit. I should have had to ride horses and pursue cows, and so forth. I hate horses. They bite at you. I was all against the scheme. At the same time, don't you know, I had to have that remittance."

"I get you absolutely, dear boy."

"Well, when I got to New York it looked a decent sort of place to me, so I thought it would be a pretty sound notion to stop here. So I cabled to my uncle telling him that I had dropped into a good business wheeze in the city and wanted to chuck the ranch idea. He wrote back that it was all right, and here I've been ever since. He thinks

I'm doing well at something or other down town. I never dreamed, don't you know, that he would ever come out here. What on earth am I to do?"

"Jeeves," I said, "what on earth is Mr. Bickersteth to do?"

"You see," said Bicky, "I had a wireless from him to say that he was coming to stay with me—to save hotel bills, I suppose. I've always given him the impression that I was living in pretty good style. I can't have him to stay at my boarding house."

"Thought of anything, Jeeves?" I said.

"To what extent, sir, if the question is not a delicate one, are you prepared to assist Mr. Bickersteth?"

"I'll do anything I can for you, of course, Bicky, old man."

"Then, if I might make the suggestion, sir, you might lend Mr. Bickersteth ——"

"No, by Jove!" said Bicky firmly. "I never have touched you, Bertie, and I'm not going to start now. I may be a chump, but it's my boast that I don't owe a penny to a single soul—not counting tradesmen, of course."

"I was about to suggest, sir, that you might lend Mr. Bickersteth this apartment. Mr. Bickersteth could give his grace the impression that he was the owner of it. With your permission I could convey the notion that I was in Mr. Bickersteth's employment and not in yours. You would be residing here temporarily as Mr. Bickersteth's guest. His grace would occupy the second spare bedroom. I fancy that you would find this answer satisfactorily, sir."

Bicky had stopped rocking himself and was staring at Jeeves in an awed sort of way.

"I would advocate the dispatching of a wireless message to his grace on board the vessel, notifying him of the change of address. Mr. Bickersteth could meet his grace at the dock and proceed directly here. Will that meet the situation, sir?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you, sir."

Bicky followed him with his eye till the door closed.

"How does he do it, Bertie?" he said. "I'll tell you what I think it is. I believe it's something to do with the shape of his head. Have you ever noticed his head, Bertie, old man? It sort of sticks out at the back!"

I hopped out of bed pretty early next morning, so as to be among those present when the old boy should arrive. I knew from experience that these ocean liners fetch up at the dock at a deucedly ungodly hour. It wasn't much after nine by the time I'd dressed and had my morning tea and was leaning out of the window, watching the street for Bicky and his uncle. It was one of those jolly, peaceful mornings that make a chappie wish he'd got a soul or something, and I was just brooding on life in general when I became aware of the dickens of a spat in progress down below. A taxi had driven up, and an old boy in a top hat had got out and was kicking up a frightful row about the fare. As far as I could make out he was trying to get the cab chappie to switch from New York to London prices, and the cab chappie had apparently never heard of London before and didn't seem to think a lot of it now. The old boy said that in London the trip would have set him back eight pence; and the cabby said he should worry. I called to Jeeves.

"The duke has arrived, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir?"

"That'll be him at the door now."

Jeeves made a long arm and opened the front door, and the old boy crawled in, looking licked to a splinter.

"How do you do, sir?" I said, bustling up and being the ray of sunshine. "Your nephew went down to the dock to meet you, but you must have missed him. My name's Wooster, don't you know. Great pal of Bicky's, and all that sort of thing. I'm staying with him, you know. Would you like a cup of tea? Jeeves, bring a cup of tea."

Old Chiswick had sunk into an armchair and was looking about the room.

"Does this luxurious flat belong to my nephew Francis?"

"Absolutely."

"It must be terribly expensive."

"Pretty well, of course. Everything costs a lot over here, you know."

He moaned. Jeeves filtered in with the tea. Old Chiswick took a stab at it to restore his tissues, and nodded.

"A terrible country, Mr. Wooster! A terrible country! Nearly eight shillings for a short cab drive! Iniquitous!" He took another look round the room. It seemed to fascinate him. "Have you any idea how much my nephew pays for this flat, Mr. Wooster?"

"About two hundred dollars a month, I believe."

"What! Forty pounds a month!"

I began to see that, unless I made the thing a bit more plausible, the scheme might turn out a frost. I could guess what the old boy was thinking. He was trying to square all this prosperity with what he knew of poor old Bicky. And one had to admit that it took a lot of squaring, for dear old Bicky, though a stout fellow and absolutely unrivaled as an imitator of bull terriers and cats, was in many ways one of the most pronounced fatheads that ever pulled on a suit of gents' underwear.

"I suppose it seems rummy to you," I said, "but the fact is New York often bucks chappies up and makes them show a flash of speed that you wouldn't have imagined them capable of. It sort of develops them. Something in the air, don't you know. I imagine that Bicky in the past, when you knew him, may have been something of a chump, but it's quite different now. Devilish efficient sort of chappie, and looked on in commercial circles as quite the nib!"

"I am amazed! What is the nature of my nephew's business, Mr. Wooster?"

"Oh, just business, don't you know. The same sort of thing Carnegie and Rockefeller and all these coves do, you know." I slid for the door. "Awfully sorry to leave you, but I've got to meet some of the lads elsewhere."

Coming out of the elevator I met Bicky bustling in from the street.

"Hullo, Bertie! I missed him. Has he turned up?"

"He's upstairs now, having some tea."

"What does he think of it all?"

"He's absolutely rattled."

"Ripping! I'll be toddling up then. Toodle-oo, Bertie, old man. See you later."

"Pip-pip, Bicky, dear boy."

He trotted off, full of merriment and good cheer, and I went off to the club to sit in the window and watch the traffic coming up one way and going down the other.

It was latish in the evening when I looked in at the apartment to dress for dinner.

"Where's everybody, Jeeves?" I said, finding no little feet pattering about the place. "Gone out?"

"His grace desired to see some of the sights of the city, sir. Mr. Bickersteth is acting as his escort. I fancy their immediate objective was Grant's Tomb."

"I suppose Mr. Bickersteth is a bit braced at the way things are going—what?"

"Sir?"

"I say, I take it that Mr. Bickersteth is tolerably full of beans."

"Not altogether, sir."

"What's his trouble now?"

"The scheme which I took the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bickersteth and yourself has unfortunately not answered entirely satisfactorily, sir."

"Surely the duke believes that Mr. Bickersteth is doing well in business, and all that sort of thing?"

"Exactly, sir. With the result that he has decided to cancel Mr. Bickersteth's monthly allowance, on the ground that, as Mr. Bickersteth is doing so well on his own account, he no longer requires pecuniary assistance."

"Great Scott, Jeeves! This is awful!"

"Somewhat disturbing, sir."

"I never expected anything like this!"

"I confess I scarcely anticipated the contingency myself, sir."

"I suppose it bowled the poor blighter over absolutely?"

"Mr. Bickersteth appeared somewhat taken aback, sir."

My heart bled for Bicky.

"We must do something, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"Can you think of anything?"

"Not at the moment, sir."

"There must be something we can do."

"It was a maxim of one of my former employers, sir—as I believe I mentioned to you once before—the present Lord Bridgnorth, that there is always a way. I remember

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"If You're the Duke of Chiswick, Why Isn't He Lord Percy Something? I've Read English Novels, and I Know All About It"

NICK CARTER, REALIST

By Melville Davisson Post

NOT long ago some young gentlemen who write fiction, some gentlemen not young, and a princess occupied a page of a New York daily in issue with the author of this article on the value of plot structure in a story. They imagined that the surprises of plot structure were something artificial; that mystery and coincidence were forced effects. They thought the editors of magazines that reach the whole people were not adhering, in their fiction, to the actualities of life.

I wonder what they would think of a narrative which I have just been reading. It is a blood-and-thunder story! It has the characters, the tricks, the devices, the thrills, the mysteries, and the melodramatic, tragic climaxes of the most daring penny dreadful.

Desperadoes with alliterative names swagger through it. There are disguises and automatic pistols in it, a thundering express, baffled detectives, mysterious clews, persons miraculously saved from death, the stock heroes, and a great smashing curtain. And the names in it are of the luridest.

I shall take no advantage of these literary persons.

This narrative was not written by Nicholas Carter. It was written in the District Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska. And every item in it is precisely the truth; winnowed out by the fiction-removing machinery of the law. It is called Transcript of Record, Number 3423. Not much of a title for a dime novel, I cheerfully grant you. But let us not deceive ourselves. It has the yellow stuff between its covers.

Listen to it open:

It was forty-five minutes until midnight. The Overland Limited of the Union Pacific was thundering into Omaha. It had just passed the east switch of Seymour when suddenly two shadowy figures began to crawl forward over the engine tender. They were sinister and terrifying figures. They were cloaked to their feet, with slouch hats pulled down over their foreheads and blue polka-dot handkerchiefs tied round their faces. Each was armed with a big automatic revolver that glittered in the flaring light of the engine cab.

The Great Holdup at Mud Cut

THERE were three men in the cab of the Overland Limited that night—the engineer, the fireman and Dick Wright, who was deadheading into Omaha from Columbus. The movement of the masked figures was so silent that the men in the cab were unaware of the approaching menace until one of the robbers jumped over the coal gate and thrust his weapon into the fireman's face. The second robber covered the engineer. That official turned with an oath.

"What the hell do you want here?" he said.

"Never mind," replied the robber; "this is a holdup. Stop at the mouth of Mud Cut."

The engineer was angry and profane.

"Where the hell's Mud Cut?" he said.

"Just east of the double board," replied the robber.

Then he silenced the engineer with a bit of explanation. It was an explanation that the man accepted for the truth:

"We don't want to kill anybody . . . so long as you do the right thing."

Suddenly the robber who held up the fireman saw the person who was deadheading into Omaha sitting in the corner of the cab and turned savagely on him.

"Come out of there—damn you!" he cried, "or I'll blow your head off."

And so, as this dime novel puts it, "he come out and stood in front of the fire door with his hands up."

The train thundered onward, carrying these tragic actors.

Presently in the darkness ahead there appeared a tiny flare of light. It burned steadily until the train was almost upon it; then it vanished, and the robber covering the engineer ordered him to stop. The air went on, the wheels ground on the rails, and the great Overland Limited pulled up panting in the Cut.

The determined outlaws ordered the men to get down on the north side of the train. Here they were joined by another masked robber, and the three took their prisoners along the track toward the mail car.

There were eight railway postal clerks on this run from Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific, into Omaha. They were all in a single mail car—second back from the engine. It was a sixty-foot car, lighted by electricity, with two doors on each side opening on a sliding carriage, and three or four windows covered with iron bars. There was no stop on the line between Fremont and Omaha. When the air went on it threw the doors of the mail car open. There was a tremendous jar, and the men thought the express had collided with a freight train.

"I guess we have got into 'em," somebody said.

One of the men went back, closed the doors and locked them. A companion said:

"What's the matter?"

The man could not see anything from the south door, so he went over to the north door. For a moment he stared out into the darkness; then he spoke:

"It's a holdup, boys!"

Immediately there came an ominous rapping on the north door of the car, and a voice:

"Come out of there!"

And immediately a pistol shot crashed into a window.

And here the dime novel has its item of miraculous coincidence. William Sears was standing directly before this window. The dust and glass spattered his face. There was an iron bar across this window at precisely the height of his chest. The bullet struck the bar and was deflected. The bar was broken, but the bullet was providentially turned aside from the bosom of the mail clerk.

We are warned against these incidents. The literary gentlemen and the princess are scornful of them. One can hardly use them in creative fiction. They are possible only in the realities of life.

The mail clerks saw that resistance was useless. They called out not to shoot. They were ordered to hurry. And in obedience to that command they opened the door and filed out of the car. There was order and expedition in the way the bandits went about their work. They drove back the conductor and the flagman, and kept the passengers in the coaches by the simple device of firing shots along the sides of the train. They lined up the prisoners from the cab and the eight postal clerks, facing the train, and then turned them about. Two of the robbers now began to search the line, not for any personal effects, but to discover whether the clerks carried any weapons.

The commanding outlaw made such a brief explanation that the engineer remembered precisely the words that he used

"All we want is a little of Uncle Sam's money. We are damn' good men in a damn' bad business!"

He knew what he was after and set about to do it in the quickest way.

"I want a mail clerk," he said.

The line of prisoners explained that there were eight mail clerks. The bandit selected one of the men out of the line and addressed him with directness:

"I want the bank pouch."

"We haven't any bank pouch," replied the man.

"You have a bank shipment, a special shipment," said the bandit. "I want that."

"Well," said the mail clerk, "I don't know what we have got."

The robber now took charge of the mail clerk and went with him into the car. He wore a black hat with a low crown, a long overcoat buttoned closely, and a mask made from a piece of black cloth. The mail clerk kept looking at him, and he took occasion to advise the clerk, with a good deal of vivid language and the menace of his big weapon, that he had better concern himself with something else.

"Where's the registered mail?" he said.

"In the back end of the car," replied the clerk.

"Go back there," said the bandit, "and call them off."

This was a moment particularly tense and dramatic. Outside in the darkness, ten men were lined up under the menace of weapons. And now and then, to keep the passengers reminded of the danger, a pistol shot broke the silence of the night.

The reader would like to know what went on in the damaged mail car; what acts, what matters of conversation were accomplished between the bandit and his prisoner. The story leaves him in no doubt.

A Grim Touch of Color

THE mail clerk reached over the pile of bags and commenced calling out the destinations of the pouches. The bandit stood on the left side of the clerk, and the story goes along here in the language of that official:

"When I uncovered the Reno Inners, which are small sacks made up by the post offices that do not have enough registered to justify larger pouches, but have the same style of lock as the others, he looked them over carefully and laid them on the pile he wanted to take out of the car. After I had pulled off several more he looked them over himself, and pulled out one or two small pouches and threw them over on the pile, and said:

"'Take them to the other door.'

"I said:

"'Good God, man! I don't want to do all the work.'

"He said:

"'Hurry up; and I will help you.'

"We made two trips and got the pouches to the door; and he said:

"'Throw them off!'

"I started to look at the destinations from force of habit, and he said:

"'Never mind looking; we will do that. Throw them off!'

"So I dropped seven sacks out of the car door; and then he went up to the upper end of the car and made some inquiries about sacks there, and then went to the other end of the car and looked round the tables and made some inquiries about things there; and then he said:

"'I have got all I want, I think. We will get off.'

"All the time we were in the car he had in his left hand a gun which had the appearance and style of an automatic pistol of the army pattern, large size, with blue-steel finish."

While these things were going forward in the mail car it was a time of anxiety for the line of prisoners outside. A big outlaw swaggered along this line, a polka-dot handkerchief concealing his sinister face and his nicked ear! No; I have not loosed the checkrein of my fancy. It is on page 73 of the record. And, with his automatic pistol in his hand, he assured his helpless prisoners that if anything happened to the bandit in the car he would shoot every "damned" one of them. It was no idle threat. The man behind it was a cold, cruel, cunning, inconsiderate desperado. I bring forward a climax of the story when I name him:

It was Derf the Dane!

I kiss the Book against your elevated eyebrows. He was a Dane and they called him Derf. Read the sixty-fifth page; read the seventy-seventh page.

When the mail pouches had all been thrown out the robbers ordered their line of prisoners to carry them down the track ahead of the engine. There is a grim touch of color in this scene: a line of mail clerks carrying pouches from the rifled car, with an armed outlaw on each side of the line. One of the clerks was a little lame and could not move as rapidly as his guard wished, and Dan Downer—thus is the

doughty desperado denominated in the record—encouraged him by jamming the muzzle of his big automatic into the man's back.

As the line passed the head of the engine a notorious bandit came into the scene. He was a short heavy man. He fell in behind the line and shot at the headlight. But he was a bad shot; the headlight was uninjured. This was one of the famous characters in the midnight drama, mysterious Matthews, known as Bully Red, a woman-hater—*vide* the scene in the Sapphire Restaurant, in Kansas City, page 77—an old stage driver from Idaho, gone to the bad, like a rogue elephant.

He talked through his clenched teeth, as desperate bandits do in the yellow novels. It is an accurate, determined fact—this dramatic peculiarity. A waitress in the Uneeda Restaurant, in Omaha, afterward swore to the identity of the man.

"He speaks with his teeth closed," she said in her testimony before the court. "Kind of through his teeth."

And so will the critics observe that desperate bandits do, in life, have the habit of talking through their clenched teeth!

The procession went ahead in the darkness, with now and then a fragment of conversation such as Nicholas Carter would throw in.

A prisoner complained of being forced to carry the heavy mail sack.

"I doubled the road to-day," he said, "and don't want to carry it."

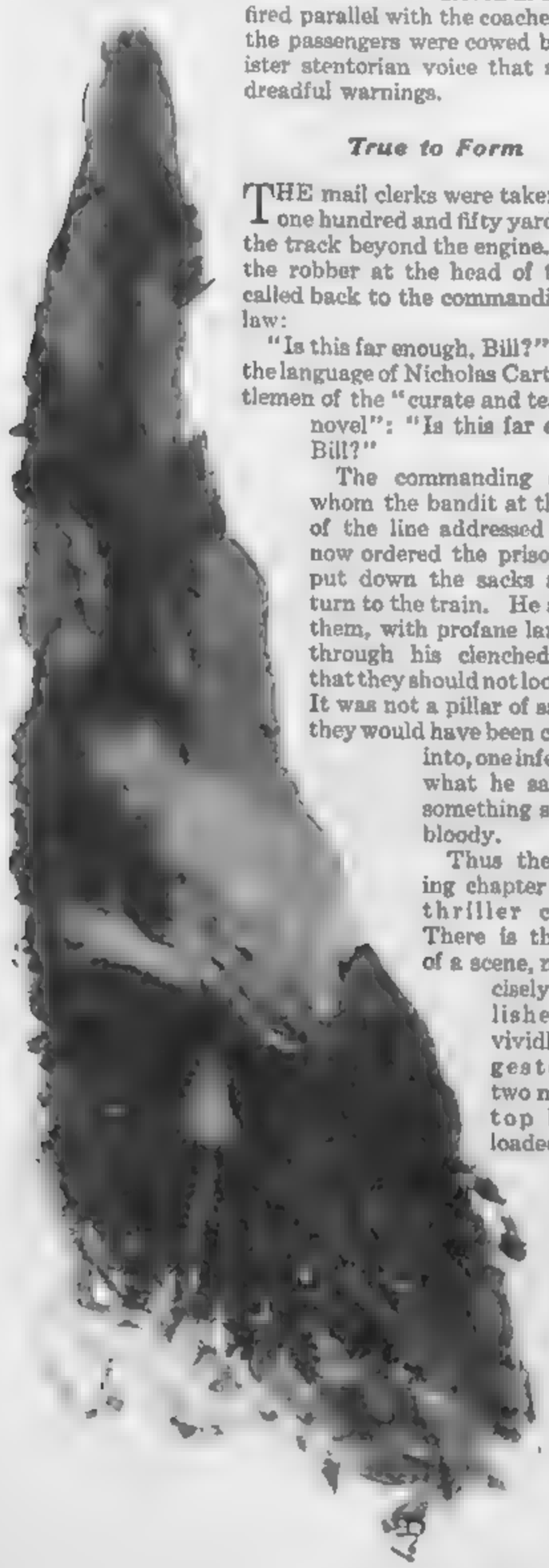
"Carry it," replied the masked robber on his right. "You made more money to-day than I did."

And again:

"Brother," said the engineer, "what do I get out of this if we ever meet?"

"I'll get you a drink," replied the desperado.

While these events went forward the flagman on the rear of the train and the conductor were driven in by shots fired parallel with the coaches. And the passengers were cowed by a sinister stentorian voice that shouted dreadful warnings.



True to Form

THE mail clerks were taken about one hundred and fifty yards down the track beyond the engine. Then the robber at the head of the line called back to the commanding outlaw:

"Is this far enough, Bill?" Mark the language of Nicholas Carter, gentlemen of the "curate and tea-party novel": "Is this far enough, Bill?"

The commanding outlaw, whom the bandit at the head of the line addressed as Bill, now ordered the prisoners to put down the sacks and return to the train. He advised them, with profane language, through his clenched teeth, that they should not look back. It was not a pillar of salt that they would have been changed into, one infers from what he said, but something soft and bloody.

Thus the opening chapter of this thriller closes. There is the flash of a scene, not precisely established but vividly suggested, of two men in a top buggy loaded with mail sacks, driving desperately along the midnight road, while the long Overland Limited crawled through Mud Cut into Omaha.

Now this is but the opening chapter of the shilling shocker. There must be many other artificialities to make a tale—stock tricks, stock devices, all the impossible machinery that my gentle critics tell me cannot happen, and are but the evidences of a perverted and sensational taste. Prithee, sirs, observe: the District Court of the United States, writing its narrative in the Federal courtroom for the District of Nebraska, included them all. It was not writing this dime novel for general circulation. It was writing it to be read by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals—a number of rather grave gentlemen, with a marked disinclination for figments of the fancy, and a rather effective way about them of insisting on the truth.

Let us see how close the tale adheres to the formulas.

There ought to be a detective in it who finds a clew. The obviousness of this clew will depend upon the skill of the writer of the detective story. Conan Doyle would leave a fragment of a word written in blood on a wall. The word would be in a foreign language and have to be translated two or three times before one discovered that it meant Revenge! Gaboriau would have a Delphic sentence: "The Prussians are coming!" Poe, a cryptograph. Nick Carter would have his bandits leave behind them a fragment of an address. Not a complete address, for that would be too obvious; but a fragment of one that his detective could work out. It is Nicholas Carter that this story follows!

On Sunday morning the chief special agent for the Union Pacific went out to the scene of the robbery. He found where a fire had been built; and, after the manner of the formula for this sort of story, he picked up two pieces of an envelope. It was postmarked at Waco, Texas, and bore the following fragment of an address:

"Mr. . . . nk. . . . re. . . . City. . . . issouri, Gen. De . . ."

Thus the detective was given his clew according to the rules, and the story can go on.

Now there must be other things besides the baffled detective and his enigmatic clew in the typical story of this sort. There ought to be boy heroes and a schoolmarm in it; finger-worn lay figures, the critical gentlemen and the princess tell us. Well, they are all here; even the boy heroes and the schoolmarm!

The Brown Park School is a two-story brick building with an attic and twelve rooms. The attic is reached by a ladder and also by a rope and pulleys. When not in use the ladder is drawn up to the ceiling by a rope fastened to a hook. The school is in the outskirts of Omaha.

On Monday morning the janitor found that one of the west windows in the north basement was unlocked. He knew that somebody had entered through this window—note the trick of the detective writer—because there were cinders on the floor where somebody had stepped down! This trail of cinders led out into the hall and up a flight of stairs to the first floor; there it ended. Nothing had been disturbed and the clew vanished in a cul-de-sac.

But let the reader be encouraged; the boy heroes are on the way: Johnny Krolik, Stanley Perina, Anton Kubat, Joe Tesnohlidek, Antone Potach—sturdy youthful Americans all!

There is a deep gulley across the street from the Brown Park Schoolhouse and a fallen telegraph pole lying along the clay side of the slope. Johnny Krolik and little Stanley Perina were playing in the gulley on the Thursday after the robbery, when they saw a leather strap sticking out of the ground. Stanley Perina thought it would be a good strap for his dog. But the other end of the strap was buried and he was afraid to pull it out.

Not afraid was the American Johnny Krolik.

He pulled it out; and there came out with it a big automatic pistol in a leather pouch, a blue polka-dot handkerchief and a black soft hat. The boys searched the bank that afternoon. They found an electric flashlight and two additional revolvers, one a blue-steel automatic and the other of a well-known make. Lying with each revolver was a blue polka-dot handkerchief and a number of loaded cartridges. These articles had been concealed in the gulley close to the telegraph pole. They were taken to the schoolteacher and by her, through the truant officer, turned over to the police officials of Omaha.

But this is not the only work of the boy heroes.

That night, as the story runs, by an arrangement with the police officers, six boys stationed themselves at a point which commanded a view of that part of the gulley where the articles had been hidden and kept watch to see whether anybody would return for them. About eleven o'clock they saw four men coming down Nineteenth Street toward the schoolhouse, and at once notified the police by telephone. When the men reached the telegraph pole one of them went down into the gulley where the first revolver had been discovered. After a few moments he went over to the bank where the other revolvers had been found and continued his search.

Meantime the others passed back and forth along the street a couple of times, and went on to Eighteenth and U Streets. While they were gone the man came up out of the gulley and went over to the schoolhouse. The police had now arrived and he was arrested. Shortly afterward two of the other men returned, and as they were passing the schoolhouse the police officers seized them. The boys continued to watch for the fourth man and saw him jump down the bank at Nineteenth Street. It was a great night for the youthful heroes. One of the desperate bandits, Dan Downer, abashed and handcuffed, was turned over to the boys to guard while the police went after the other outlaws. And everything happened as it happens in the yellow stories. Observe to the utmost detail: Item—What the bandit said to Jimmy Belik: "Let me loose, and I'll make it square with you." But Jimmy Belik was not to be bribed from the bright path of duty by the enticements of any trussed-up desperado! It was a time spread over with gold leaf for the sleuths with Johnny Krolik. They had captured three train robbers, two of them celebrated bandits, as their sinister names eloquently testify—Dan Downer and Derf the Dane!

And now there comes into the story some of the effective deductions of the hatchet-faced detective of Baker Street: some deductions like those that used to make Doctor Watson stand aghast at his chief's amazing perspicacity.

Whither did the cinder trail from the unlocked basement window lead? To the first floor of the schoolhouse, for one had seen the scattered fragments on the steps. But whither after that? Why, obviously, onward and upward! It is a motto of the copy books: "Onward and upward!" Onward and upward lay the attic of the schoolhouse. And in it, when he looked, the janitor saw the mail sacks lying in a row between two joists; six large sacks and two small ones. There were also three raincoats, a pair of overalls and a rope. The mail sacks had been cut open.

Dan Downer and Bully Red in the Toils

THE school-teacher came now with New England efficiency. She wrote down an inventory of everything she found and an accurate description of it. She was a person of discernment and expedition. And when one reads her chapter in this story, one sees that it is for good and sufficient reasons that the schoolmarm is a stock character in the Western tale.

It is the custom of Nicholas Carter to furnish the Government with some conclusive evidence against his outlaws. It is all very well to fit the pieces of the puzzle together, but there must be something that is distinguishing and conclusive—something to come in crashing at the end. It belongs in the formula, and the District Court of the United States does not omit it from its tale. Moreover, it must come in coupled with some name agreeable to this type of fiction—some name that we are accustomed to associate with it and that colors it yellow on the utterance.

Deadwood is the best name that Nicholas Carter ever put in black letters on the cover of his novels.

Query: Does the District Court of the United States dare to plagiarize it from him?

Answer: It does!

On the twenty-first of May the assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Kemmerer, in Wyoming, mailed a registered letter to the National Park Bank, in New York. This letter contained a ten-dollar bill issued by the First National Bank of Deadwood, in South Dakota. Read it over again carefully; it is the magic name—Deadwood! Deadwood, in alliteration with Dakota. My hand is up in solemn affirmation!

The bill was mutilated and the bank wished to have it redeemed. Therefore, its number had been made a matter of record. It was Number T-560897-T.

Imagine that, gentlemen of "the curate and tea-party novel"!

In order conclusively to bring to grief Dan Downer, Bully Red and Derf the Dane, the Providence of Heaven causes the assistant cashier of Kemmerer, in Wyoming, to select a mutilated bill of the First National Bank of Deadwood, make a record of its number, inclose it in a letter to the National Park Bank, in New York, register the

(Concluded on Page 59)

The Emancipation of Galatea

By KATE KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You Know Perf'ly Well What I Mean—Perf'ly!"

THIS story is going to tell what happened after Galatea had been down off the pedestal a while. The assumption has always been that she and Pygmalion lived happily ever after, but any thoughtful person must have his doubts of so unqualifiedly jolly a conclusion; inevitably the day had to come when Galatea would be told that she was, but for Pygmalion, merely a statue, and had better get back on the pedestal. The advanced position Galatea took in the matter is the subject of this narrative.

Of course she couldn't have married James R. Skinner, because he went home every night to a pair of sympathetic brown eyes; and I don't mean that she was really called Galatea, either.

"Eloise Eisel," she had replied to the head of R. E. Babcock's advertising department as she sat down for a trial trip on the typewriting machine; and Charlie MacEwan, overhearing, had remarked that it was a name like a squeaky cart wheel in two feet of mud.

Charlie MacEwan sat all day long in the north light and drew slim, slippered débutantes wearing R. E. Babcock's specially priced dance dresses, or R. E. Babcock's richly lace-trimmed combinations, or R. E. Babcock's copies of imported hats. The advertising, auditing and buying departments, which together occupied the eleventh floor, liked Charlie MacEwan; but Miss Eisel, when she heard of the slur upon her euphonious name, put him down—and publicly too—as "A pinhead simp!"

That, however, was after her emancipation. Before the dawn of that surprising day the little world of Babcock's eleventh floor roused none of her emotions and received a minimum of her attention; it merely flowed round her as she stood, self-contained, like an island in the stream.

It is a loss to learning that Miss Eisel and her type are not so well known to the psychologists who write about the subconscious, as they are to business offices. It might be said that theirs is a dual personality, were it not for the fact that they haven't any personality at all—let alone two. A dual self perhaps—one, a mere automaton, residing in the fingers and communicating only with the spinal cord; the other, a self reserved for interests far above the vulgar business of common-sense English and spelling.

The amazing psychological fact is that these two selves carry on their separate existences simultaneously. The Miss Eisel sort patters the keys and plans her winter clothes; she answers the telephone and puzzles out how the girl at the next typewriter does up her back hair. You dictate an important telegram and her pencil flies, but there is a far-away look in her eyes, for she is wondering whether her gentleman friend will suggest that they go down to Coney on Sunday. She is your employee only from the knuckles down. Demand, in some irritated moment, cerebration of her and she is highly indignant. Perhaps she is right—what more than finger service can you expect for twelve dollars a week?

At any rate, Miss Eisel fulfilled all the requirements of the subliminal-action stenographer and added a few that were quite her own. Of course, if James R. Skinner had not lost his temper she would never have existed for Babcock's advertising department. It must be admitted, in his excuse, that the long talk on the subject of cutting down expenses, to which young Babcock had submitted him, was nettling. Old Robert Babcock had been gradually withdrawing, of late, from the burden of active business, and Harvard, 1912, with a minimum of tact, was working his hand in.

"Even if profits were better, Mr. Skinner, I should hold that any unnecessary leakage must be plugged up," he had explained. "Naturally I don't propose to economize on the brains of the concern; cheap men are always expensive!" Here there was an appreciable pause; but his listener let this bit of brilliance go by, apparently unnoted. "But we can and must cut down on the more or less mechanical details—the stenographic force, for instance. Now I don't doubt for a minute that an intelligent girl like Miss Elmer is worth twenty dollars, Mr. Skinner. But the point is, she isn't worth it to Babcock's; in fact, it's been my personal experience ——"

James Skinner didn't care any one of a lot of things what this young man's personal experience had been, because he knew that it had been next to nothing at all. But he did care enormously that the little home in the suburbs should be paid for within the next two years; and when his superior began to express vague dissatisfaction with the day's advertising copy, which lay before him on the desk, Skinner felt the stab of the ugly realization—which some time comes to every man—that no place in this world's business is secure.

Consequently he went back to his desk that morning divided between two strong emotions—anger and fear. He gave expression to the former by telling Miss Elmer that her only fault was unintelligence, and—would a week be long enough notice? Then he called up an agency and told them to send him the stupidest girl they could furnish for twelve dollars a week, at which the other end of the wire was highly indignant, as well she might have been. He shouted so into the transmitter that the entire three departments of the eleventh floor heard him and commented variously.

Miss Tillotson, who was not openly recognized as a member of Babcock's publicity department, being in charge of the welfare work, said she was surprised Mr. Skinner should talk like that—even to be smart; and Mr. Schermerhorn, the silk buyer, who had an eleven-room apartment and was very much above the house of Babcock, save when talking with members of the firm, remarked that Skinner wasn't a very smart man, in his opinion, if he had to go off the floor to find stupidity.

Whereat Miss Mandelbaum, who got together the material for ladies' wear, and little Miss May, who typed form letters, were considerably perturbed; for, though it wasn't pleasant to be thought stupid—and Miss Mandelbaum, for one, didn't intend to be—still, on the other hand, Mr. Skinner might get them all fired for being too intelligent. It was a difficult situation.

Monday morning, with Miss Elmer actually gone and her would-be successor standing before his desk, James Skinner himself realized how very difficult was the situation. The Independent Agency had taken him at his word. One look into Miss Eisel's blue eyes, shadowing as they did about as much depth as a clean clamshell, would have satisfied even the most particular seeker of unintelligence that he had here found a prize. So, at all events, the minor toilers on the eleventh floor concluded, as Miss Eisel languished in the rail-inclosed preserves of the advertising head.

Miss May and Miss Mandelbaum strained their ears—Mr. Skinner mumbled so.

"—— congratulated; you're a paragon!"

"Wha'd he say?" whispered Miss May anxiously.

"He said she was to stay," replied Miss Mandelbaum cautiously, and cast toward Miss Tillotson, who also was watching, a look of scorn and indignation. The removal of Miss Eisel's tilting hat, Miss Eisel's fox furs and Miss Eisel's ripple-skirted coat confirmed Miss Mandelbaum's translation of Mr. Skinner's apostrophe.

Mr. Skinner, it seemed, had wakened to the fact that he had made a fool of himself; but it was now too late to retreat. The morning after his conversation with the Independent Agency he had felt a bit ashamed; but the incident was soon snowed under by the requirements of a busy day. Now, however, with Miss Eisel before him, and an audible titter apprising him that his little farce had an attentive audience, he realized that he had done two very childish things—tied his own hands, and made himself ridiculous. And the only way of making himself less ridiculous was to tie his hands some more and install this obviously useless creature at Miss Elmer's desk, and keep her there until the public eye had turned elsewhere.

Hence it was with sarcasm welling up out of a profound disgust with himself that he told Miss Eisel she was a paragon, and would do.

"She makes me think of a banana!" he reflected, as he watched the inevitable rearrangement of the desk drawers.

The analogy was good. Miss Eisel was willowy and fair—curiously fair. Her straw-colored hair was pasted flat to her temples and cheeks with innumerable little gilt hairpins, "blond invisibles"; and every one glitteringly prominent. Miss Eisel's hair was not luxuriant; consequently her ears showed through. No one can have her ears show through and look captivating—not even E. B. Browning, whom Miss Eisel did not in the least resemble otherwise. But Miss Eisel's ears were much the same lifeless color as her hair; her complexion was as puttylike and neutral as herself, a fact to which she called attention by powdering her nose and dabbing on a little rouge from the box she kept in her stocking. Her nose was too much and her chin not nearly enough; her teeth, though restrained at intervals with gold, gave the appearance of a concerted attempt to struggle to a given point in the front of her face.

"I guess I got what I asked for," concluded James Skinner; and he pulled himself together and dictated a letter with awful distinctness.

Miss Eisel's face took on the transported look which indicates that all the subconscious processes are now at your disposal, and James Skinner shortened his words accordingly. But he did not shorten them enough; the sentence he dictated as "Such a course would never conform to our personal convictions," emerged from Miss Eisel's fluent shorthand as "Such, of course, would sever our telephone connections."

The Entire Three Departments Heard Him and Commented Variously

He locked his desk and went out to luncheon at eleven. Miss Eisel rearranged her supply of envelopes, clips and carbon paper, sharpened several pencils that didn't need sharpening, and at twelve took out her patent-leather bag, submerged her typewriter, and went to the coat room.

Little Miss May was there, tying on a veil that ended just below her nose.

"Y' goin' t' work for Mr. Skinner?"

"Yeh," said Miss Eisel. "I guess he's nice, ain't he?"

"Oh, yeh; he's awful nice."

"But he's kinda queer, ain't he?"

"Yeh; kinda. But he's nice."

"Yeh; I thought he was nice."

"He cert'n'y is."

"He don't never make you stay overtime?"

"Sure, he don't—never."

"I guess there ain't much work to do, yeh?"

"Yeh; it ain't so much."

"It don't seem like much."

"Yeh; 'tain't."

"Aft'noons you could get off by ha' past four, yeh?"

Miss May hesitated.

"Well, I don' know. Miss Elmer never did."

"Well, if there ain't work to do? Oh, it's awful the way they keep us girls sittin' round whether there's anythin' pertic'ler to do or not—just so they can have us sittin' round!"

"Yeh."

"'Snawful cute little veil you got."

"Y' like it?"

"Yeh; 'sawful cute."

"Well, goin' t' lunch?"

"Yeh. Where d' you eat?"

"Drake's is a nawful nice place."

"Awright!"

And they went off to have "slice' tomatuhs an' a glassa milk, an' a piece raisin pie."

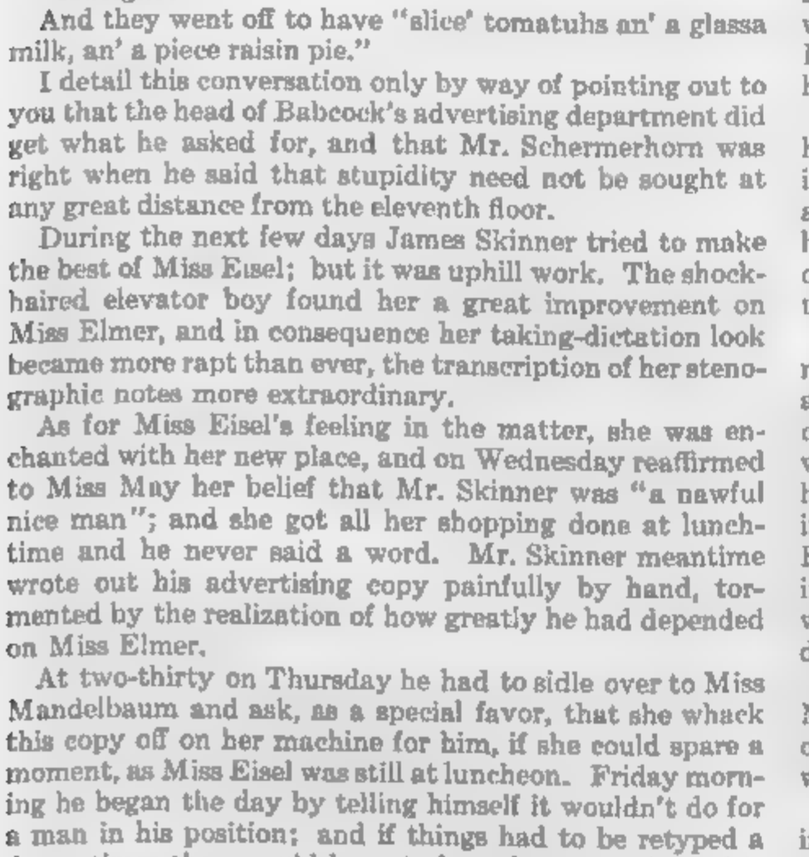
I detail this conversation only by way of pointing out to you that the head of Babcock's advertising department did get what he asked for, and that Mr. Schermerhorn was right when he said that stupidity need not be sought at any great distance from the eleventh floor.

During the next few days James Skinner tried to make the best of Miss Eisel; but it was uphill work. The shock-haired elevator boy found her a great improvement on Miss Elmer, and in consequence her taking-dictation look became more rapt than ever, the transcription of her stenographic notes more extraordinary.

As for Miss Eisel's feeling in the matter, she was enchanted with her new place, and on Wednesday reaffirmed to Miss May her belief that Mr. Skinner was "a nawful nice man"; and she got all her shopping done at lunch-time and he never said a word. Mr. Skinner meantime wrote out his advertising copy painfully by hand, tormented by the realization of how greatly he had depended on Miss Elmer.

At two-thirty on Thursday he had to sidle over to Miss Mandelbaum and ask, as a special favor, that she whack this copy off on her machine for him, if she could spare a moment, as Miss Eisel was still at luncheon. Friday morning he began the day by telling himself it wouldn't do for a man in his position; and if things had to be retyped a dozen times they would have to be—that was all; and it served him right for making an almighty fool of himself before a lot of giggling stenographers. But when he looked round, to carry out his resolution, Miss Eisel had vanished, to return at least twenty minutes later with a freshly whitened nose and the blond invisibles all rearranged.

On Saturday, however, Babcock, Junior, came on a round of inspection, made several remarks about system; and on Monday a time clock was installed on the eleventh floor, an innovation that called forth much indignant discussion. Indeed, young Mr. Babcock's activities were food for thought to more than the lower strata of the eleventh floor. Mr. Weinstock, who had been auditor for nine years, looked worried; Mr. Schermerhorn seemed preoccupied. For a young man with new power in his hand, and in his head a vague idea that change is progress, is a very uncertain quantity.



He Told Them to Send Him the Stupidest Girl They Could Furnish for Twelve Dollars a Week

The consciousness of that uncertainty had been sitting heavy on James Skinner's chest ever since his talk with his employer. With a picture of that attractive suburban cottage tripping up his resentment, he had listened attentively to the younger man's remarks on the function of advertising, and had patiently but unsuccessfully endeavored to wring from him some concrete suggestions for the improvement of Babcock's present method of addressing the public.

"We must have more verve," the junior member had declared, and James Skinner had come away feeling unhappy.

It was a problem. How to put in more verve and yet maintain Babcock's long-standing reputation for reliability? James Skinner was an honest chap, with a real sense of obligation to old Robert Babcock and to the business he had built up.

"How can you appeal to a mind like hers, for instance?" he asked himself gloomily as he watched Miss Eisel pushing about the hairpins in her flat coiffure with one hand, and, with a little rag in the other, polishing the nickel of her typewriter; there are no ways of appearing sufficiently occupied to ward off work with which Miss Eisel and her tribe are not acquainted.

"It's the Miss Eisels who read Babcock's advertisements," said James Skinner. "What can you do but appeal to them with 'values'? We can't get down to the cheap level with scare-head sales; and, on the other hand, we can't stimulate their imagination with well-placed hints, as the exclusive shops can, because there isn't any imagination to stimulate. The great in-between class, the Eisel class, don't want any romance in their shopping information; they want to know what you've got to sell, what it looks like and how much it costs. Where do you do your shopping?"

This last was said aloud and with such abruptness that Miss Eisel looked up startled, her hand on the typewriter carriage and one flat shoulder blade lifted. Indignation was gathering in her blank eyes.

"Pardon?" she said, implying: "If you are going to make improper advances to a perfectly respectable girl ——"

But her strange employer repeated the question with such an intent and abstracted look that she reformed her surmise and replied:

"Here, or at Constable & Lennon's, or Whitney's."

"Do you ever read the advertisements?"

"Oh, yeh."

"Which? All of them?"

"Not all of them." Miss Eisel was flattered by this sudden interest in her reading matter. "Not reg'larly all of them. I always read Paul's, though."

James Skinner stared.

"Paul's!"

"Yeh; they must have a swell advertising man there, ain't they?"

He ignored this tribute.

"But you don't buy anything at Paul's, do you?" he pursued.

"Oh, no; I ain't never been in there. But I got a friend once bought a sport hat there, an' she paid fifteen for it; an' it was marked down at that. An' I tol' her it was redic'lous, her payin' that price; an' w'y didn't she get some nice little novelty style that showed its price outside instead on a label in the lining? An' she said it wasn't so different inside from Babcock's gray saloons—on'y better-lookin' girls. But I said to her, I said:

"'Believe me! if I ——'"

James Skinner plugged up the dike with another question.

"Why do you read Paul's advertisements if you don't buy anything there?" he insisted.

"Oh," replied Miss Eisel vaguely, "I like it the way they are—French words an' all."

He pondered this a moment. Somehow he felt his estimate of the Eisel public's psyche undergoing revision.

One Look Into Miss Eisel's Blue Eyes Would Have Satisfied Even the Most Particular Seeker of Unintelligence

"By George!" he said finally. "Do you mean to insinuate that you've got some imagination?"

"Pardon?" asked Miss Eisel.

"Look here; would you rather buy a *robe d'après-midi* than an afternoon dress?"

"It all depends," dodged Miss Eisel.

This time he spoke French as it meets the English reading eye.

"I mean, for instance, would you rather buy a *chapeau trotteur* than a street hat?"

"If it didn't cost no more," she replied, and wondered what would come next; but her puzzling employer abruptly concluded the pleasing conversation.

"All right!" he snapped. "Make two carbons of that letter to Michelson." And he eased back in his chair to ponder a possibility.

It had seemed to him a mistake when Constable & Lennon had begun inserting an occasional French heading; perhaps, however, they were right.

"But I often use French words," he burst out again inconsequently.

Miss Eisel decided that Mr. Skinner was awful queer; but she was pleased with this conversational tendency he had developed. She marshaled her explanation, with an effort, and put it forth importantly:

"Yeh, Mr. Skinner. But now look; you say like this: 'A *chick* hat!' An' Paul would say just: 'Our imported models evidence a maximum o' *chick!*' An' they ain't the same effect—absolutely!"

"Good enough!" said Mr. Skinner. "Take this."

And he dictated with such velocity that Miss Eisel very nearly swallowed her chewing gum in the effort to attend her galloping pencil. Even so, she had to be rescued twice, and the typed result was as follows:

The most difficult task in the world is the selection of a "party frock" for the June fille. Her ——ity [?] must not be destroyed by the furblows that are the acne of poor taste; and her charm must be cheapened and ——ated [?] by just the right prevention of simplicity and artfulness.

A rosebud here, a ribbon there, a 'not of toul at the shoulder—these little touches which the world has had to learn from the Paris attila, make the June fille a thing of bueaty and a boy forever.

In the gray sallons of R. E. Babcock's a small but select assortment of party dresses is awaiting the particular purchaser.

"What's your opinion on that sort of thing, Miss Eisel?" asked James Skinner.

"Class!" replied his paragon succinctly. "On'y"—and here Eloise Eisel made a real contribution—"On'y you gotta say a bottom price, or people'll be afraid to go in; you gotta say now like eighteen-fifty an' up."

And a faint pink, which did not owe its origin to the box in her stocking, found its way to Miss Eisel's cheeks as she watched the head of the advertising department add "eighteen-fifty and up" to his copy. The pink deepened as he said gravely:

"Miss Eisel, your acumen is immense! I can see plainly that you will be a most valuable asset to the advertising business."

(Continued on Page 41)

The Customary Two Weeks

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Is That the Way Goods are Sold—by Telling Falsehoods About Your Competitors?"

III

GEORGE EXTELL went on the road full of determination and confidence. The three months in the South Trent plant had done him a world of good. They showed him, among other things, how little of real understanding of mechanical tools he had absorbed during his five years at Milledgeville. He had a good working knowledge of his line now, and he had acquired an enthusiasm for the South Trent trade-mark quite as genuine as his old enthusiasm for Eclipse. The retiring salesman on his territory went part of the way with him, and then started back.

Wetterson had not claimed much for the territory, and he was just in not doing so. It was the southeastern part of the country, from Tennessee to the Gulf, and east and north on the seaboard to North Carolina. The demand seemed limited, and capable of a slow growth at best. And the fact that the customers were less subject to fickle impulses than those in the North, less likely to shift from a man or a brand they had learned to like, made it obviously easy to fall into a padded life of order-taking.

This was just what Urmy, the last man on the territory, had done.

Extell meant to dodge that fate. He told himself grimly that he was going to take his hack saws and squares and gauges and protractors and verniers and micrometers into every shop that was big enough to be seen with the naked eye, and that he was going to earn his sleep.

Right from the jump the dealers liked him. They couldn't very well help it. To what youth was doing for him, Extell added such an irrepressible enthusiasm and such manifest sincerity that he seemed to radiate the welcome atmosphere of business, even when business didn't exist. They liked him; they listened to him, sometimes when they didn't want to; but he was facing the cruelly well-known fact that you can't get something out of nothing, and that, similarly, when tools aren't selling off the shelves it isn't necessary to buy any to replace them.

There was one other obstacle that used to give the young fellow a lot of troubled thoughts after he turned out the light in his room. He felt that there was still something lacking in his approach. He couldn't lay hands on this thing; it was subtle and elusive; yet somehow, when he analyzed the situation after making a visit, he had the consciousness that something had been unsaid or undone—that last touch that makes or mars. And one day he learned what that one lack was.

It was in a city in Central Georgia. Extell was making his first call on a little ruddy Austrian, a comedy of a man when one first looked at him, carelessly dressed, with ragged, short whiskers and hair that seemed to stand up straight, not through any intent of the owner, but because it simply refused to lie down. But something in the soft, expresaive eyes told Extell from the first moment that this was no ordinary man.

Introductions over, Extell had to stand being depressed a few minutes by sober stories of hard times—and times were certainly not good in Georgia just then. It flashed out of little Mr. Weinberger's conversation, too, that he was pretty much attached to the Eclipse line of tools. The Austrian was in a loquacious mood. He talked fast and needed no assistance in the way of replies or suggestions. But suddenly, as he was talking, the dealer's eye sparkled. His glance had fallen upon a pair of micrometer calipers in a simple case from Extell's bag. In a moment the whole manner of the man changed. He took up the instrument, holding it before him almost as though it had been eggshell china, and his nostrils twitched with emotion as he said, with a strong German accent:

"Ah, Mr. Axdell, it is a beautiful instrument! I was a mechanic; I know the Eglibse is alzo. There is noding between them. See, the berfection! A hair out of your head would make the difference! So fine; so beautifully aggurate! Ah, Mr. Axdell, some dings are gross. Some have a soul. Dis has a soul. The man that makes it—he is an artist almost. And the vernier alzo has a soul. Nod likesome dings. Meganigal dools are different altogedder. You must understand them to love them—as I do."

Extell looked at the man in amazement. Then, to show interest, he said, looking at the right hand with three fingers missing:

"You used to be a mechanic, Mr. Weinberger?"

"But I did nod lose the fingers in machinery," was the smiling response. He had followed Extell's glance. "I was in the army. Shot off."

And then Mr. Weinberger went back to his discourse about the tools. He did not buy any tools. He was undoubtedly overstocked, as it was. With his affection for them he was bound to be. But Extell walked down the street with the sensation that something new and big was leaking in upon him. Weinberger's words began to take coherent form in his mind. He felt as though a new and keener light had been turned on in the brain corners where he kept his sales ideas. He had been five years in Milledgeville without once perceiving this personality in the tools. He had been three months in South Trent without thinking of it. And it had remained for a queer little man in Central Georgia to show it to him. It was not a thing that could be phrased in words. It was a feeling. But it was a feeling that took root in George Extell's mind, and grew. That day he found himself.

It was a discouraging year, but Extell stuck like glue. He had the consciousness that he was wringing every last drop out of the territory. And at the end of the year, when he came to the plant, he was rewarded with a hearty greeting from Wetterson and a ten-minute conversation with the president. They had been talking him over. They had been going over his orders.

Extell wasn't nearly so well satisfied as his employers were.

The young fellow was writing regularly and good-spiritedly to Muriel Clemm. He was telling her the truth even when it hurt; but what he couldn't tell her, because he didn't know, was that Wetterson had already said to the president of the South Trent:

"Mr. Gaylord, I'm beginning to think I picked a good man in Extell. There isn't a man that's doing the amount of missionary work he is. I hear it from all sides. And it's making a fine impression on the dealers."

The president nodded, puffed on his cigar and asked:

"Why keep him South, Wetterson?"

"I'm not going to. I think we ought to put him on Thrasher's territory when he gets through the first of the month—Pennsylvania and Western New York, you know."

When Extell got the news he indulged himself in a flip-flap in the middle of his hotel room. Then he dived into his suit case and fumbled through his papers till he came to a sealed envelope. On the outside was written in Muriel Clemm's strongly feminine script: "Not to be opened till George Extell knows that he has conquered." But after gazing upon it a moment he shook his head and put it back.

"I've got a long way to go yet, I guess," he murmured.

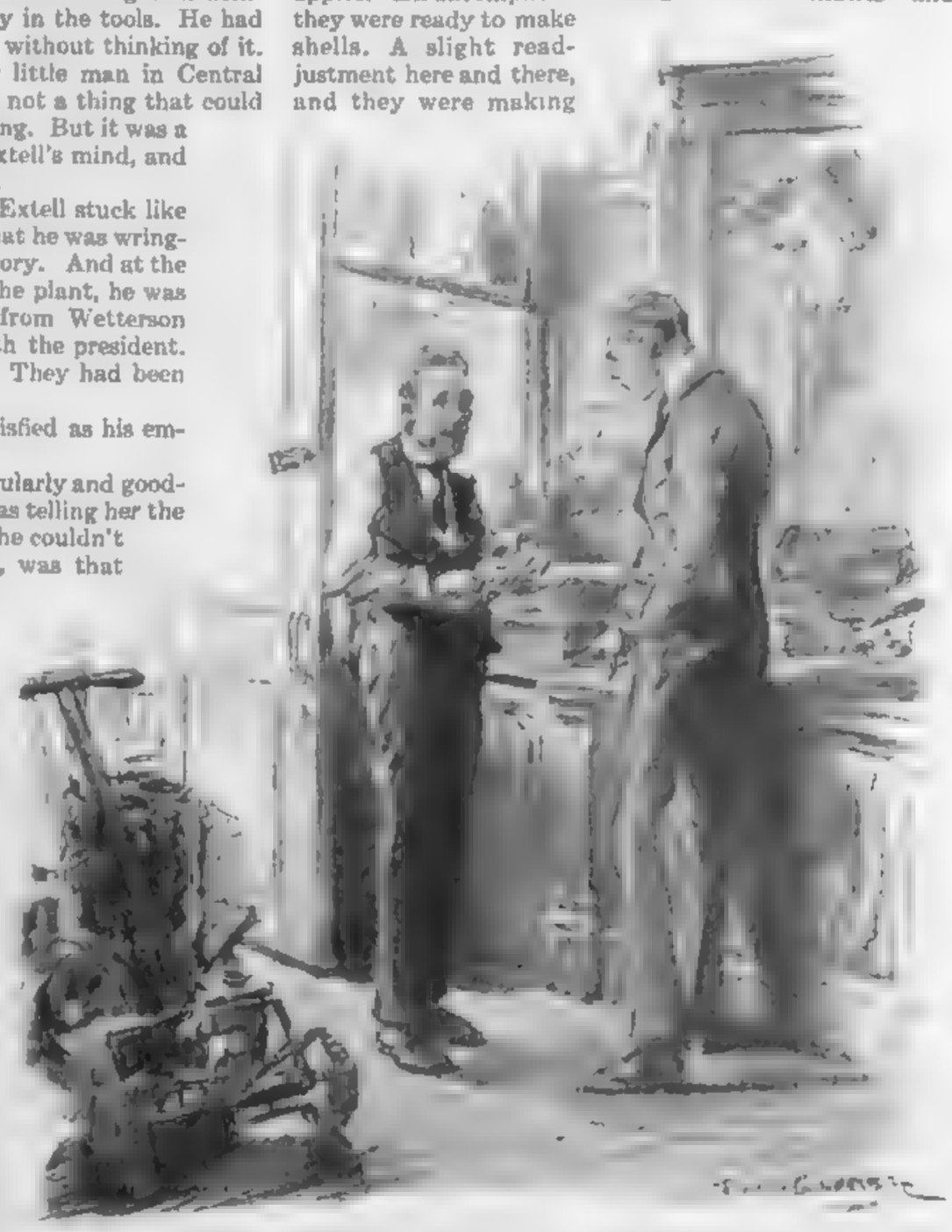
On the new job Extell ignited no swiftly flowing rivers. He had balance enough nowadays not to expect to. But he sold the goods, and did a tremendous deal of that hard work that does not immediately show—missionary work, so called—which had the primary result of increasing his own confidence. He sent in a few suggestions with his letters, but the few were sound and useful. He had reached the point where he needed the unusual opportunity to develop the unusual results. And the opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In August, 1914, Europe shut up its stores, drew the shutters, and sent the help to the front. Over-night peace became bedlam, good will became hate, and killing became laudable. The traveling salesmen left their cases, put on different clothes, and went out to convince their rivals with a different kind of argument. The pulleys and belts and machines creaked and stopped, and then started to manufacture something to make people miserable instead of comfortable. And as they couldn't manufacture this new line fast enough—as some of them couldn't—something began to happen in the American factories too.

There was the first panicky feeling, when everybody in the United States was thinking the same thing, which was that destruction had come; followed quickly by enormous war orders.

It came so suddenly that many a salesman in the much desired lines began to wonder if he hadn't supernaturally solved the problem of selling. Everything that bore the slightest relation to machinery began to disappear from the shelves and warerooms. George Extell found himself selling more mechanical tools in a week than he had been selling in a month. He took orders that, on the book, looked mad and dreamlike.

And then the Northern Machinery Company deal went through. It was no secret. This group of financiers went into the market and bought factories as hucksters buy apples. An uncomplicated change in the automatics—and they were ready to make shells. A slight readjustment here and there, and they were making



"Ah, Mr. Axdell, You Must Understand Dools to Love Them—as I Do"

bayonets. And it all meant more and more mechanical tools. The Northern Machinery Company was operating in seven towns in Extell's territory already, was building additions as fast as the concrete could be poured in, and was reaching out for more factories.

Extell got a telegram to come in to the home office at once. When he got there the president, the sales manager and several other heads were in session and ready to look him over. It was the first time Extell had faced them all together, and his knees felt giddy.

"Mr. Extell, our understanding is that the Northern people are ready to place contracts for nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of tools," began Mr. Wetterson. "Yes, I know; your letters on the subject were accurate. There isn't any doubt of it now, however. It's a whale of a contract, Extell, and there's more behind it. And we want it—we want it all if we can get it. The question resolves itself frankly: Can we or should we put it up to you? What do you think? Don't be afraid to say exactly what you think."

Extell's voice trembled with emotion.

"If you would let me ——" he began. The president interrupted:

"It means a good deal to us, Mr. Extell. You see, the simple advertising value of it is tremendous."

"Yes, sir, I know it." Then he stood, not knowing how to say what he wanted to say.

The president fixed his eyes on Extell. He looked at him a moment, straight in the face, then rose deliberately and said to the sales manager:

"I think you can find the best thing to do, Mr. Wetterson." Then he went out.

Immediately Wetterson walked over to Extell, put his hands on the young fellow's shoulders, and said:

"Extell, I'm banking on you. They think you lack experience. I don't. I didn't convince Mr. Gaylord, you see—you noticed the way he put it up to me. On the other hand, he didn't say no. Extell, go out and get that contract!"

It was a settled fact that the competition lay between the Eclipse and the South Trent companies. In the first place they were the only ones equipped to fill orders of such magnitude; and, besides, the smaller fry had all the business they could attend to.

It was with a peculiar feeling that Extell started for Simonsburg, the temporary main office of the Northern Machinery Company. He felt powerfully confident—and somehow a little regretful. He supposed that he would be pitted against Adams Walker, the Eclipse man on his territory, and he knew Adams to be one of the squarest and best-willed fellows in the world. They had often lunched and dined together in the old days, whenever Adams came to the home office. And now they were going to fight it out.

When Extell reached Simonsburg he learned from the Northern offices that the president had been hurriedly called to New York, and that when he should return there would be a conference to receive the salesmen. A date was set four days distant. Extell filled in the time to splendid advantage farther along, getting back to Simonsburg early on the appointed Monday morning. He went to a hotel, wiped the cinders out of his eyes, shook out the train dust, had breakfast, and then got out on the street. It was a quarter to eight, and there were few persons on the main thoroughfare. He strode along for several blocks, unconscious of anything round him until, with a shock that went through every nerve of his body, he heard a well-known voice impulsively cry: "George!" The next moment he was looking into the face of Muriel Clemm.

"Muriel!" responded Extell. "What—what on earth are you doing here?"

"Wait, please, George!" exclaimed the girl with a little nervous laugh. "Please—you'll attract a crowd!" And then Extell was suddenly aware that in his excitement he had almost taken the girl into his arms. He backed off a little, still retaining her hand. With a catch in her voice Muriel half-whispered:

"You're not here about the Northern?"

Extell nodded.

"But tell me, what are you doing here? How in the world ——"

She looked at Extell dazed. He saw her breast rising and falling quickly, and her lips trembled.

"He—he said you wouldn't be here. He —— Oh, George! I'm—I'm ——"

"What is it, Muriel?" cried Extell. "I can't understand. Who said I wouldn't be here?"

"Mr. Vibert!"

"I am Wondering, Dear, if You Have Ever Even Peeped Into That Envelope"

Extell went back as though he had been struck in the face. He stared at the girl incredulously for a time before he asked:

"You don't mean he is here, Muriel. You—you're not here with him?"

She seized the young man's hand and held it tightly.

"Isn't there some place we can go to talk?" she said. "We mustn't stand here. Take me somewhere, George, anywhere."

He did not move a muscle. He simply stared at her and repeated in a voice that was as cold as the tinkle of ice in a thin glass:

"You are here with him, Muriel. With Vibert!" Then he got a hold on himself and added: "I am at the Randolph. Shall I take you there?"

"Anywhere," she replied faintly.

As soon as they were seated in the parlor Muriel Clemm began to speak.

"He said you wouldn't be here," she told him. "He was sure the sales manager of the South Trent would come himself. He offered mother the trip, so that I could come along, because there were so many letters to take care of while he was here—and mother wanted so much to make the journey. You know she has hardly ever traveled. And now you are here—and ——"

"He had no right—no right to bring you," came from the man. "He lied to you. He knew I should be here for South Trent. He knew it would get my nerve. He knew just what it would do to me."

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't look at me like that, George! Perhaps he really thought as he said. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"As if it wasn't bad enough for me, all these months, to think of you in the same office with him!" exclaimed Extell. "And now you help him—you—when I was just at the threshold ——" He stopped abruptly. "You will go back to Milledgeville, you and your mother, immediately!" he added with set teeth.

"But I am working for him, George! He is my employer. The Eclipse Company ——"

"It makes no difference, Muriel. You didn't contract to follow that man round the country. You will go back."

"George," said the girl falteringly, "you—you are bigger than that. You have grown; I have seen it in your letters. You can forget that I am here; you can forget who we are—you know we are each working for our own companies, George, you for yours and I for mine. We must both be loyal. You won't ask me to desert now."

"You want to stay!" he said bitterly.

"No—I ought to stay. But it is only my head; my heart will be with you, George, you know it."

Extell rose. "Very well, Muriel," he said shortly. "You will stay then."

She reached out her hands toward him.

"Tell me it will be the right thing. Don't say it like that, George!"

"It will be the right thing, I suppose," he replied mechanically. "I must go over to the Northern office now. You are stopping at the Fiske? I will take you over on my way."

"No, I'll stay here a while," she said.

The sun was shining brightly when Extell gained the street again, but somehow he was walking in a shadow. All his hatred of Vibert came back, redoubled, and the future turned black before his eyes. He was told at the Northern plant that the representative of the Eclipse Tool Company was to have his inning that afternoon, and that probably Extell might have to wait till the following morning. And that information, which would have pleased him the day before, as a chance for getting in the last word, now seemed a fatal omen. He went back to his room in the Randolph and, utterly exhausted, threw himself upon the bed. All the suppressed jealousy and antipathy for Vibert seethed and boiled anew. He was twice on the point of telegraphing to Wetterson to come immedintely, but he could not summon strength enough to make the decision.

In the afternoon Extell tried a walk, but gave it up and went back to the room again. At three o'clock he called up the Northern plant to make sure about his appointment. It was for the first thing in the morning. At half past four his telephone rang. There was a lady to see him in the parlor. But scarcely had he pulled on his coat when there came a knock on the door. He opened it, and Muriel Clemm, with a cautious look behind her, pushed into the room.

"I know this isn't the right thing to do—but there were people in the parlor and I had to see you alone!" she cried, half sobbing. "You—you were right, George. I was wrong. Mother and I are going home immediately. I have been punished for coming!"

"Punished!" he cried, seizing her hands and finding them cold. "What do you mean, Muriel?"

"For putting the office before my—my heart! For wanting success for myself. You don't know—I've never told you—I've dreamed of being successful for myself. I've been selfish—and, well, it's over now! I never want any more to do with business. I've resigned. I never want to see the Eclipse office again."

"I don't understand," was all Extell could say.

She went on, speaking fast:

"Mr. Vibert asked me to come down to the Northern offices, in case he should be held up. There were important

letters to be mailed. After I typed them I went down. They showed me into a room that adjoined the room where Mr. Vibert was having his interview. The transom was half open, and I couldn't help hearing what was being said. He was talking. I heard every word. And I would not work another day in the Eclipse office, no matter what happened, George. My poor illusions are gone—all gone!" Extell waited diplomatically.

"How could they sit and listen to him? Why didn't they stop him?" she cried passionately. "Is that the way goods are sold—by telling falsehoods about your competitors? By telling things you know are not true? Oh, I could have died of shame to be with such a firm! And they sat and listened to him. They let him go on."

"Did he knock South Trent?" asked Extell with a queer smile coming into his face.

"He lied foolishly and shamefully. He didn't seem to have a word to say as to why they should buy his goods. It all seemed to be why they shouldn't buy the others. But I mustn't tell you any more—it wouldn't be right, I suppose. The only thing I can do is to quit them—and I have. But why did they listen to him? George, is that the way business is done?"

Something like happiness had come back to George Extell. His eyes shone as he held her hands and looked into her eyes.

"No, it isn't, Muriel!" he cried. "You'll see! That was Vibert's idea of good salesmanship. I could have sworn he would do that. He was raised on that kind of argument. The only salesman he has that has never copied him is Adams Walker. And that's why he came out here himself. He thought Adams wasn't strong enough. He'll find out! Oh, my dear, you don't know what you've done to me! You're going home! You're not going to stay in that office! Now I feel as though I could sell anything! I can hardly wait till to-morrow."

She looked at him and her face brightened.

"You don't have to tell falsehoods about your competitors, do you?" she asked.

"You bet I don't!" replied the man. "I'm with the real people, Muriel. You wouldn't ask that if you knew Wetterson. Muriel, if I put this order over I'll get something good. You remember what you wrote on the envelope? Would that be it?"

She smiled with eyes that never missed the little humors.

"I shan't need to tell you when the time comes," she answered. "You will know."

He saw the girl and her mother off at the station, and brought a big box of roses to go home with them.

"Really you ought not to do that," Muriel objected, her prudence trying hard to overcome her delight.

"By to-morrow night I'm going to ship you a carload!" was the boyish reply just as the train was pulling out.

That night Extell in his room opened his case and took out a micrometer: the very micrometer that the little Austrian in Central Georgia had apostrophized. He looked at it a long time. He studied the infinitely accurate gradations, and noted how marvelously adapted it was for the work it had to do. He saw how intricate it was, and yet how simple; noted the ratchet stop, so adroitly contrived to keep the measuring spindle from turning when it should be at rest—and the words of the little old man came back to him: "Axdell, you must understand them to love them—as I do."

IV

AT A QUARTER to ten next morning, when he had made his talk before a group of sharp-eyed men, Extell felt that he had expressed this understanding of his tools. He felt that he had never talked better. He had been direct, not wordy. He had not once mentioned the competing lines. He had told the exact truth about shipments—that freight was congested in their district as elsewhere. But above all he had tried to convey this idea of perfection, of efficiency, in the South Trent tools.

Extell paused and wiped his dry lips with his handkerchief. The feeling of strong confidence had never once left him. But there was one thing which had just a little disconcerted him. It was the steady, riveted, impersonal eyes of an elderly man with iron-gray hair and mustache, who had sat just at his left across the table. He tried vainly, as he was speaking, to read that look. It worried him. Round the mouth of this man—the president of the newly formed corporation—was something that never quite ripened into a smile. It was as though the man was hazing him, in a subtle way, trying to make him say something incautious or ill-advised. And after a short silence this sphinxlike man spoke. His voice was just as impersonal as his eyes, touched, it seemed, by no emotions whatever. He asked quietly:

"Mr. Extell, what do you think of the Eclipse tools?"

Extell had a queer sensation. He felt his lips tighten and the nerves of his face twitch. He was thinking of Vibert. He was thinking of the dark room, of Muriel Clemm, and of the words: "You can have the customary two weeks." But he replied:

"Mr. Nickerson, I worked for the Eclipse people for nearly five years. They make beautiful tools, sir. They have always made beautiful tools; and I have no doubt they always will. I believed in them then and I have never lost my faith in them."

"You would admit they are just as good as the South Trent tools, then?" said that impassive mouth.

"No, sir."

"Why not, Mr. Extell?"

"Because, Mr. Nickerson, I am selling South Trent tools. And, aside from that, I can show you that our line is fuller and I have shown you that we have several invaluable patents."

"It is generally thought, however, in the trade, that there is little to choose between them," went on the president. "You would be satisfied, I suppose, if we split the order, Mr. Extell?"

"No, sir. I am asking you for the entire order."

"But on what grounds do you ask it, Mr. Extell? You have admitted that the Eclipse are fine tools. The patents—well, I don't think those are so very important really. A hack saw is a hack saw, when they are both of high quality. I should like to have you tell me what other thing, what final argument, you rely upon to convince us that you should have the whole contract."

It was the crucial moment.

Extell felt it. Somehow he knew that there had been a tacit decision made in that conference to split the order. He felt it going from him. And then like a flash he whipped out:

"Yes, sir; there is one other thing."

"I should like to hear it," was the challenge.

"It is something I say with hesitation," said Extell, feeling himself redden. "I wouldn't have mentioned it, Mr. Nickerson, if you had not put it squarely up to me. There in one other thing, and I am depending on it as the last resort. I ask you not to believe that I say it with any unworthy motive or spirit; but it is something that comes into nearly every order that was ever sold. It is a real, living thing. It is the personality of the salesman."

The moment he uttered the words Extell felt his knees shake. If his words were construed wrongly he was lost. He saw the utterly amazed glance of the president in the direction of the factory superintendent.

He saw the factory superintendent return a grin to that astonished look.

The New York manager of the Northern looked surprised a moment, and then began to laugh outright.

Mr. Nickerson rose slowly.

"I think that will do, Mr. Extell," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

But just as Extell gathered up his effects and started for the door, the president came after him and seized him by the arm.

"Mr. Extell," he said, "you have the nerve of the devil!"

The young man looked frankly and soberly into the eyes of the older man. In a voice that trembled in spite of himself, he asked:

"Do you really think that was merely nerve?"

The older man did not answer for a moment. Then he reached out and gave the young fellow's hand a little shake.

"No!" he replied. "You told the gospel truth. It's funny nobody ever sprang that before. You'll go far, young man. Good day."

There are days that are not merely red-letter days, they are rainbow-letter days. There are few of them in a life, and the memory of them never dies. The next day was one of those days for George Extell. When he went to the telegraph office, the following afternoon, the two telegrams that he wrote there swam before his eyes. The telegrapher looked like an Adonis. The dirty telegraph office looked like the Stock Exchange. The barely swept floor was like a carpet of priceless Oriental pile. One telegram went to Wetterson, the other to Muriel Clemm. The one to Wetterson read:

"I put it over. EXTELL."

The other one:

"You gave me the courage to win. GEORGE."

Queerly enough, in Extell's first flush of triumph he entirely forgot Vibert. He had dreamed, without daring to hope, that the day would come when he could meet his old manager on even terms and show him who was the better man. His common sense had told him that this could scarcely happen—yet it had happened—and now his first reaction was not the one he had expected. It was not that he had ceased to hate Vibert. It was simply that he was now thinking of bigger things.

In the first place, Wetterson's night letter, in response to his brief telegram announcing his success, thrilled him with honest joy. It was just like Wetterson, enthusiastic without slopping over, and sincere as few men could phrase sincerity. It ended with a sentence that stenciled itself on Extell's mind and steadied him absolutely. The sentence was: "I know you can stand prosperity."

Muriel Clemm's letter filled his cup of happiness. She wrote herself into it unreservedly. She had the art of translating her inmost feeling into written words, of projecting herself to him with every dotted i, so that as the young fellow read she seemed to be at his side. She did not mention Vibert. She said never a word about the Eclipse office.

Extell's first desire was to go to Milledgeville at once. He burned to tell Muriel the whole story; to see her eyes respond to every point. He knew that his request for a couple of days would be granted at South Trent without demur—and yet he could not ask it. He was coming in on the high tide. Everything was going his way now. He was writing orders such as he had never turned in before, and even the conditions of the trade did not seem wholly to account for it.

Then one night, just as he was coming out of the dining room of his hotel, he came face to face with Harry Burnhart. That the president

(Continued on Page 45)

"That Northern Machinery Business Gave Us an Awful Jolt. You Got Us There, and Got Us Good"

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"'You are Going the Right Way About to Make a Dead Man of Yourself, Mister Mate'"

XI

THE ornithologist, in good truth, had gone this time, beyond all recapturing. He headed straight across the dunes, Hawley following at top stretch. When they came to the beach the chase did not once hesitate or falter. James Smith plunged in and with a strong motion of the arms made for the open sea. Hawley set guards along the coast, but the ornithologist did not return.

Nothing could save the house itself. It made a vast showing, cast as it was into that lonely situation. The black bark, anchored in mid-channel, stood revealed high and clear; and the dunes behind the house shone with a smooth red light, as the flames shot higher and yet higher.

And, strangest of all, this tumult had roused the gulls from sleep. I saw the flickering of crimson breasts hurled in mid-air, and wondered if in truth new voices had joined already in that unlikely chorus.

It was morning before we could come together on the water front at Silver Glade. Garnett had seen to it that a room was made ready in the Glade Hotel for Jane Craigenside; and presently he came toward us with a grave step.

"The shock of these two deaths has been too much for her," he said to us. "And yet, if she but knew it, the old lady had done her—and me—a fearful wrong."

Garnett had washed the enamel from his face and got into other clothes. The lines in his face appeared deeper, but still he was seen to be a young and rugged man, with a keen eye that rested briefly on our faces, one after the other.

"There is no need for her to know it," he added gently, "and God knows the old lady paid the shot. After my experience in that slave room, I can assure you, gentlemen, that I shall never look a sea gull in the face again. If there is the least jot of superstition in you, you will believe that tale you know. I remember coming upon a raft in mid-Pacific, empty as the palm of my hand, and the greatest flock of gulls keeping it company that ever you saw. These things naturally come back to a man in circumstances like the present. You will want to know the truth about all this. It can be told briefly, I imagine.

"This man—James Smith, he called himself—was actually the son of old Craigenside by a Chinese wife. Amos had her stationed for years past count aboard a junk in a certain backwater of the Yang-tse. I have seen that junk. It was and is a fine piece of work—sandalwood paneling, reed lanterns aft, and two blazing blood-red eyes at the prow. Watchful eyes, gentlemen; but I can assure you not more watchful than the eyes of that old Tartar lying in state across the river.

"She was a Tartar. That's the colossal joke involved in this business—one of these merciless jokes that a devil might dispatch red-hot out of hell. Craigenside had held her off a great many years, and yet he had granted her privileges, don't you see, until the man was fairly under her thumb. There were times when he didn't dare to say his soul was his own. You may have heard the Tartar apply those words to herself; they applied with triple force to him. If you had ever seen that smooth yellow woman in the Yang-tse, you would understand the peace that stole into the bosom of that old pirate every time he headed for his mysterious yellow river. She was the impersonation of silent worship. If he so much as held up his hand she was watching it that moment like a cat, like a dumb slave. I verily believe he went there to recover the self-respect which he lost periodically in the presence of old Mercy. Why, then, didn't he stay in the East? Why should he return to Dockport to confront her with his uneasy conscience squirming somewhere inside that great barrel of a body? How came it that at length she began to go as stewardess and visited those perilous waters in her own person? I don't know, except to say that hers was the presiding personality.

"All the years that Mercy went as steward," he continued, "there was this establishment going on, the boy growing up, Craigenside absenting himself from time to time and coming back to his mentor with a sheepish eye. You have seen that old lady's face—lined, and acid, and featured with hirsute moles? He used to look into it as a naughty boy looks into the eye of a stern parent, trying to fathom what shape the administration of wild justice will assume. It was 'killing,' to use a phrase of Mercy's own.

"When the child was twelve years old Craigenside assigned to some broken-down but omniscient missionary the task of providing him with an education of the Western sort. But note: The silent mother, to counteract this alien influence, induced a certain Chinese gentleman to attach himself to her household in the situation of a tutor, and so the learning of two hemispheres came to be poured into his head. By the powers, his range was enormous. He knew more than the devil himself. But I don't know which of those gentlemen brought out his mesmeric faculty. He had it, to a degree. He could put me into a trance by turning a marlinespike in his hand and letting the sun flash from its tip.

"But wait. Old Craigenside never fully understood what flame it was he had plunged his hand in. He knew nothing of the necessities, nothing of the resources of one of these Eastern religions, patched together through the industry of certain shady and traitorous disciples of the great god Buddh.

"The fact is, during those years the boy's mind was being prepared to take up the vengeance which expiring generations had been forced to drop. To put the matter briefly, the Chinese gentleman above-mentioned had ascertained that the woman was descended from a dynasty of pirates who had their headquarters on a certain island in the Yellow Sea. They were not, perhaps, practicing piracy at this date; indeed, the woman gave Craigenside to understand that they had gone out of the business, after making certain terms humiliating to the Chinese Government. Nevertheless, they were bound to that island by the common bond of a piratical tradition; and through the instrumentality of that Chinese tutor a call was issued to the son of Craigenside's foreign wife as the last male representative of a perishing dynasty.

"So it happened that on that last voyage Craigenside stole up the Yang-tse, only to be met with a cool statement from the lips of that hitherto tractable woman that his son had been drafted into the priesthood.

"Craigenside was frantic. Was it conceivable that son of his should turn into the sort of stony-eyed idiot who would bow down to sticks and stones? In the blood of the old seaman there resided very little of the strict tincture of religion, I suppose. If he owned in his heart to a fundamental belief at all, it must have been only in some vast power screened by clouds or moving silently underfoot; an inscrutable power, contemptuous of man-made fantasies, a power that spoke only in the whirlwind, and that never stooped to examine individual destinies. Into the invisible bosom of that power he was hurled, and that sufficed him.

"For the rest, he had slept through many sermons, had paid pew rent, and in winter put his ponderous feet on the zinc-lined foot warmer which had descended to him through many generations of cold-footed co-religionists. He called himself in a booming voice a 'fair-weather Christian,' with a vague belief in a kind heaven and a serviceable hell; and as such he had no sympathy with foreign gods. That son of his should fall so low as to feed the fires in the very incense pans laid before foreign altars was what he could not stomach.

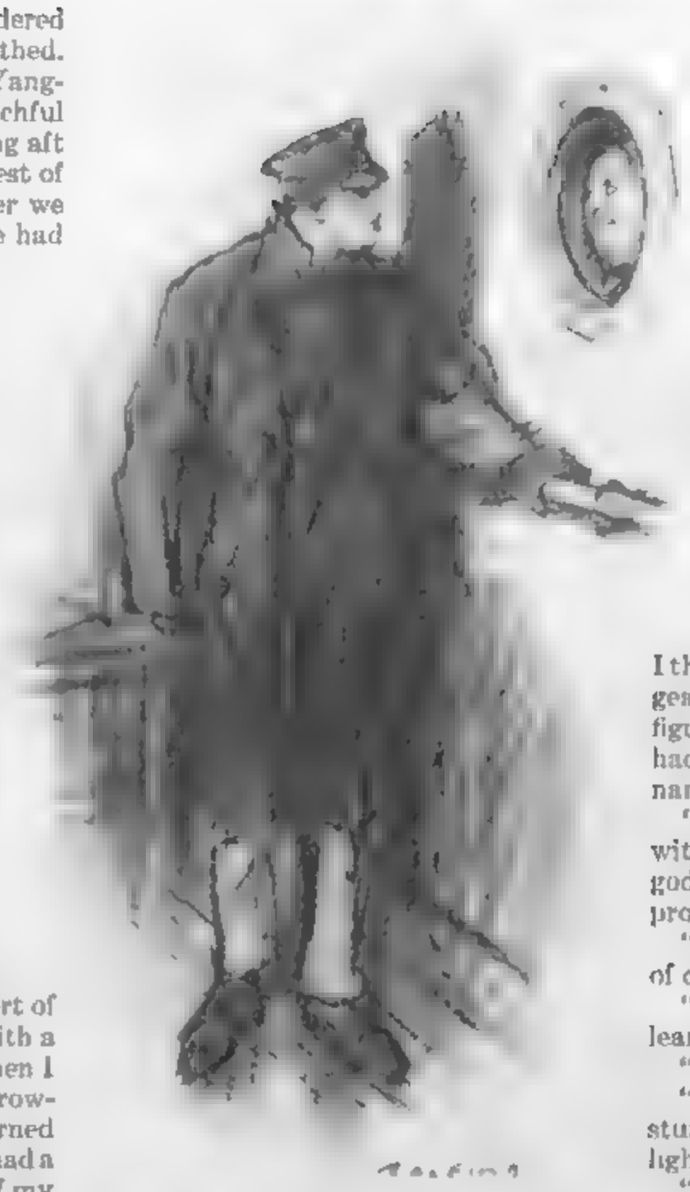
"That was how he came to follow him, seize him up out of the crater of that broken-down volcanic island where he had established himself, and bring him to book in the cabin of the Asphodel along with his green jade god.

"There were ructions on that ship, I can tell you, when Mercy saw who the man was," continued Garnett. "And she wasn't in doubt long, because by chance she spied the six toes on his right foot—his curious Western inheritance, almost the only part of him that he had in common with his father. Can you wonder if the old lady carried on a little after all those years—her life, no less—which at one stroke she saw to have been spent in the shadow of a mocking delusion? I think she was not accountable for her actions.

"All the time I was going about that ship making love to Jane Craigenside, getting deeper and deeper in love every blessed minute. I felt those sharp black eyes of Mercy's trailing me with that hungry power of observing another's felicity which seems to be the especial attribute of spinsters. They can never grow too old for it; and after all, she was not so old, not over sixty, and sentimental as the devil behind that black mustache, I imagine. A poisoned soul escapes by distilling itself through the very pores of the

skin; an atmosphere is engendered which if not seen, is yet breathed. The eyes of that junk in the Yang-tse were not one-half so watchful as those of that old lady lying aft in a canvas chair, with a nest of tatting in her lap. I wonder we didn't all of us see how she had come to hate the old man.

"We didn't—not one of us. I had eyes for no one but that girl. I had first spied her bringing the sextant out to Craigenside, the very day I joined the ship in Sydney harbor. Her fingers were adjusting the screws, and I swear there were small brains in the pink tips of them. We got to have a very good understanding in a short while, and she told me frankly just the nature of the old lady's tantrums; but she had not the slightest notion of what might be expected to come from them. I thought the old Tartar had entirely recovered her calm. That's how far deluded I was! She made no noise on the deck. Her feet were encased in a sort of moccasin of black leather with a limp sole. Every now and then I caught a flash from the arrowheads of obsidian which adorned her constricted old bosom. I had a feeling that the very course of my thought was traced with limpid thoroughness by the intent watchful eye of that ancient shade. In the hours of my later reflection a sort of ominous cloud gathered about her mysterious and fragmentary utterances.



"I Would Catch That Enormous Yellow Face Hanging in the Port Like an Unfathomable Mask"

"Then one morning as I was going to take the deck I found the cabin thronged. Breakfast was just over. Mercy Cobb sat back, grasping her shark's spine, and sucking her lips grimly together. The girl stood tall and pale beside her. Ruel sat pulling sullenly at a fringe of the tablecloth. Behind him rose the portly figure of the priest, his arms crossed, his heavy-lidded eyes half shut. For the first time a sort of excitement seemed to breathe out of him, and the ugly knob on his forehead had turned red. The cause of this commotion was to be found in the sudden determination of Craigenside to break his son publicly of his superstitious folly.

"'You have about as much chance of making converts to that thing as a song sparrow of finding Venus in the blizzard of '58,' he roared. 'It galls me to think that son of mine should descend so low.'

"The priest said in cold tones:

"'It is enough. You do not believe.'

"'Not in foreign hells, no,' said Craigenside. 'I have enough to do to swallow a Christian one.'

"I caught a glimpse of Mercy's eye at this point. Sunk as it was in its shadowy socket, it seemed to emit a terrible fire.

"'Come now,' said Craigenside, striking his hands behind him, 'tell me, sir, what are the properties of this god? Suppose I slap him in the face: Do you think he will rise up against me? Can he strike me dead?'

"'When he falls forward on his face,' said the priest, 'then, and not till then, will he wreak vengeance.'

"'In that case,' said Craigenside, putting out his huge hand, 'I calculate to know the nature of this vengeance.'

"Ruel, turning in his seat, struck his father's hand away from the god's head.

"'You will have us all hopping in the wrong hell next,' he muttered sheepishly.

"'I want to know! I want to know!' the old gentleman said then. 'So now my other son is bowing down to sticks and stones.'

"'Do the safe thing,' retorted Ruel.

"The old man was staggered a little in spite of himself. He saw about him a ring of tense white faces. Little by little some dread omen seemed to creep into the atmosphere. It was a burning hot morning. I felt as though I had been trapped in my own tomb. The sun came through the starboard porthole in a thick golden fog. It glittered on a strip of red linoleum, on Craigenside's fist raised to smite the god, and on the plump six-toed foot of that priest, who never seemed to move one jot. And now I thought I saw a kind of certainty of vengeance stream from the eyes of the jade figure. I could have sworn that a smirk had overspread the diabolical countenance of that pug-nosed little god.

"'The wrong hell,' repeated Amos without turning round. He stared at the god long and hard, as if revolving that proposition in his secret soul.

"His meditation was broken by a sort of cackle from the Tartar.

"'He's afraid,' she sneered aloud, leaning forward in her chair.

"'Afraid?' roared Craigenside.

"I called out suddenly 'Beware!' stung to suspicion by the continuing light in the old fury's eye.

"I was too late. Craigenside had hooked his finger about the neck of the little god and drawn it forward on its face.

"I felt in the ensuing seconds that a change had come over the old man with the completion of that movement. He drew one hand across his forehead in a daze.

"I heard Ruel whisper 'What's the matter?'

"'Matter—nothing the matter,' said old Craigenside. 'I'm a little cold. It's a foggy morning.'

"Something was wrong, however. He reached up one hairy arm to the gimbals, in which a lamp was swinging, and hung there—twirled slowly, facing each of them in turn. They saw his mouth open and the whites of his eyes glitter.

"'Bring me . . . coffee . . . woman,' he said in a ghastly voice. 'There's ice in my veins.'

"It was frightful! All in the course of a few seconds! And still he hung to that bracket. I began to believe that he would hang there in death, with a kind of unforgiving tenacity in his finger-ends. He hung about our very necks.

"Then Ruel sprang toward him and eased him down. That yellow priest had not stirred an atom of his fat body. But the old lady fell down stiffly on her knees and began a kind of low wailing, stroking the head of her master.

"Can you imagine the terror of that moment? The jade god was upright on its shelf again. Was the priest responsible for its new position? Nobody had seen him stir out of his tracks. But there was a gleam of satisfied vengeance in those eyes of jade.

"They carried the old skipper into his cabin. There he was alone in his last moments with Mercy Cobb, by his own request, and not until he was dead did she come out again. Then with a rigid face she set about unpacking her embalming tools."

"I knew as well as I wanted to what had happened," continued Garnett somberly, "and yet I forbore to breathe such a charge without first having a look at that perverted god. But I am not a believer in foreign hells myself. I said as much to Ruel, but he took the short way with me and shut me up. You were all privileged to see how he felt about the matter.

"I had decided to get round that old lady, but how I didn't know. She never slept, to the best of my knowledge. She had taken the jade into her own cabin and locked the priest fairly into his. I would catch that enormous yellow face hanging in the port like an unfathomable mask; and every time he could get me to stand still he would send out flashes of reflected light from some bright object. It had the effect of rooting me to the spot once or twice.

"I said nothing of my suspicion of that god to anyone—not to Jane even; but I set out to have a look at it. Now how did that old lady get wind of me in the extraordinary fashion she did? I have given up explaining her. I suppose, as a matter of fact, she overheard me talking with the starboard bos'n. She might have been anywhere; she hovered about the ship like a murk.

"He came aft one night to heave the log, and stopped to whisper in my ear:

"'She's been training on again, hasn't she?'

"His words were almost lost in a heavy wind. I nodded absently. The sails, powder white half an hour before, were beginning to get black with rain. The bos'n's earnest, privileged face was close to mine, and a pale phosphoric light played about his person.

"'I tell you what,' he whispered, 'I don't like this a little bit. I wish he was overside, that's what I wish. I want to shake those sharks. She is pickling him in brine, isn't she? Time we get into port he will be sweet enough for a chowder. The old witch!'

"Before letting fall the compromising word 'witch' he favored the chart house with a prolonged stare, full of discretion, as if he had detected her presence there by some remote sound or some secret motion of the heart.

"'Give them an inch and they want an acre,' I said a trifle prosily.

"'You can't talk to me about women,' returned the bos'n. 'I know 'em right down to the ground. I was brought up on 'em, I tell you, and I know enough to know that you can't indulge 'em only about so far without running your neck into a noose.'

"'Did she offer any objection to this job in the Yellow Sea?'

"'Not a word. She sat there as stiff as a new sail, and over the side he went without so much as looking at her. Up we went over that cliff hand over hand, and into the temple, and snakes out this fellow in less than no time, the old man puffing after us with the idol under his arm. What he wants of it is more than I can tell.'

"I said morosely: 'If I had my way, I'd maroon her!'

"The bos'n shook his head gloomily at that.

"'You might as well try to hurdle up smoke in a gill net,' he said in somber tones. 'That old witch would leak out of a sealed pot!'

"That very night as I lay in my bunk the thought came to me to have it out with the old lady, once and for all. There was no wind; a flat calm had fallen. The slightly resonant personality of the ship oppressed me with vague creakings and slattings. It was a depth of calm which poisons the sources of thought and defeats the simplest movements of the brain.

"Impelled by this restlessness, I rose and went out of my room in stockinged feet. You understand that my berth was on the port side, separated from the main cabin by an alleyway. The cabin was empty, lighted by a dim lamp in a bracket affixed to the round of the jiggermast.

"I was full of panic fears in making my expedition against that old lady. The whining of wheel tackle outside caused me to stand in my tracks, bolt upright like a rabbit. One pane of the skylight was raised; and I heard Craigenside murmur something to the wheelman. Silence again. My eyes coasted over the sticky maple panels of that cabin and finally fixed themselves on the door of Mercy Cobb's room.

"It was held open a foot or so by a long hook, which served to introduce a draft of air through it on hot nights.

"I came closer, step by step, withdrawing the hook from its eye, and pushed in the door an inch or two. At once I had a view of the thing I was looking for. The god was affixed to a white panel in some way. The eyes were horrid, I can tell you, opalescent in a ray of bright moonlight which fell through the porthole.

"I was fascinated, so much so that I didn't so much as notice the Tartar's strong, harsh breathing. She was prone in her bunk. I had got as far as to stretch out my arm for that jade when I heard a rustle from the gloom of the bunk; then a click, such as the barrel of an old horse pistol might make in turning over. She was awake.

"She said to me without a trace of excitement:

"'You are going the right way about to make a dead man of yourself, Mister Mate.'"

Garnett lay back in his chair and stared hard at the Asphodel and at the stark ruin of the house of Craigenside.

"By George," he said, "that old woman believed in a policy of Thorough! She meant to make a clean sweep, I haven't a doubt of it. She meant what she said, neither more nor less. I drew back out of that cabin like a ghost of other years, but I could be as still as I liked after that—I had sealed my own doom. I had revealed my curiosity as to the nature of that god, who could strike a man dead in his tracks without winking an eye. She had caught me flat-footed cruising about in her cabin, and she knew what she had to expect. Thorough. That was Strafford's policy, you remember; well, it was that old lady's policy no less. All the time I was on that ship she wouldn't allow a smudge of dirt anywhere. The men were always busy with the holystones; always expecting to see her come along with the corner of her apron lifted looking for dirt. Rasp, rasp, rasp! They quaked when they saw her shadow."

Garnett drew on his pipe reflectively.

"Well, she was shipshape to the end," he continued, his eyes glowing with the first amusement I had seen in them. "Thorough, and no mistake. She marooned me. She put me off in company with Mr. James Smith, on an island, an atoll in the Marshall group. Ruel was her instrument. They came in on me in the dead of night with all my imperfections on my head, snaked me out of my bunk, bound and gagged me, and had me overside in the ship's cutter before you could say kismet.

"The priest was there before me. I imagine it was a sort of bargain. The old lady conceded Ruel the casting away of that mongrel son of his father in exchange for his allowing of similar treatment being meted out to me. He was as meek as Moses with her.

"At any rate we were put off there together. The old lady even insisted on being swung down into the stern sheets in a bos'n's chair. I caught a glimpse of her, like a descending harpy, with that black dress wavering all about her and her eyes fixed lovingly on mine. Her last words to me were: 'A taste of your own medicine, Mister Man'; and I swallowed them. There wasn't the least outcry aboard the ship. That bos'n who had called her a witch was the selfsame man who rigged the bos'n's chair for her; and the girl was sleeping below.

"Yes—marooned.

"A taste of my own medicine! There we were, James Smith and I together. We sat on the sands of that cursed atoll through burning eons of time, hung our heads and let time pass as we imagined it might over the heads of stone images. We let it pass like men doing penance in a yellow hell obscured at intervals by blue-black flames filled with flaring sparks.

"And all the while we had a distaste for one another—physical, mental, moral. There was no way in which we could mix. This distaste became profound antipathy, and the antipathy mortal hate. I could have sprung on him time and again, taken him by his fat throat, and forced him to yield up the secret of that amazing resignation, which caused him to surrender his body to those hot sands with the serenity of a god whom nothing and nobody can challenge. He was as uncomplaining as if he had created his own situation. But this did not detract from the smoldering venom of that poison he was hoarding up for me.

"I tried to keep away from him. I found some timber, and began to build a boat with nothing more than a pocket knife. I stripped the fiber from coconuts and wove it into rope. I found a piece of old ship's metal, cast there, heaven knew how, and I set to work to cut it square and hammer it down smooth with stones. One side I polished bright, and marked out a compass on it. I marked the point east to the sun when it rose, and then leaving it on the ground until night I marked out the bearings of the different constellations. I had a mad notion that with nothing more than this instrument, as soon as my boat was done I should start before the wind for China, three thousand miles away.

"All this while the Oriental sat idly by. He seemed neither to hope nor to fear, but only to anticipate the miracle which was going to restore him to his volcano.

"'A Bell!' He Cried. 'Here in My Shadow. It Rang Four Times.'"

"Then came a strange turn in this common life. One night, as we sat together listening to the wash of the reef, James Smith stood upright with a ghostlike face.

"'Hark!' he whispered.

"You are aware what power there is in a whisper, coming unsolicited like that, to smite the heart dumb. It is like the cold hand of death laid on the brow of the sleeper. The body of the priest went as still as stone. He stood with one arm half raised and an indescribable light in his eye.

"I sprang up and actually grappled with him. I was in a rage to think of the chill he had been able to sink into my very marrow by a single word. I began to believe that already I was taking his tone, so to speak—being drawn into the maw of that voracious intelligence and made helplessly subject to its apprehensions.

"'What do you hear?' cried I.

"He ran his tongue over his lips.

"'A bell!' he cried. 'Here in my shadow. It rang four times.'"

XII

AS GARNETT spoke these words I could not hold back a cry of astonishment. Bells! This was what that grizzled watchman of the Asphodel had described as Craigenside's affliction. He heard bells.

"That amazes you," continued Garnett. "Well, it was the truth. They were distinctly audible to us as we sat together on that atoll.

"God pity us! What will you think when I tell you that they actually measured the time for us! At first I thought it was the sort of thing that accompanies the sound of water. You know the drone of inland rapids provides the imagination with a spur. You hear chimes and sweet voices oftentimes.

"But this was a thing of darker omen. It came once an hour, as nearly as we could estimate it. The number of the strokes increased from one to twelve, and began with one again.

"It was a terrifying thing, to the priest as well as to the sailor. It had the significance of a dread summons. We had no knowledge of the injunction Craigenside had laid on the old lady in his dying moments, as later appeared, to set up that figure in the shadow of Time and Eternity.

"'Bring it under a good Christian curse,' were Amos Craigenside's last muttered words, as I later learned them from the lips of the old Tartar herself.

"It might seem as if this sound was only the curious imagining of mad castaways. Perhaps. But to them it came as the voice of that god, summoning out of a dark void.

"And this eerie sound came between them like the shadow of a fiend. Each read the soul of the other. Meantime, those bells showered on them out of a clear sky. They slept only between the striking of those fateful hours.

"Isn't it a fact that by tradition, or by a memory like an echo of the conflicts of other days, we are familiar with the Christian hell?

"Yes, we have those curious descriptions—a precise imagining of the sort of reception that awaits us, as sailormen—even a history of the unlucky man, Satan. We are in a measure prepared.

"But what was this other? Nothing. A bell. A summoning. To what? Could I tell that?

"It couldn't have gone on long of course. I should have been a madman. That plague of bells was lifted the moment we were taken from the atoll by a United States gunboat, the Essex. I heard them no more.

"But I was in the grip of something worse than solitude by that time. Do you think I could pry myself loose from the company of that man, Mr. James Smith? Not by a jugful! He knew my goal. He knew that I could never rest until I had seen Jane Craigenside again. And where she was, there his jade god would be.

(Continued on Page 51)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3, 1917

The Submarine

GERMANY advertises an expectation of starving England into submission by midsummer through unrestricted submarine warfare. If she should realize that expectation England's command of the sea would be paralyzed for the time being, and the political map of the world would be altered in so radical a fashion that the exploits of Napoleon would afford the only comparison in modern times.

England derives about two-thirds of her food from overseas, all of her cotton, much of her wool, copper and other basic raw materials. Cut off at sea, she could neither feed nor clothe herself—to say nothing of carrying on that vast industrial activity which makes her the world's premier exporter, and on which her whole economic life is largely founded. To cripple her fatally it would not be necessary absolutely to cut off imports, but only to reduce them by a certain percentage. For basic materials that are absolutely necessary in carrying on a war—especially food—Germany was much less dependent than England upon sea traffic; yet the Allies' blockade undoubtedly pinches her sharply.

To the first of February—that is, in thirty months of war—the Allies had lost a little over three million tons of merchant shipping through mine, submarine and cruiser attack, and neutrals nearly a million. Until about five months ago shipping losses had been pretty nearly offset by new construction, and the submarine had affected ocean carrying so little that insurance against it in North Atlantic trade could be had at about one per cent.

Last fall, however, submarine activity begun to increase; and in January—the last month under the rules imposed by the United States—destruction of shipping was greater than in any previous month of the war, amounting to over three hundred thousand tons. The February record no doubt exceeded this.

This is a serious burden upon shipping, as the great advance in war-insurance rates shows; but unrestricted submarine warfare will undoubtedly involve a much more vigorous warfare upon submarines. Presumably all merchant ships will speedily be armed, and a comparatively small gun is effective against submarines. Patrols and convoys can be increased. The unrestricted submarine is a pirate, with no standing before international law—to be sunk at sight.

In adopting unrestricted submarine warfare Germany has engaged in the greatest sea gamble ever known. The stakes are the highest ever played for on water. Winning it would imply that, until there is another advance in naval art, any nation rich enough to maintain a fleet of submarines can paralyze the world's commerce at will. Few except Germany's own partisans will share her expectations of winning.

No Time for Politics

UP TO the end of January the old game went on at Washington in an especially dull and unpleasant manner. Having played the most narrow and purblind sort of party politics in the late presidential campaign and got nothing from it but defeat, the opposition developed here and there a quite febrile eagerness to win a trick. Even the President's address to the Senate on world peace, bringing forward the greatest question that American statesmanship has had to consider in many years, could not elevate some congressional minds above the dust of partisan squabbling.

At the shock of the rupture with Germany partisanship was laid aside, as sober men leave checkers when the fire bell rings—a good sign of capacity for sober and responsible action. But shock, in the nature of the case, is a temporary state. There will be temptations to go back to the game.

The people have means of letting it be known that all such temptations must be resisted just so long as the international relations of the country are out of joint. They should overlook no opportunity of expressing a conviction that the man who attempts to shape any phase of this international situation to a partisan pattern will be disgraced and marked unfit for public trust as long as he lives.

The mere partisan game of jockeying for position and fencing for points is burdensome, but tolerable, in fair weather. It is intolerable when the barometer falls.

The Difference

THE Allies have trespassed upon our neutral rights at sea. They have disregarded international law or made it over to suit themselves. They say what shall be contraband. They ransack our mails. They take our ships to port and search them, condemning them if the cargo is contraband. We continue friendly relations with them; so why not with Germany?

The two cases are fundamentally different. The difference between them is as great as that between dumping ashes in a neighbor's yard and turning him out of his house, with homicide.

We do not decisively object to Germany's doing anything the Allies do. Without decisive objection, we permit her to do more. England takes a ship to port and searches it at leisure. Germany, as in the recent case of the Housatonic, sinks the ship outright, only giving the crew time to take to open boats, far from land. But as she did give them opportunity to save their lives we did not object.

Her note implied that American ships, passenger and freight, would be sunk without warning, and with hardly a chance of saving the lives aboard. Two or three passenger boats might ply over a rigidly prescribed track in a rigidly prescribed manner, provided this Government guaranteed that they carried no contraband—the definition of contraband being fixed by Germany.

Under the circumstances this involved nothing less than assent by the United States to Germany's laying an embargo on our export trade. It involved assent by the United States to the proposition that Germany could mark off any regions of the high seas she chose and forbid us to enter them—not merely putting annoyances upon our trade there but forbidding us to trade altogether, except at the risk of our lives.

For less oppressive impositions the American colonists revolted against their lawful sovereign.

In Safe Hands

WOODROW WILSON deserves the implicit confidence of that great majority of the people of the United States who earnestly desire peace. For two years, in the most trying circumstances, under great and repeated provocation, he showed an unwavering determination to keep the United States out of war if that could possibly be done without surrendering rights of such a fundamental nature that none but a contemptible nation would surrender them.

Last April—a year after the sinking of the Lusitania—he stated the terms upon which this country would continue friendly relations with Germany. The country unquestionably approved that statement. The only notable objections came from those who resented its moderation. After careful consideration, Germany chose to reject those terms. The choice lay with her. When she chose to reject our terms the United States had no choice but to terminate friendly relations.

The situation was thrust upon the President after he had done the utmost to avoid it that national self-respect would permit. On his record all those who sincerely wish peace, but would not purchase it by surrender of vital rights, must give him their complete confidence. His course throughout demonstrated that he was a trustworthy guardian of their interests. Whatever could reasonably be done to avoid war, he would do.

All attempts to discredit and harass him in the crisis were unworthy and should have no countenance. The fatuous and transparent agitation for a referendum previous to a declaration of war was only, in effect, an attempt to get a vote of lack of confidence in the President and to tie his hands; so that, no matter what indignities or outrages might come, the Government of the United States must stand idle for weeks with its hands in its pockets—a spectacle for the laughter and scorn of the nations—while an electioneering diversion was carried out.

Give no countenance to any attempt to discredit and harass the President. He has deserved your confidence. Let him know he has it.

Short Selling

THE question of short selling is simply and exactly the question of speculation. If speculation is useful or permissible, its usefulness or permissibleness extends to the bear operation precisely as much as to the bull. There is, say, a surplus of wheat—more than the consumptive demand will take up. If the only purchasers are those who have an actual use for wheat—namely, millers, who must buy it and carry it until consumptive demand requires it in the shape of flour—prices will probably decline heavily. Purchases by speculators who will carry the grain in hope of a rise broaden the market and tend to stabilize prices.

Such is the stock argument for speculation on the bull side. It applies equally to speculation on the bear side. If there is a shortage of wheat at the time being, selling by speculators who hope to buy back cheaper later on broadens the market on that side and tends to stabilize prices. Later, when a new source of supply is available, the decline in prices is steadied by the purchases of speculators who have sold short.

Whether speculation does, in fact, tend to stabilize prices is an open and difficult question. But if it has any usefulness on one side it has an equal usefulness on the other side; nor is there the slightest difference in the ethics of the two operations.

It is absurd to say that a man can back his judgment by buying for a rise something he has no use for and no intention of owning, but cannot back his judgment by selling for a fall something he does not own.

East and West

CONSIDERABLE geographical illiteracy is to be expected in a country as big as the United States. Many excellent and noisy people along the North Atlantic Seaboard are in a state of chronic astonishment over the West—astonishment and, from time to time, exasperation. For example, they could not, for the life of them, imagine what the West was thinking of when it took up with Populism a good dozen years before the essential features of that creed became fashionable in New York. Oklahoma's constitution seemed utterly irrational until Ohio adopted one cut after the same general pattern.

In Western indorsement of President Wilson's course regarding the European war these good people read an appalling affirmation that patriotism stopped pretty close to the Mississippi River—with some shocking lapses east of there—and at least beyond the Missouri there was not spirit enough left to fight a jack rabbit.

As for California, "Chinese" was one of the endearing terms applied to it considerably west of Broadway. There was the historic fact that the Middle West had done some fighting in 1861–1865—as well as those degenerate states below the Ohio River which also voted for Wilson—but the old stock was presumed to be dead.

What the recent presidential vote meant, of course, was that the West, with cooler head, had then seen no cause to fight. If the relentless Fates should ever require the President to call for a great army of volunteers, watch that same supine region. It will give its Eastern critics another big surprise.

Cost of Government

OHIO furnishes a bit of preparedness that we should like to see generally emulated. It has published a pamphlet showing in convenient and easily understood form not only where every dollar of public revenue raised within the state comes from and where it goes, but giving comparative statistics, reduced to a per-capita basis, of the revenue and expenditure of all counties and cities.

One city of about ten thousand inhabitants has a revenue of little over six dollars a head; another, nearly the same size, has a revenue of more than twelve and a half dollars. One county spends two dollars and forty-three cents a head on the public schools; another, with almost the same population, spends six dollars and sixty-three cents. Of two cities, each having about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, one spends fifty-seven cents a head for police; the other, one dollar and seven cents. Fire protection in two cities of about the same size costs fifty-two cents a head in one, and a dollar and thirty-eight cents in the other.

There are, no doubt, differences in local conditions; but not enough difference, in many cases, to explain the difference in cost.

Thanks to this compilation, any citizen of Ohio can easily find out how his town's expenditures compare, in all the principal details, with the expenditures of other towns of similar size and conditions.

This is the beginning of economy and efficiency in local government.

The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

Importation of Foodstuffs—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

IT IS difficult to discuss the question of food importation into Germany comprehensively, since the available data are difficult of evaluation. The Central Buying Bureau, referred to in a previous article, had complete charge of importation of food supplies. It was daily charged in newspapers of all political and industrial complexions that this bureau did not accomplish as much as private buyers could have done; that it specified the rates of exchange and influenced the type of payments so that trade was diverted to the Allies from Germany, since the surrounding neutral countries could sell to either. Few figures for importations were given out in Germany.

The writer, when in Holland, looked into the trade figures for exportation and importation; and in England, also, for the Scandinavian countries. The data are convincing that during the first year of the war the importation of foodstuffs, and even of feeding stuffs, continued with but slight restrictions. It was only when organizations like the Oversea Trading Trust, in Holland, were put into operation, through the conduct of the blockade, that the results upon German importations were seriously felt.

Since the first of July, 1916, the surrounding neutral countries have been practically rationed by the Allies—that is, they may import of foodstuffs only as much as they can show are needed by their own peoples, and must make agreements not to reëxport into Germany. From that time the importations became weekly less and less.

The complexities of the actual situation in which the citizen of the neutral country is placed were well illustrated to the writer by a Dutch dairyman. He had been so restricted by the Allies in his importation of concentrates, to prevent his exportation of dairy products to Germany, that the business had become unprofitable. He thereupon sold his cows to the Germans at close to five hundred dollars a head. With the money in hand, he was deliberating over the figures of the bond exchange, to determine whether to buy British, French or German war bonds!

The Feeding of the Poor

IT IS not possible to express in figures the importations of foodstuffs. It is probable, however, that the food supplies captured in Belgium and Northern France, added to the amounts imported during the first eighteen months of the war, more than equaled the amounts of the normal direct importations in food units in two years. But the indirect losses, through loss of concentrates for feeds, could not be overcome, and these deprivations have been of far-reaching influence.

From October, 1916, the food blockade has been, by common consent of the blockaded and the blockaders, tighter than ever before. This tightness is also being felt keenly in the surrounding countries. The cost of living in Holland and Switzerland is higher than in Germany; in Holland higher than in England. The chief efforts of the Germans for importations extend to cocoa and chocolate, fats, cheese and meats. The price of sugar in the surrounding neutral countries is very high. It is commonly supposed in Germany that a certain amount of sugar is being allowed to pass out to these countries, thus compelling the return of value-equivalent amounts of fats and meats.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Adolph von Batocki, Food Director of Germany

Such an arrangement, though technically in violation of the stated prohibition of exportation, if skillfully carried out would yield a net gain in calories. And, since the exchange would be both directly and indirectly profitable, it is likely that it is taking place. The writer is certain that he ate beet sugar in Holland in October.

In peacetime the cities and the social-service organizations of Germany maintained supply stations, from which foodstuffs were dealt out to the needy, and public eating places where they served prepared food. These have been greatly expanded in wartime. Thus, the city of Berlin buys large amounts of flour, potato and pork for direct distribution to its poor. It also pays part of the cost of foodstuffs the price of which has risen past the buying power of the poor. In July it contributed daily seventy-six thousand marks, paying one pfennig on each pound of potatoes that went to the working classes.

Since the beginning of the war Berlin has dispensed for its poorer citizens, in foodstuffs, over forty million dollars. Early in the spring of 1916, when the scarcity in food supplies first became acute, field kitchens were sent into the streets to offer cooked supplies to the poor. The *goulasch-kannonen* provoked miniature riots, and it was soon seen that this method of reaching the needy was impracticable. Then began the expansion of the civic kitchens and eating rooms.

The value of the civic kitchens lies in three considerations: They can buy and prepare food much cheaper, and often much better, than can be done in the houses of the poor; they operate without determent by fluctuations in wages or food supplies; they save labor, and thus permit the women in the poorer classes to engage in remunerative work. In all the large cities needy school children of the poor are given the noonday meal at a cost of from twenty to thirty pfennigs, as against eighteen in peacetime. Three classes of kitchens are now maintained in practically all cities: For the very poor; for the lower middle classes; and for the class of petty officials.

Meals at Civic Kitchens

THE petty officials—post office, police, railroad, telegraph, and so on—have had a hard time, because the salaries in those positions, unlike daily wages, have not been advanced at all comparably to the increase in the cost of living. The food may be taken to the home or eaten at the public eating house. The costs vary from 7–10 to 17–22 cents for the noonday meal—the former for the poorest classes; the latter for the middle class.

The food is clean, well selected, prepared in accordance with the tastes of the class to which it is to be served, and also, of course, in accordance with the state of the markets. Very few of these places serve more than the midday meal, it being considered better policy to have the breakfast and supper prepared in the home. The taking of the noon-meal food to the home is encouraged, as tending to maintain family life. The efficiency in management may be illustrated by the figures for one large kitchen, where, of the total cost of a meal—thirty-three pfennigs—twenty-eight went for the raw foods.

The unit value of these meals varies from nine to thirteen hundred calories.

The patrons of civic kitchens must hand in portions of the meat and potato cards; in some cities cards for pulses and cereals also. It is usually planned to leave the food of the bread, butter and sugar cards for home consumption.

The attendance on these civic kitchens and eating houses has fluctuated with the stringency in food supplies. The different cities in the empire have now capacities for

Berlin Housewives Storming the Bakeshops

School Children Contributing Their Share to the Food Supply

feeding some six millions daily; to what extent of their capacities they are in operation cannot be stated, as the statistics of these places are not published. They have accomplished results of enormous nutritional importance during the past summer. The feature of pauperization is being carefully avoided. That these places fill a niche between the problems of production and consumption cannot be doubted, as they remove the difficulties of distribution from a class that has little stability in the market.

The machinery through which the regulation of production, distribution and consumption of food and feeding stuffs was accomplished was elaborated for the exigencies of the situation of war. The workings occur largely through operating companies. These companies were organized for particular tasks. They were incorporated, and were limited—*Gesellschaft mit beschränkter Haftung*. Once the articles they were to handle had been obtained by confiscation, they were turned over to the particular company. The company had a capital stock, derived from the state. It had the right of contract, could buy, sell; and, in fact, enjoyed all the rights of trade, plus monopoly. The transactions were supposed to return a nominal profit.

The press of the opposition frequently made complaints against the management of these companies. It was alleged that the overhead charges were excessive; that the officials were oversalaried; that too many aids were employed; that sinecures existed; and that influence and not efficiency sometimes determined appointments. So far as it was possible for the writer to obtain an idea of the internal workings of these companies, these allegations seemed to have little basis; on the whole, these companies seemed to carry out their allotted tasks with dispatch and effectiveness. There was sometimes overlapping, with resulting confusion and failure. The companies did not always succeed in accomplishing what they were organized to do; but that lay in the difficulties of the situation, rather than in the working operations.

The following is an incomplete list of these companies, but it will suffice to indicate the scope and character of the organizations—thirty-three in all:

Imperial Grain Department; Central Bureau for Maintenance of Military Supplies; Barley Utilization Bureau; Imperial Society for Milk Concentrates; Imperial Bureau for Food Fats; Commission for Fodder Surrogates; Distribution Bureau for Crude Sugar; Association of German Landlords; Central Buying Department; Dried Potato Utilization Company; War Company for Sauerkraut; War Company for Fruit Canning and Marmalades; Pig-fattening Corporation; War Commission for Vegetal Oils and Animal Fats. These operate now under the food controller by authorization of the Chancellor.

Middlemen Cut Out

PASSING through the average small American town, one is impressed by the number of retail stores and churches; there is not business enough for the stores, and there are not communicants enough for the churches. One of the first problems in the food control of Germany was the multiplicity of middlemen, and the desire of each to continue in wartime to handle foodstuffs as he had done in peacetime. The wishes of these tradesmen were not compatible with the desire of the authorities to keep the prices of foodstuffs down. Until the incoming of Von Batocki the dealers eluded all efforts to constrict them successfully. Wholesale prices would be fixed for a certain article. Then the article would be passed through a chain trading, passed from one to another for the mere purpose of adding to the price. Thus the retail price was forced up.

If maximum retail prices were applied in one place and not in another the wares were shipped to the locality of highest price. If a substitute was on the market this would be used in manipulation of the price of the real article. The middlemen would store large amounts, create a shortage, and when the demand forced the elevation of the maximum price the hidden wares would be returned to the markets, and the producer had no advantage from the increase in maximum prices.

When one contrasts the producers' prices and retail prices during the first six months of 1916, one is forced to the conclusion that the toll imposed on the consumer by the middlemen was, for many articles, not less than half the sales price. In particular, the middlemen plied a profitable trade in inferior or worthless surrogates that were foisted on the market and tempted people because stringency was so acute.

The authorities in cities and communals early took their business into their own hands as the only method of cutting out the chain trading, dealing with the producer directly, and themselves making their distributions. This had, in itself, a tendency to corner the market, as the cities were such large buyers. And instances were not unknown in which a municipality plied this trade to the large financial advantage of its own coffers, as when Schöneberg purchased noodles from the Imperial Grain Department, allowed the retail seller five pfennigs' profit per pound, and retained seven for itself.

Definite regulations were enacted by Von Batocki in August, 1916. All dealers in foodstuffs had to secure licenses to engage in business. This did not apply to producers, holders of war concessions, municipalities or communals. The Central Bureau grants, limits or refuses in accordance with its interpretation of the needs of the market and the interests of the consumer. Commission agents are abolished; from the wholesaler to retailer there must be no middleman. The number of wholesalers is limited by the volume of the business. The number of retailers is limited by the interests of the consumers; and, for most foodstuffs, the consumers are placed on retailers' lists, and the business of the retailer is thus directly known and controlled.

Berlin Ladies Preparing Dinner in the Day Home for Soldiers' Children

Children Cultivating Vacant Plots in Berlin

Censored Advertising

ALL increase of price by indirection or chain trading was made a penal offense. Advertisements seeking purchase of foodstuffs must pass inspection of authorities before being permitted, also such dealing with offers for sale or with any subject bearing on the question of the supply or prices of foods. The press was made responsible for the periodic inspection of the advertisement columns.

Acting under the authority of these regulations, the authorities now practically dictate the way that business in foodstuffs is done; and the result has been to place the consumer closer to the producer, and to eliminate a considerable number of large and small middlemen and buying and sales agents. The theory is not that such intermediary dealing between producer and consumer is indispensable or wrong—though, of course, in normal times abused by manipulations and extortions; it is that the state will do for nothing what private interests previously did at a large profit to themselves.

During the month of August the following were convicted in the city of Berlin for violations of the regulations dealing with sale and prices of foodstuffs: Butchers, twenty-nine; produce dealers, one hundred and twenty; grocers, seventy-three; milk dealers, fifty-eight; bakers, twenty-four; peddlers, twenty-nine; barkeepers, six; fishmongers, five; pastry dealers, two; butter dealer, one; and soap dealer, one. If this number were caught, how many were guilty? The regulations were later well enforced and observed.

When the authorities limited the number of middlemen—wholesalers, commission men and retailers—in any line of trade, the result was, of course, to deprive those men of their occupations. Such limitations were carried through rather rigorously in some lines, because of the lessened volume of business and the necessity of control of the circumstances of sale. The deposed dealers were left to their own devices; if individual sacrifice was made necessary, that was nothing unusual in a war that teemed with sacrifices.

The labor market of Germany has faced scarcity in men from the beginning of the war, and wages have been high. The central bureaus controlling the distribution of foodstuffs have required the services of many aids, drawn in part from the ranks of those familiar with a particular trade. Removed from trade, dealers have lost the profits that war has, in history, yielded to tradesmen; but in all likelihood want has not been induced thereby, as opportunity for occupation in one line or another has always been easily available.

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Measuring Supplies in a Berlin Butcher Shop

Setting a Pace for Production

One idle machine is costlier than a hundred that keep on working.

The factory superintendent knows this. To him uninterrupted production is vital.

So he demands equipment that will obviate shut-downs due to faulty performance.

He specifies Robbins & Myers Motors for their dependability year in and year out. To him every Robbins & Myers installation is a veritable production guarantee.

He knows that whatever the size, whether 1/40 or 25 horsepower, or whatever the circuit—direct or alternating current, there is the very Robbins & Myers Motor for the purpose.

He knows that makers of the best motor driven equipment, from vacuum cleaners for the home to drill-presses for the machine shop, equip their product with Robbins & Myers Motors because of the high operating efficiency they insure.

If you are a user of electrical power, a manufacturer of motor driven equipment, or a dealer, write for prices and facts regarding Robbins & Myers service.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

LEND ME YOUR EARS

By H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I DON'T mind a four-flusher if his stuff is good—know what I mean? A guy that makes the world think he's there forty ways when, as a matter of fact, he's shy about sixty, deserves credit. Usually them birds get it too! They know more about credit than the guy that wrote it; and any butcher, grocer, tailor or bartender who figures on 'em settlin' the old account has no right to be in business. The only time a four-flusher pays off is when he hits a new town. Then, if the attendance is good, he'll buy four or five evenin' papers right out loud in front of everybody, carelessly displayin' a couple of yellow bills that might be fifties—if they wasn't tens. After that outburst all he spends is the week-end.

For the benefit of those who live in towns where the total vote for president sounds like the score of a world-series game, I'll explain what a four-flusher is—although they probably got one in their midst at that. You'll generally find one wherever there's two people—men or women. A four-flusher is a guy that claims he can lick Jess Willard, in a loud and annoyin' voice, and then runs seven blocks in five minutes flat when some hick in the back room arises to remark that he's willin' to take a beatin' for Jess. A four-flusher is the bird that breezes down Main Street, in a set of scenery that would make John Drew look like one of the boys in the trenches, somewheres in Fourteenth Street, and yet couldn't purchase an eraser if rubber was sellin' at three cents a ton. A four-flusher is a hick that admits bein' a better singer than Caruso, a better ball player than Ty Cobb, a better real-estate judge than Columbus and more of a chance-taker than Napoleon. The first time a four-flusher starts at any one of them things he's an odds-on favorite for last and finishes ten lengths behind the rest of the field. That's a four-flusher! A guy can be taught paintin', pinochle, politics and prohibition, but a first-class four-flusher is born that way!

"D'ye Mean to Say You Been Wallopin' That Guy?" I Says

Takin' 'em as a league, I'm about as fond of them guys as a worm is of a fisherman. The only one I ever fell for was J. Harold Cuthbert, and that bird had somethin' that the others didn't—he was different! I thought I had seen 'em all, but this guy crossed me—his stuff was new!

The way I met Harold was almost romantic. He was reclinin' on the ground in a careless manner about ten feet away from the main entrance to Film City, Cal.; and he looked like the loser in a battle royal, where the weapons used had been picked out by a guy who hoped there'd be no survivors. He was gazin' up at what the natives insist is a better grade of sky than anything we got in the East, and he looked like he was tryin' to figure whether they was right or not. About two feet away, lumbermen's measure, observin' the wreck and yawnin', was Francis Xavier Scanlan—known to the trade as Kid Scanlan, middleweight champion of the world and South Brooklyn. I looked round for a director and a camera man, but there was nobody else in sight, so, figurin' this couldn't be nothin' more than a dress rehearsal, I stepped over to the Kid.

"Who's your friend?" I asks him, noddin' to the sleepin' beauty.

"I seen Genaro lookin' for you," says the Kid. "I'll bet you been over to Frisco tryin' to nail that dame at the Busy Bee, ain't you?"

"A gambler will never get nowheres," I tells him, "but you're startin' off with a win on that bet!" I points at the model for still life again. "When does that guy get up?" I inquires.

The Kid looks down at Harold for a minute, proddin' him carelessly with his foot.

"Weather permittin'," he answers, "he ought to be on his feet in five more minutes, and I'd never have raised a finger to him if he hadn't come at me first!"

"D'ye mean to say you been wallopin' that guy?" I says.

"Well, what does it look like?" sneers the Kid. "A man's got a right to protect himself, ain't he?"

"He hit you, eh?" I says.

"No!" answers the Kid. "He didn't get that far with it, but he claimed he was goin' to, and naturally it was up to me to stop him from gettin' in a brawl. I never seen a gamer guy in my life, either," he goes on admirin'ly. "He knows he'll catch cold layin' on the ground like that, and yet the minute I stung him he takes a dive and stays down!"

By this time our hero has risen to his feet, and while dustin' off his clothes he looks like he's figurin' whether he ought to claim he'd been doped and ask for a return bout or call it a day and let it go at that. Except for where the Kid had jabbed him he wasn't a bad lookin' bird, his best bets bein' a crop of dark, wavy hair and a set of features which any movie leadin' man could give ten thousand bucks for and make it up on the first picture. The suit of clothes he was wearin' had probably put the tailor over, and he also had a set of yellow gloves and a little trick cane. He walks over to where me and the Kid was standin' and takes off his hat. It was one of them dashin', devilish soft things that has names like Pullman cars: you know—"The Bryn Mawr, $2.50. All Harvard Wears One." Then he points at the Kid with his cane.

"I made a serious error," he remarks, "in engaging in a brawl with a thug! I thought you would meet me with a gentleman's weapons and ——"

"I ain't got a marshmallow on me," butts in the Kid, grinnin', "or I would have done that thing! You come at me without no warnin', didn't you?"

"Merciful heaven, what grammar!" says the other guy. "I didn't come at you, as you say in that quaint English of yours; I thought you could take a joke or ——"

"Yeh?" interrupts the Kid. "That's what the Kaiser has been tellin' Belgium, but I don't think they went into no hysterics over his comedy!"

"Well," says the other guy, buttonin' up his coat and glarin' at us both, "this is not the end of the incident, you can rest assured of that! The next time we meet I think the result will be different!"

"Say!" pipes the Kid. "What d'ye think I'm gonna do—fight a world series with you? If you wanna scrap I know where you can get all the action you can handle."

"And where is that, pray?" asks the other guy.

"Europe!" says the Kid. "You must have seen it in the papers." He pats the young man on the shoulder. "And now good-by and good luck," he goes on. "I'm sorry I had to bounce you, but ——"

"Enough of this nonsense!" cuts in the other guy, pullin' out a card and passin' it over to the Kid. "My seconds will wait upon you to-morrow. I choose rapiers!"

"You which?" says the Kid, examinin' the card. "I don't make you."

"I said that my choice of weapons is rapiers!" explains this guy. "And as a matter of fairness I must tell you that I have never met my equal with a sword!"

"Are you tryin' to kid me?" asks Scanlan. "What d'ye mean rapiers?"

"Is it possible you have never handled a blade?" exclaims the other guy, like he couldn't have heard it right.

"I used to at that," admits the Kid, "but now I use a fork, except to pat down the potatoes."

"So much the worse for you, then!" frowns the sword-swallower. "But you brought it upon yourself. Remember, to-morrow! And"—he stoops over and hisses—"rapiers without buttons!"

"Ha, ha!" yells the Kid. "Raypeers without buttons! How are you gonna hold 'em up?"

"Your ignorance is pathetic—not funny!" answers the other guy.

"I know," says the Kid. "I barely got through Yale!" He lays his arm on this guy's shoulder. "Are you on the level with this fight thing?" he asks him.

"I was never more in earnest in my life!" says the knife-thrower.

"Or nearer heaven!" grins the Kid. "All right!" he goes on. "I'm game if you are, only there's just one question I'd like to ask before the slaughter begins—don't I get no say about the tools we're gonna use?"

The other guy thinks for a minute and then nods his head.

"Very well!" he says. "I'll make the concession—an unheard-of thing in the code. What is your choice of weapons?"

"Pinochle!" yells the Kid. "I'll stake you to a hundred aces and beat you from here to Denver!"

"Ugh!" snorts the other guy, and castin' a sneer at both of us he passes in the gate.

We went in after him, and the Kid tells me how he come to flatten this guy, which from the card he give us was J. Harold Cuthbert. The Kid says Harold had stopped him outside the portals of Film City and asked him why no auto had met him at the train. Scanlan says he didn't know, but he had seen the mayor and two brass bands goin' down, and hadn't Harold met 'em? Harold says he had not and he was gonna file a complaint about it, because he was the greatest movie actor that ever bawled out a director. With that, says the Kid, he reeled off the names of the pictures he had been featured in; and from the list he give out the only thing he didn't play the lead in was Microbes at Play, an educational film tore off by the company last year. The Kid asks him if he ever heard of Kid Scanlan, the shopgirls' delight, who was bein' starred in a five-reeler called Lay Off, MacDuff. Harold throws out his chest and says he wrote it and practically made Scanlan by directin' it. At that the Kid tells him that he may be a movie star, but he looks like a liar to him. Harold makes a pass at him and Scanlan hit him to see would he bounce. He didn't, and he was just comin' round when I blowed on the scene.

When we got to Genaro's office, Harold was tellin' Eddie Duke the reason he was bunged up was because he had fell off the train comin' out. And Eddie says that was tough and it was time Congress got after them railroads, but the thing he'd like to know was why Harold had come out at all. They had looked up the files and there was nothin' to show who had ordered this guy shipped on.

Harold looks over the bunch in the office for a minute, registers "I am thinking deeply," and then snaps his fingers.

"Oh!" he says. "I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Potts, but I suppose it's in my gray

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California Raisin Pie

The Famous Recipe

—made with Sun-Maid Raisins

"CALIFORNIA RAISIN PIE" leads in deliciousness, ease of making and economy. Countless thousands now ask for it at the mid-day meal downtown. It's the *energizing* fruit pie—for *brain* and *brawn*. Both good and good *for you*, and for the children. Just serve a California Raisin Pie with a meal at home. You can buy it from your baker or bake it in your kitchen. Use the recipe below.

This luscious pie is made with Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, which every grocer sells—full-juiced, meaty, thin-skinned *California* raisins—Muscat grapes cured by the glorious California sunshine. And raisins are 75% carbohydrates—grape sugar—pre-digested and ready for action in providing energy.

California *Raisin* Pie

One cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 level teaspoon salt. Put raisins in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to boil. Add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Boil three minutes. Pour into pie tin lined with crust, while hot. Cover and brush with cold milk. Bake in oven with quick bottom heat. Lemon flavor may be added if desired.

Mother, give your family, especially the children, the benefit of pie like this. Order a package of Sun-Maid Raisins now—then try our recipe.

Business men and women, ask for *this* pie at your restaurant or lunch room. It is a delicious adjunct to the light-lunch method of preventing "heavy" afternoons. Taste this energy dessert. Learn how it sustains you

SUN-MAID RAISINS are packed for home use in one-pound sealed containers—each package freshly seeded and pasteurized by a highly scientific mechanical process. Quality always uniform.

A beautiful little booklet containing tested recipes for scores of dainty raisin dishes will be sent free to any address upon request. Send a post card for your copy today.

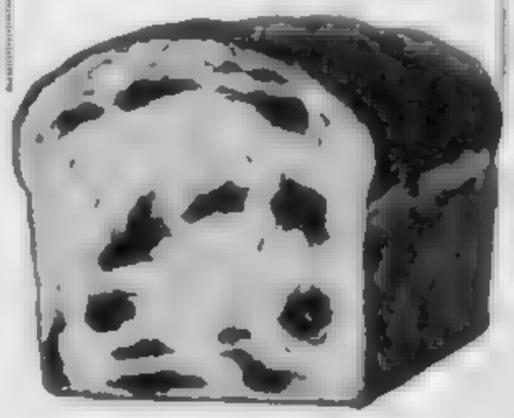
California *Raisin* Bread

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Your baker can now supply you with a delicious loaf of

CALIFORNIA
RAISIN BREAD

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins after a prize recipe which we furnish to all bakers free. This recipe calls for a loaf containing *plenty* of Sun-Maid Raisins—a loaf that will please you in every respect.



California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership 8000 Growers

Fresno, California

(Continued from Page 28)

morning suit, which will arrive with my trunks in a day or so. Mr. Potts and myself are old friends." He winks at Genaro confidentially. "I really think my father owns a slew of the company's stock, but then dad is connected with so many vast enterprises that ——"

"Joosta wan minoote!" interrupts Genaro, turnin' a cold eye on Harold. "Joosta wan minoote! We're very busy joosta now; sometime nex' week everybody she's a listen about your father. What we wanna know is what Meester Potts he's a send you out here to do."

"Yeh!" says Duke. "That's the idea—what's your act?"

"Why I intend to play romantic leads," pipes Harold; "and I have an idea that ——"

"Ha, ha!" laughs the Kid. "That's fair enough. All Edison had was an idea, and look at him now!"

Harold frowns at him and walks over to Miss Vincent.

"How do you do, Miss Vincent?" he says, takin' off his hat and makin' a costume-play bow. "I knew you at once from your photographs. I have a remarkable memory, inherited from my father. The late J. P. Morgan once said of him, during the course of a gigantic stock deal, that —— But enough of personalities. I saw you in the Escapes of Eva."

"Did you like me?" smiles Miss Vincent.

"Very much!" Harold tells her. "Although the mediocre support and execrable direction spoiled most of your opportunities. Now, if I had directed that picture you would have been a great deal ——"

"Joosta wan minoote!" butts in Genaro, gettin' red in the face. "I, Genaro, directed that picture!"

Harold looks over at him and lights a cigarette.

"Well," he says, flickin' the ash in Genaro's drinkin' glass, "I dare say you did your best! But had I been there when the picture was being produced I would have suggested a great many things that would have greatly improved it. I remember calling Belasco's attention to a detail one time, and Dave said to me ——"

"Enough!" snaps Genaro, glarin' at him. "You will report to Meester Duke. He's a tella you what to do. Or maybe," he snorts, "maybe you tella heem!"

And he stamps out of the office.

"What a quaint little man!" says Harold, sittin' down in Genaro's chair and glancin' with interest over some letters that was on his desk. "How do those chaps ever get into the movies?"

"Ow!" whispers Duke. "If the quaint little man had only heard that!" He turns to Harold. "I don't know where I can place you right away," he says. "How are you on Shakspere? We're putting on a seven-reeler of As You Like It, with Betty Vincent as Rosalind. Do you think you could do Orlando?"

Harold throws out his chest and sneers. "What a question!" he remarks. "I could eat it up!"

"I don't want you to eat it," says Duke, gettin' sore. "If you can play it I'll be satisfied! You had better go over and register at the hotel now, and when you come back we'll go over the thing."

Harold gets up, yawns and looks at Miss Vincent.

"I'll show you an entirely new interpretation of Rosalind, Miss Vincent," he tells her. "Of course Shakspere was clever after a fashion, but I—however ——" He breaks off and holds out his arm. "Would you care to walk about the grounds here a bit, so that I may illustrate some of the salient points in my version?"

"No!" cuts in the Kid before she can answer. "On your way!" he says. "Miss Vincent's got a date with me to find out is it true you can make ninety miles an hour in a 1916 Automatic!"

"But—but, my dear sir," splutters Harold, "I—you ——"

"Listen, stupid!" says the Kid. "I can't be bouncin' you all day, but if you don't canter along I'll make you hard to catch!"

Miss Vincent smiles and grabs the Kid by the arm.

"Let us have no violence!" she says. "You can tell me all about Rosalind when I return, Mr. Cuthbert."

"Yeh," adds the Kid, "I'll be willin' to stand for an earful of it myself then!" And they breeze out.

"Heavens, what an uncouth ruffian!" pipes Harold, lookin' after 'em. "I wonder Miss Vincent trusts herself in his company!"

"She's a whole lot safer with him than you'd be, old top!" I says. "And if I was you I'd lay off that uncouth-ruffian stuff round the Kid. Don't keep temptin' him, because he's liable to get sore, and when Scanlan gets mad you want to be in the next county!"

"Huh!" sneers Harold. "What does he do, pray?"

"Well," I says, "I'll tell you. I don't get that 'do-pray' thing of yours, but the last time the Kid got peeved he won the middleweight title! Is that good enough?"

"He had better look to his laurels," remarks Harold, "for if he insults me again he'll lose them! I'm rather a master of boxing, and at home I won several medals as an amateur heavy ——"

"I suppose," I butts in—"I suppose you left them medals in one of them gray mornin' suits of yours, eh? You didn't have 'em on when the Kid flattened you, did you?"

"I am not fond of vulgar display," he says, "or ——"

"What are you wearin' that black eye for, then?" I asks him.

He didn't have none ready for that and I blew.

II

WELL, Harold run true to form. The next afternoon I seen Duke standin' near the African Desert. He was callin' upon heaven, in a voice that could be heard plainly in Cape May, N. J., to ask it if it had ever seen an actor like J. Harold Cuthbert. Not gettin' no answer he turned his attention to the other place, and when he seen me he put it up to me.

"What's the matter with Harold?" I asks him. "I thought he was gonna be a knockout in this Shakspere stuff."

"He was!" says Duke. "The camera men are laughin' yet! Alongside of that big four-flusher Kid Scanlan would look like Richard Mansfield."

"He's rotten, eh?" I says.

"Rotten?" yells Duke. "Why, say, callin' him rotten is givin' him a boost! If that big stiff is an actor, I'm an aviator! He don't know if grease paint is to put on your face or to seal letters with. He's got the same facility of expression on that soft-putty map of his as an ox has. He makes love like a wax dummy, and he come out to play As You Like It in a dress suit! It took eight supers to keep him away from in front of the camera, and he played one scene with his face glued up against the lens!"

Harold Gets Warmed Up, and in a Minute He's Press Agentin' Himself at the Rate of Fifty-Five Words a Minute

Just then Harold himself eases into view with the Kid taggin' along at his side. Scanlan is excited about somethin' and wavin' his arms, but Harold still has that old sneer on his face, and as they come up I hear him sayin' this:

"My dear fellow, I know more about auction pinochle than Hoyle. At home I am recognized as the champion card player of ——" He breaks off when he sees us and turns to Duke. "Hello!" he calls over. "Are you ready to admit now that my idea of making feature productions is the right one?"

"No," snarls Duke, "but I'll concede that as an actor you're a crackajack bartender! D'ye mean to tell me that you got away with that kind of stuff in the studios back East?"

"I introduced it!" says Harold proudly. "As a director for some of the largest film companies in the world I have put on hundreds of ——"

"The only thing you ever put on was your hat!" interrupts Duke. "And I bet that give you trouble on account of the size of your head! I suppose you're gonna tell me that you're also a scenario writer, a camera man and the guy that got Nero's permission to film the burnin' of Rome, eh?"

"The last is something of an exaggeration," pipes Harold, "but as far as the other things you mention are concerned I must confess that there are few people in the business who have approached me!"

"Ain't that rich?" whispers the Kid to me. "You got to hand it to this bird!"

"You'd be a wonder as a press agent," I says to Harold.

"Now that's odd you should remark that," he smiles, "for as a matter of fact I excel in that field! I did all the press work for ——"

"Columbus!" yells Duke, wavin' him off. "Good-by!" he goes on. "I got enough! You got a liar lookin' like George Washington!"

Harold looks after Duke as he went into the office.

"Heavens!" he says. "I can't stand that man with his petty little jealousies! Now when I ——"

I don't know what the rest of it was, because me and the Kid left him to tell it to the African Desert.

Well, Genaro, bein' afraid to get in Dutch with Potts—the owner of Film City and, accordin' to Harold, an ex-roommate of his—give this guy a crack at everything from directin' to supin', and Harold hit .000 at 'em all. The only thing he seemed to be any good at was talkin' about himself, and he was champion of the world at that! He was willin' to concede that Wellington beat Napoleon and it was Fulton who doped out the steamboat, but he was the guy that had put over everything else. His favorite word only had one letter in it and that's the one that comes right after *H*. No matter what subject would come up anywheres where Harold could get an earful of it, he was the bird that invented it!

We went down to Montana Bill's one afternoon to deal Prohibition a blow, and the Kid gets talkin' about drinkin' as an art, carelessly lettin' fall the information that, before he had put the Demon Rum down for the count, he had been looked on as champion at goin' through the rye. He winks at Bill and orders a tumbler of private stock. Harold never bats an eye, but says he's got a roomful of lovin' cups which was give him for emptyin' bottles. Bill sets down a mixin' glass full of the stuff before the Kid, and Scanlan looks at Harold and asks Bill what was the matter with the shaker. Harold coughs and raps on the bar. "You may let me have a seidel of gin!" he says, sneerin' at the Kid—and we all fainted.

He got run out the south gate one afternoon by an enraged scene painter, for tellin' the latter that he could shut both eyes, bind one arm, lay flat on his side and paint a better exterior than the two-hundred-a-week decorator; and he started a riot in the developin' room another time by remarkin' that the bunch in there didn't know how to paste up film—addin', of course, that he did. He tried to show Van Aylstyne how to write scenarios, and Van Aylstyne threatened to quit cold if Harold wasn't called off; and when he found fault with Genaro's lightin' of a night scene Genaro chased him all over the place with a practical shotgun.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Harold had come through on somethin'. If he had discovered anything he could actually do even halfway decent he would have got away with murder; but no—that bird was the original No Good Nathan, from Useless, Miss. The fact that he didn't cause no sensation in our midst worried Harold about as much as the price of electric fans keeps 'em awake in Iceland. There was only one thing Harold was afraid of—and that was lockjaw!

Then Potts, the big boss, blows in unexpected one afternoon and we all stood round to see him and Harold fall on each other's necks. In fact, pretty near everybody in Film City watched the reunion, which took place on the edge of the street scene in Tokio.

Potts comes walkin' along with three supers and Eddie Duke carryin' his suit cases, when Harold bumps into the parade at the corner. Genaro had sent him over to Frisco for a lot of props that would be needed in a picture he was puttin' on, and naturally, now that Potts was on hand, he was anxious to have everything O. K. He had give Harold a list in the mornin' that read like an inventory of a machine shop, and here's friend Harold comin' back with nothin' in his hands but his fingers.

"The props—where are they?" shrieks Genaro. "Seven hour you have been gone and you come back with nothing! Everything she's a ready and we musta wait till you come with the props. Where are they—queek?"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Won't Daddy be surprised that I've made my own birthday cake, mother?"
"Yes, dear, and I'm proud you did, with only the McDougall to help you."

All the Latest Improvements are in the McDougall

The McDougall has the new, snow-white porcelain extension tabletop—that never requires scrubbing or scouring—that is as sanitary as glass, but will not chip or break—that nothing can stain or mar.

—has the new leg base—that you can sweep under without moving the cabinet—a sanitary feature of the greatest importance

—has the new, easy filling, removable, open-faced flour bin, with attached magic sifter—that supplies the exact amount of flour needed

—has durable, pure white enamelled cupboards and compartments—to hold a full supply of package goods and necessary china

—has large, swinging, crystal-glass, metal-top sugar bin, with new quick-action shutter, from which the sugar flows freely as required.

—has crystal glass, metal-top jars, plainly marked for coffee, tea, spices—with sifter-tops for salt and pepper.

—has racks for cook-books, extracts, tickets, small change—bill spindles—reference tables—order reminder—meat board and chopper stand.

—has roomy drawers for knives, forks, spoons and all small articles—for linens and towels—all neatly and conveniently divided.

—has large cupboard with sliding bottom and sliding shelf, containing ample room for all kettles, pots, pans and other large utensils.

—has big, all-metal bread and cake drawer, with automatic cover and sliding shelf—that keeps bread and pastry fresh and sweet

—has lacquered aircraft trimmings, ball-bearing casters, art-panel doors—and all the latest improvements in kitchen efficiency

—has graceful lines—superfine cabinet work, and is daintily finished with steam-proof varnish that retains its lustre indefinitely

In addition to all these advantages, the McDougall is the only kitchen cabinet made that has the patented Auto-Front feature—which adds immensely to its beauty and convenience.

The McDougall Auto-Front is therefore the one perfect Kitchen Cabinet—the undisputed "Steinway of the kitchen."

ARE you fitting your daughter by example and experience to be a successful home-maker?

Are you encouraging her to take keen delight in cooking and baking? Are you educating her for the practical work of life? Are you teaching her true economy and efficiency?

Economy comes from knowing how to get the best results for the least expenditure—efficiency comes from accomplishment with the least effort. Each is an essential factor.

In kitchen work, both economy and efficiency find their real development in the McDougall with the Auto-Front feature—securing the best results from the least expenditure—in time, labor, money—all with the least possible effort.

The Auto-Front

device (patented and trade-mark registered) consists of a flexible wooden curtain that drops and raises at the finger's touch—leaves no slot or groove to catch dirt and foods—adds over one-third more working surface—does away forever with doors which obstruct the table top.

The McDougall Auto-Front makes kitchen work easier, simpler, quicker—and more interesting.

The McDougall Auto-Front cuts the time spent in the kitchen practically in half—gives you leisure for other things—thus adds to the joy of living—all for only $1.00 a week, for a short time.

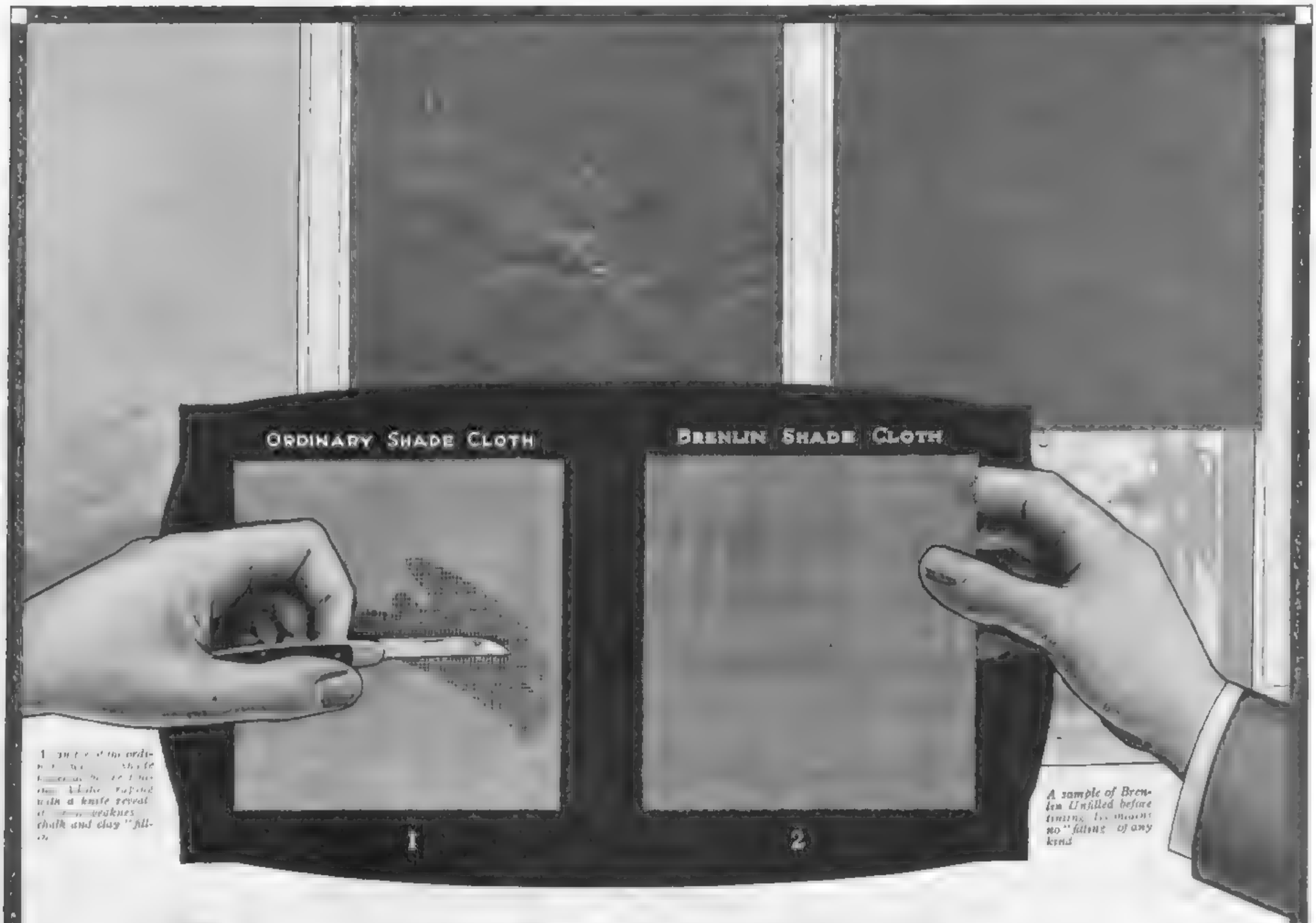
You cannot spend this small amount in any way that will be of greater daily benefit to your daughter, your family and yourself.

Visit your McDougall dealer today—let him demonstrate the advantages of the McDougall Auto-Front. Then, have him send you one on approval—so you can test it in practical use.

Also, write—now—for description, prices and dealer's name to McDougall Company, Frankfort, Ind.

McDougall

The Auto-Front feature can be had only on cabinets bearing this name


ORDINARY SHADE CLOTH
BRENLIN SHADE CLOTH
1
2
A sample of Brenlin Unfilled before finishing. It shows no "filling" of any kind

Here is why your shades show cracks and pinholes

Here is the vital fact you must know if you would get window shades that *really wear*.

It is a *hidden* weakness—this cause of cracks and pinholes—a certain great fault of the ordinary type of window shade.

What it is—and how you can avoid it—is clearly revealed above.

The story the pictures tell

Note, first, photograph No. 1. This is a sample of the ordinary window shade material in unfinished state, before the tint is applied. Its surface has been lightly scraped with a knife. Here, exposed before your eyes, is the great hidden weakness of the ordinary shade.

See what has happened: The scratching has loosened a quantity of chalk and clay filling, revealing the coarse muslin cloth beneath. At your windows, under the strains and stress of daily usage, this "filling" loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes, as shown above in the picture to the left.

Now note photograph No. 2. This is a sample of BRENLIN UNFILLED shade material in the same unfinished state. Observe that it consists purely of a fine, closely woven cloth—that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling.

What is the result?

In Brenlin Unfilled, as a result, has been perfected a shade material of remarkable durability. A material that really resists the constant strains of daily usage—a material that is fortified to withstand those sudden attacks of sucking, snapping wind—a material that the hottest sun cannot fade, nor the inbeat of water spot—a material that is supple, not stiff, yet cannot sag, bag, or wrinkle. A material, to sum up, that wears twice as long as the average—because from it has been eliminated that filling which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town today, ask for this UNFILLED grade of Brenlin Shades—*and get it*. It is perforated with this mark—BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Made in many rich, lustreless tones, and in Brenlin DUPLEX—light on one side, dark on the other.

For windows of little importance Brenlin Filled offers the utmost shade value at its price.

Write for the Brenlin Book today

It shows actual samples of Brenlin UNFILLED shades in all colors and gives many helpful suggestions for artistic window treatment. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer nearest you, or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2010 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Unfilled Grade of
Brenlin Window Shades
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 30)

"My dear fellow," says Harold, bowin' to Miss Vincent, "there is no excuse for addressing me before these ladies and gentlemen in that ruffianly manner. I was unable to carry out your—er—orders this morning, having overlooked a trifling detail in the scurry and bustle of catching that ungodly early train."

"What!" screams Genaro, doin' a few cabaret steps. "You got nothing? *Sapristi!* What you do—make fun of me? Why you no get those props?"

"Calm yourself!" pipes Harold. "I'll tell all. I forgot the list of articles you gave me and ——"

"Aha—he's a maka me crazee!" yelps Genaro, pullin' a swell clog step. "Take heem away before I keel heem!"

Just then Potts comes by and we all yell:

"Welcome to Film City, Mr. Potts!"

Harold hears this and turns pale. He seen we was all watchin' closely for the grand reunion between him and his old college chum Potts. He coughs a couple of times and takes a step forward. That boy was game!

"How do you do, Mr. Potts?" he says. "Did you—er—have a pleasant trip?"

"Yes," answers Potts, lookin' at him kinda puzzled. "What is your name again? I don't seem to recall it!"

And this was supposed to be Harold's dear old college chum!

"Why—eh—why—ha, ha!" pipes Harold, dyin' game. "That's odd! Surely you recall—eh—Cuthbert, my name is, you must remember—eh—why in New York we—eh ——"

He's about eighty feet up in the air and still soarin', with the whole bunch watchin' him and enjoyin' the thing out loud. Potts is lookin' him over like he's a strange fish or somethin'.

"I think you're mistaken!" pipes the boss, cuttin' in on Harold. "I never saw you before in my life!"

With that he passes on, leavin' Harold flat and with no more friends than an umpire.

After that little incident it was about as pleasant for Harold in Film City as it would be for a German in Liverpool. Genaro, Duke and everybody else went out of their way to make him sick of the movies; but Harold stuck round and took whatever odd jobs that come his way, with the remark that he could do it better than anybody else and that was why they give it to him.

I made a mistake when I said everybody rode him. He had three little pals. They was Miss Vincent, the Kid, and yours in the faith. Miss Vincent claimed that after all he was only a boy which would grow out of lyin', if given enough time, and it was an outrage the way everybody picked on him. The Kid said we couldn't all be perfect, and Miss Vincent would give him back his presents if he laid off Harold. My excuse for not shootin' Harold was that I liked one thing about him, and that was the way he hung on no matter how they was breakin' for him. He was no good all over, but he wouldn't quit, and any guy that could stand up under the punishment like he did is worth a cheer any time—and sometimes a bet!

I thought I'd brighten his life by tellin' him how he stood with the three of us. I pictured him goin' down on his knees and thankin' me, with tears in his eyes, when I said that we was with him to the bitter end. He must have had rheumatism or a pair of charley horses, because he failed to do any kneelin' where I could see it, and his eyes was as dry as the middle of Maine. Instead of that he took me for ten bucks and said the news was no surprise to him. He didn't see how Miss Vincent could miss likin' him, because he had been an assassin with the women from birth. As for the Kid—well, it was common talk that Scanlan was afraid of him, and I was nothin' but a sure-thing player which knowed he was a winner and stuck, hopin' I'd cash. Could you tie Harold?

Van Aylstyne, the guy that committed the scenarios, went out one night to get some atmosphere for a thriller at Montana Bill's. He got the atmosphere O. K., bringin' most of it back on his breath, and the Kid asked him to stick out his tongue so he could see was there any revenue stamps on it. For the rest of the night the self-confessed author give imitations of the chairman of the belchin' relief committee; and in the mornin' he grabbed a container of ice water and a pen and dashed off an atrocity in five reels, based on what atmosphere of Montana Bill's was still with him. He called the thing The End of the World.

Potts says the title sounded good enough to him to remove the bumpers from his bank roll without lookin' further, addin' in a loud aside that if the plot wasn't a knockout Van Aylstyne could change the title to The End of My Job. De Vronde, the popular heartbreaker, is given the lead, opposite Miss Vincent; and of course Kid Scanlan is to be dragged in as a special feature. Harold has hypnotized Genaro into lettin' him take off a enter-with-others in the first reel. Everything was ready to have the cameras pointed at it, when somethin' come up that balled it all up.

Her name was Gladys O'Hara. Gladys was no ravin' beauty and I heard her say "ain't it" twice, but she was one of them dames that the first flash you get at 'em you wonder are they still enforcin' the law against mashers. She had a wonderful complexion, and although, if you looked close, you could see she had give Nature a helpin' hand she did the retouchin' so well that you was glad she had. She had one of the latest-model, twin-six figures, and she dressed with the idea of givin' the natives a treat, even if she was takin' chances on pneumonia. Gladys was the kind of dame that starts the arguments in the newspapers on what is our offices comin' to—look how them stenographers dress!

When J. Harold Cuthbert met Gladys she had got as far as bein' a saleslady in the Busy Bee, Frisco. She could have beat that with her eyes closed, but Gladys kept hers open, and bein' a female wise guy she knew who to eat lunch with and who to say "I don't get you!" to—which is an art. As a result, she had never got no further than sellin' shirtwaists, and had her first home to break up. She never advanced beyond that counter—up or down! Many a necktie salesman had flashed Gladys and gone right out to buy the tickets before he even asked her would she look over a show, windin' up by throwin' 'em away and tellin' her what a sweet old woman his mother was. That was Gladys. She looked like what she wasn't and she fooled 'em all. All but Harold.

I found Gladys very easy to look at myself, and I helped the Sante Fé over a tough year by runnin' over to Frisco to the Busy Bee whenever I could get away. It took me a short month to find out that I had the same chance of winnin' out that a temperance candidate would have at a brewers' picnic, because Harold had been there first and got in his deadly work.

I was standin' in the next aisle to where Gladys held forth one afternoon, waitin' for a couple of fatheads to call it a day and move away from the counter, when along comes Harold. As usual he was all dressed up like a horse, with the even fare back to Film City in them one-way pockets of his. He butts right into the conversation, and I nearly fainted when he passes a box of candy over to Gladys. Then I seen the label on the package and I revived, because it was one of a dozen that some simp had sent Miss Vincent, and in order to please the Kid she had give 'em all away. Harold had brought his all the way over to Frisco—on a ticket furnished by the Maudlin Movin'-Picture Company, which sent him over for props.

Well, Harold gets warmed up, and in a minute he's press agentin' himself at the rate of fifty-five words a minute—I clocked him! He tells Gladys he's bein' starred in The End of the World and the amount of money they're payin' him would startle Europe, if it ever got out. He claims he made 'em all faint at the rehearsals, and offers from other companies is comin' in so fast that he's got a charley horse on his thumb from openin' telegrams. From that he works into the fact that after the picture is made he's gonna run round Europe—that's just the way he said it: "Run round Europe!" Oh, boy!—that bein' the way he usually spent his vacations. When Gladys staggers over to wait on a customer, Harold charges himself up again, and when she comes back he's off to a runnin' start. He remarks that his father has just made a killin' in Wall Street that has caused Rockefeller to weep and gnash his teeth, and that the last affair his mother give at Newport got four columns on the front page, although the mayor of the town had been shot the same afternoon.

Gladys takes this all in with her mouth as open as Kelly pool, and her eyes half closed and dreamy, like she was dyin' happy. When Harold put on the brakes and eased up, she throwed him a look that I would have walloped Willard for. Harold says he must go because the picture would be ruined if he wasn't there to direct it, and Gladys holds out a tremblin' hand. Then Harold plays his ace—he takes off his hat, bows, kisses that hand and blows.

When I seen Gladys deliberately walk back of the wrappin' booth, put that hand to her lips and kiss it herself, I pulled my hat down over my ears and went round to the joint on the corner, to do my little bit in aid of the Scotch. When I figured I had done enough for the Allies, I shot back to Film City.

The next mornin' they begin work on the first reel of The End of the World, and Harold had a field day at bein' rotten. He got in everybody's way, ruined twenty feet of film by firin' off a cannon at the wrong time, and made Genaro hysterical by gettin' caught in a papier-mâché tower and pullin' it down. Not content with that,

"How Do You Do, Miss Vincent?" He Says, Makin' a Costume-Play Bow. "I Knew You at Once From Your Photographs"

he goes back of an interior to try out one of the Kid's cigarettes, and by simply fluckin' the thing into a can of kerosene he set the Maudlin Movin'-Picture Company back about five hundred bucks.

They run him out of the picture and he went, yellin' that it would be a farce without him in it.

About four o'clock me and the Kid is trottin' along the road outside of Film City, like we did every day so's Scanlan could keep in condition, when we all but fell over Harold. He's sittin' on a rock and gazin' off very sad in the general direction of New York. His dashin', smashin', soft hat was yanked down over his home-breakin' face, and his dimpled chin was buried in his lily-white hands. He looked like a guy that has worked twenty-seven years building a trick boat and then seen it sink the first time he tried it out.

The Kid runs over and slaps him on the back just hard enough to make his hat fall off.

"Cheer up, cutey!" pipes Scanlan. "They can't hang a guy for tryin'!"

Harold retrieves his hat, smooths it out carefully and lets loose the gloomiest sigh I ever heard in my life.

"Have you a cigarette?" he asks sadly.

The Kid pulls out a deck and Harold takes two, droppin' one in his pocket.

"Alas!" he remarks, strikin' a match on my shoe. "Alas!"

"When can the body be seen?" asks Scanlan. "And is it a church funeral, or will they pull it off at the house?"

"This is no time for levity," mutters Harold. "I'm ruined!"

"I only got ten bucks on me," the Kid tells him, "but I'll part with ——"

"Poof!" sneers Harold, wavin' his hands like a head waiter. "Money! I am not in need of that. Why, my father ——" He breaks off to take the bill from the Kid's hand and shove it into his pocket. "Rather than offend you!" he explains. "No," he goes on, "this is a more serious matter than money. I"—he flicks away the cigarette, jumps up off the rock and gives us both the up and down—"I am going to take you two into my confidence," he says, "and perhaps you will help me."

"Go on!" encourages the Kid. "I'm all worked up—shoot it!"

"Well, then," says Harold with the air of a guy pleadin' guilty to save his old father, "in the first place, my name is not J. Harold Cuthbert!"

There was no answer from us, and Harold seemed peeved because we had not collapsed at his confession.

"What is it?" I asks, when the silence begin to hurt the ears.

"Trout!" pipes Harold bitterly. "Joe Trout!"

"Yeh?" says the Kid. "Well, what's the matter with that? What did you can it for?"

"Ha, ha!" hisses Harold with a curse-you giggle. "Where could a man get with a name like that?"

"In the aquarium!" yells the Kid. "I knew you'd fall!"

Harold shakes his head and blows himself to another sigh.

"Imagine a moving-picture leading man named Trout!" he goes on. "I changed my name as a sacrifice to the movies, for ——"

"Just a minute!" I butts in. "On the level now, where did you get your movin'-picture experience?"

"As assistant bookkeeper in a grocery store!" he answers. "Now you have it!"

"But you said your father was a big man in Wall Street!" I busts out.

"He is!" answers Harold, lookin' over at the Sante Fé. "They don't come any bigger. He's a traffic policeman at the corner of Broadway and Wall!"

"Oh, boy!" shouts the Kid, and falls off the rock.

When we recover from that, Harold has smoked the other cigarette and he nods for my box. Then he asks us do we want to hear the rest.

"If you don't tell it," says the Kid, "you'll never leave here alive! Hurry up, I'm dyin' to hear it!"

"Well," says the ex-J. Harold Cuthbert, "I am about to be married, and at the eleventh hour Nemesis has gripped me. I told my fiancée that I was being featured in The End of the World, and that it would be exceedingly easy for me to get her a part in the picture—she having expressed a desire to that effect at various times. She will be here, within the hour, to watch me being filmed and to hold me to my promise to place her as leading woman opposite me."

He stops and moans. "Gentlemen," he goes on, "picture for yourself the *contretemps* when she finds I am nothing but a super and that Genaro wouldn't give Sarah Bernhardt a job on a recommendation from me! My romance will be shattered and the—the humiliation will kill me!"

There was a heavy silence for a minute and then the Kid whistles.

"Well, pal," he says, "you have certainly balled things up a few, haven't you?"

Joe Trout just let loose another moan.

"Gimme one of them good cigarettes!" pipes the Kid to me. He lights it and looks over at friend Joe. "The first thing," he says, puffin' away—"the first thing is this: Just how much do you think of this dame, all jokes aside?"

Joe turns round and straightens up, for once in his life lookin' like the real thing.

"I love her!" he says. That was all—but the way he pulled it was a plenty!

The Kid grunts and tosses away the pill. Then he walks over to Joe and slaps him on the back.

"Listen!" he says. "You ain't a bad guy at that! I'm gonna give you somethin' I never took in my life—advice! Why don't you lay off lyin' about yourself, kid? Why don't you can that four-flush thing?"

The effect of them simple words on Joe was remarkable. He swung round on us so quick that we both ducked, thinkin' he was comin' back with a wallop, but his hands was sunk so deep in his coat pockets they liked to pushed through the linin', and his face was as hard and white as an iceberg.

"Because," he shoots out through his teeth—"because I can't!"

Y'know the change was so sudden I remember lettin' out a little nervous laugh and then side-steppin' a vicious left the Kid sent at me. Scanlan had turned as serious as the other guy.

"What d'ye mean, you can't?" he says, grabbin' Joe by the arm and holdin' him fast. Joe's face showed how hard he was fightin' to keep from fallin' apart.

"You won't understand," he answers in a hard voice, "but I'll tell you. The thing has grown upon me until I cannot shake it off! I guess I was born a liar and probably four-flushed to my nurse when I was three days old. When I was a boy my incessant lying, although it harmed no one but myself, kept me in countless scrapes. As I grew older the habit grew stronger, and I lost girls, jobs, friends and opportunities with breath-taking rapidity. Time after time I have sworn to rid myself of the thing and speak nothing but the undiluted truth, and the first time I open my mouth I find myself unconsciously telling the most astounding falsehoods about myself with an ease that nauseates me!"

He tore himself loose from the Kid and kicked an innocent tomato can down a cañon. "I know I'm nothing but a big four-flusher," he winds up, "and I can't help it!"

Right then and there I warmed up to Joe Trout like I never had before. After all, Miss Vincent had the right dope. He was nothin' but a big kid at that, and any guy that will come right out in public and admit he's a false alarm deserves credit!

"Well," he says after a minute, "I suppose you're both through with me now, eh?"

"Do I look like a quitter?" demands the Kid.

"I'm still here, ain't I?" I chimes in.

Joe coughs and took hold of our hands.

"Thanks!" he mutters. "And now ——"

"Listen!" interrupts the Kid. "I got the whole thing doped out. When is this dame of yours due to hit Film City?"

"She'll be here on that one-o'clock train," moans Joe.

"Fine!" says the Kid. "Now get this! De Vronde is supposed to do a fall from a horse in The End of the World, and the big yellow bum won't do it. They're lookin' for some guy that will take his place just for that one flash—see? Now suppose I fix it so you get that chance, and, when the dame comes on, there you are playin' the lead as far as she can see in the best part of the frolic. How's that?"

I thought Joe was gonna kiss him!

"I'll never forget it!" he hollers. "You have saved my life! What can I do to repay you?"

"Stop four-flushing," comes back the Kid, "and be on the level!"

"I'll do it if it kills me!" promises Joe—and I don't know whether he meant the fall or the other.

"Can you ride a horse?" the Kid asks him as we start back.

"Can I ride a horse?" repeats Joe, stoppin' short. "What a question! Why, at home I was the champion ——"

"Now, now!" butts in the Kid. "There you go again!"

"Pardon me!" says Joe, gettin' red—and he quits!

Well, the Kid fixed it all right so's Joe could double for De Vronde in that one place where he did the fall. I don't know how he did it any more than I know how Edison come to think of the phonograph, but he did. All my suspicions as to who the dame was come true when Gladys hops off the one-o'clock train that afternoon. I seen her talkin' to Eddie Duke near the African Desert, and I immediately went scoutin' round for Joe, because Eddie liked him the same way the brewers are infatuated with Billy Sunday; and I knowed if Eddie got a chance to harpoon Joe with Gladys he'd do that thing.

About half an hour later Genaro asks me to go over and find Potts, because they're ready to start shootin' the picture, and when I got near the hotel I seen a couple of people blockin' the little narrow passage in back of it. They was Gladys O'Hara and Joe Trout, and when I got close up I heard Joseph talkin'. He was goin' like a house on fire, and his little old lyin' apparatus was hittin' on all cylinders and runnin' smooth without a break. He explains to Gladys that he went on only in the important part of the picture, which she would see in a minute, and that De Vronde was only one of the cheap help who played the part while Joe was restin' for the big scene. As soon as that come up—and he said the whole picture was built round it—they give De Vronde the gate, and in went the darin' Joe.

He was all dressed up in a soft hat, a cute little yellow-silk handkerchief twisted round his manly neck, and more chaps than any cow puncher ever wore on his legs—outside of a picture. He looked like what he'd like to have been.

"And not only that," he winds up, "but they are going to feature my name on all the advertising for the picture!"

"Is that all?" asks Gladys in a queer little voice.

Joe looked surprised. I guess it was the first time anybody had asked for more!

"Well—no!" he starts off again briskly. "Of course I am ——"

"Wait!" says Gladys, grabbin' his arm. "Don't tell me any more lies! They are not featuring you in this or any other picture! You are not the leading man, you are only a super! Your father is not a millionaire, and you cannot get me a job with the Maudlin Moving-Picture Company! You're simply a big four-flusher and that lets you out!"

Say, on the level, I thought Joe was gonna pass away on his feet! If I was given to faintin' I'd have been stretched out cold myself. He got white and then he got red, then he got white again and red again for fully a minute. He tried eighteen times by actual count to say somethin', but that well-known tongue of his had laid down at last and quit! He couldn't even raise a whisper.

"I knew you were four-flushin' the first time you started to hand me that stuff!" goes on Gladys sweetly. "I happen to know the folks here, includin' the leadin' man, De Vronde. He was hangin' round that shirtwaist counter before you knew whether they made pictures here or sponge cake. Also some of your friends come over from time to time and tipped me off about you, so that I was all set when you started!"

Joe whirls round on her at that, and although this bird had beat me to the wire with Gladys I felt sorry for him right then. The poor kid was hangin' on the ropes, waitin' for the sponge.

"If you knew all that," he says, kinda choked, "why—why did you let me come over and continue to—to mislead you?"

Gladys coughs and places three or four stray hairs exactly back of her little white ear gazin' at her wrist watch like it's the first time she ever seen one and she's wonderin' can it really go. The big boob stands there lookin' at her, and the chance of a couple of lifetimes is slippin' away. What? Say, listen! I don't know much about women—fighters is my line—but there was a look on Gladys' face that I'd seen Genaro work two hours one time to put on Miss Vincent's when they was takin' a big picture. So you can figure she wasn't registerin' hate!

"Well, why?" demands Joe again.

"This stuff is all new to me," says Gladys with a sigh, "but I guess I've got to do it!" She gazes at the ground and gets kinda red. "It was not your conversation that made the hit with me!" she winds up softly.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," pipes senseless Joe.

"Heavens!" remarks Gladys. "There's enough concrete between your neck and your hat to build a bridge over the bay! I can safely say you're the first man I ever proposed to, but somebody's gotta do it and I guess I'm the goat!"

"What!" screams Joe, comin' to life at last. "You—you—forgive—you ——" The poor simp gets all excited and once again he can't talk and—I don't blame him. You never seen Gladys and you don't know how she looked right then!

"Say," says Gladys, "am I bein' kidded or ——"

Joe might have been a tramp as a movie lover, but take if from me as the real thing he was no slouch! I hadda stand there and watch it, because I couldn't get past till they got away, and if they'd ever seen me I guess Joe would have bought a gun. Finally they break, Gladys pushin' Joe away and holdin' him off.

"You've got to promise me you'll stop lyin' and four-flushin'!" she tells him. "Tell the truth and don't kid yourself that you'd have been president if you hadn't been jobbed! That stuff is poor and will get you nowheres! Make good and you won't have to tell anybody about it—it'll be in the papers!"

"We'll get married to-night!" yelps Joe. "There's a minister in Film City and ——"

"Don't crowd me!" interrupts Gladys, lettin' herself be kissed. "Do you promise?"

"Anything!" grins Joe.

"Just what are you supposed to do in this picture?" she asks him. "The truth now!"

"Fall off a horse!" says Joe.

"Is that all?" asks Gladys.

Joe nods.

"Well," Gladys tells him, "you won't do it! I don't want no crippled bridegroom at my weddin'. Now listen to me! If you could write that stuff you've been wastin' on the air round here, you ought to make a pretty good press agent. Mr. Potts, the man who owns the company and the fellow you or your father never palled around with, has a man on his pay roll named Struther. He's head of what they call the publicity department; it says so on ten of his cards I have. He once claimed he'd do anything for me, in such a loud voice that the floor-walker had to speak to him. I'm goin' over to the office now and ask him to give you a job back in New York. To be perfectly truthful with you, that's what I came over here for to-day in the first place!"

"But—but——" stammers Joe, "I can't have you asking favors for me, Gladys; and—and why New York?"

"Because," she says, "that's where I come from and I want to look at it again. I'm simply crazy to yell down a dumb-waiter and throw a quarter in my own gas meter!"

Well—that's about all. They had a big weddin' right in the middle of Film City, and everybody sent in and bought 'em a present. Potts got a flash at Gladys, moans regretfully, and has the ceremony filmed, givin' the result to Joe as a special gift. Of course Gladys got Joe that job.

"It'll be terrible here when you're gone," I says, "because you know more about makin' movies than Rockefeller does about oil."

Joe shakes his head and grins.

"No!" he says. "I guess I don't know much about anything!"

I pronounced him cured to myself and shook his hand. The Kid went to the train with him and his bride. I didn't feel up to seein' that guy goin' away with Gladys.

I met the Kid as he was comin' up from the railroad station and, seein' he was laughin', I asked him if the happy pair got off all right.

"Yeh!" he says. "Everything went fine! Me and Miss Vincent waited till the train was pullin' out. Gladys was inside and Joe was standin' on the steps of the Pullman, talkin'. Just before the thing pulled out I shook Joe's hand and said I hoped he got past in New York, because it was a big burg and a tough one for losers." The Kid stops and laughs some more.

"Well," I says, "what's the joke?"

"Oh, boy!" says the Kid, wipin' his eyes. "Joe's face lights all up and that old glitter comes back in his eyes!

"'Make good?' he yells to me. 'Well, I ought to make good—my father owns half the town, and I was the biggest thing in it when I left!'"

Is Your Storekeeper A *Business* Man

IT'S important to you in these days of rising prices, of quality manipulation, of widening delivery radius—it's *mighty important* to know that your storekeeper is a good business man. One quick way to tell is to look out of your window and see how he delivers your packages.

Investigation of a thousand stores shows delivery costs from 2½c. to 48c. per package.

The average dealer knows the cost of everything in his store except his delivery service. In fact, when it comes to delivery cost the whole business world *thinks with its feet.*

As far as we can learn, only one concern in America has actual figures and data on the cost of package-delivery in all lines of trade—and that is the VIM Company of Philadelphia.

From the big Department Store, with a hundred wagons, to the little grocer with one, dealers are delivering packages on *theory.*

Now about your dealer—

If he clatters around with a horse and wagon, his delivery is costly and his service bad.

With telephones everywhere and the spread of population, a live dealer's delivery covers ten to twenty-five miles to the trip, and handles packages in loads anywhere up to 1000 pounds.

Horses and wagons cannot cover the ground.

The answer is some form of *motor* transportation—

Now we say again—look out of your window and see how your storekeeper delivers your packages.

Is he using a *converted pleasure car*—an automobile made into a delivery truck—a chassis built to carry only live weight (which by its very nature absorbs the shock and consequently is easy on the car) when the facts and the figures show that the economical thing is a car *built especially for package-delivery purposes?*

Some dealers make the costly mistake of using a truck too heavy for the work. They think it looks impressive to drag around a ton of dead weight—burning up gas, grinding down tires.

When you look out of the window and see a VIM Delivery Car you know that your storekeeper has the last word in a delivery car—the first answer to efficient package-delivery—founded on facts, proved by the results.

A car that is light in weight, quick on its feet, easy on tires, built for strength and simplicity; that will carry packages and loads up to one-half ton, stand the shock and strain of shifting dead weight over any kind of pavement and roads, economical in gas consumption; that will run day after day in the care of ordinary drivers with practically no adjustment and keep out of the repair shop.

This is the most efficient chassis for its work in the world—price is $645. Fitted with any one of twelve types of body—handsomely designed and strongly built—suitable for a hundred lines of business. Price complete: Open Express, $695; Closed Panel Body, $725.

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Our Deferred Payment Plan should interest every live merchant in America

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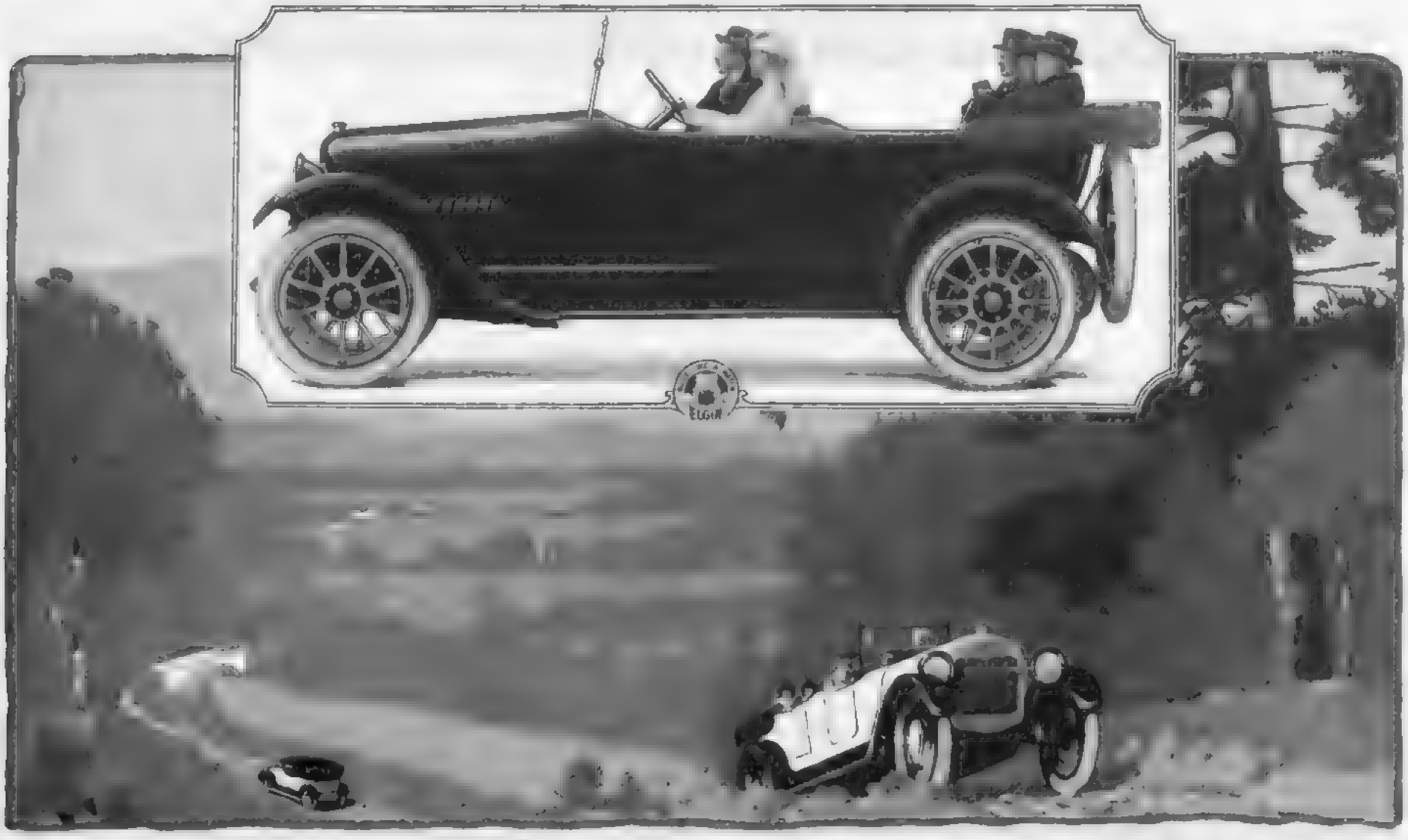


"THE ACID TEST"

Endurance and Economy

The Elgin Six, now in its second triumphant year, has stood "The Acid Test" by winning perfect scores and highest economy honors in some of the most gruelling endurance and economy runs of the past year.

The most recent championship performance of the Elgin Six was the establishing of a new record of 67½ hours between Chicago and Miami, Fla., over some of the roughest, steepest mountain roads and through the heaviest sand and mud in the country. Another Elgin Six, used as the official pathfinder by the President of the Chicago Motor Club, completed a strenuous trip of 1626 car-racking, stamina-testing miles, conquering alike the steep, rocky mountain grades of Kentucky and Tennessee, the deep sands and heavy muds of Georgia, and the slippery, treacherous swamp roads of Florida. Both cars finished the long, hard grind without mishap and in perfect mechanical condition.

Three Elgin Sixes, on a hard two days' run under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club, made perfect scores and averaged 25.6 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

An Elgin Six Touring Car won a race against a fast express train through the wilds of Minnesota and Dakota, over roads that in some places were little better than a mere rocky trail, covering 552 miles without mechanical adjustment and without a single stop of the motor.

Comfort and Ease of Operation

Elgin Engineers have perfected an improved rear spring suspension, found only in the New Elgin Six, which sets a new standard of motoring ease and comfort at high speeds, reducing shock and vibration to a point not surpassed in any car at any price.

The interior is noticeably roomy and loungy. The seats are curved and tilted at just the right angle to permit leaning back in comfort, as you would at home in your favorite armchair.

The special construction of the Elgin velvet-acting clutch enables the Elgin Six to be started on high gear, under ordinary conditions, eliminating to a large degree the necessity of gear shifting, thus removing the last barrier to the safe and easy handling of a motor car by women.

Artistic Body Effects

A famous artist has created body effects of such exquisite taste and harmonious proportions that the New Elgin Six radiates an atmosphere of refinement and distinction, so that it stands aloof from the monotonous design of the average car.

The long line body, swung between 116 inches of wheel base, follows the European fashion of center cowl, yet embodying the full yacht-line effect.

Right From Every Standpoint

The Elgin Six delights the hearts of the most artistic on account of its style and beauty; it has won the cold, measured approval of engineers and designers, who think in mechanical terms and calculate materials and proportions down to the thousandth of an inch; it has won the gruff praise of the grimy-faced, greasy-handed repairmen, who think only of "the insides" of a car and who seldom have to "doctor" an Elgin; it brings greater ease and comfort and more pleasure to delicate women and children on longer trips and over rougher roads; it fits the pocketbook of the average American family, and effects substantial savings for them in the cost of motoring.

Can you afford to buy a small, "cheap six," when for a slight additional cost you can drive this Capable Six—this big, roomy, impressive quality car, of superior beauty and comfort?

Can you afford to pay more than the Elgin Six price when this "Beauty of the Road" embodies in such full measure the quality, style and comfort desired by the discriminating motorist?

Write us today for catalog "B" and the story of "Elgin Winnings." And be sure to see the New Elgin Six before you buy.

5-Passenger Touring
$985

Elgin Six

4-Passenger Roadster
$985

ELGIN MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CHICAGO

JERRY OUT-O'-MY-WAY

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

FRANK BAUM, the gambler, was killed in the lobby of the Hotel Prince Alexander on the evening of June tenth—the year being somewhat previous to the open season for hunting public crooks enjoyed by certain muckraking magazines. Baum had been at dinner with his wife, when word was sent him that a friend outside urgently desired to see him. As he emerged from the dining room three young bucks turned in from the sidewalk. Instantaneously the great lobby roared with the thunderous reports of belching revolvers, followed by panic-stricken cries and the scuffle of feet. Baum staggered a moment, then went down on his hands. A long, low gray car, which had been brought to the curb with motors pummeling, caught up the three gunmen and they were subsequently lost in the traffic.

Baum lived five minutes; but not long enough to tell of the relation of one Mike Bleaseley with the state government, or of the connection between the state government and several raw deals that had lately been put over in a financial way at the capital to the south. The public sensed that it had been Baum's threat to do this which had resulted in his death. Baum said so anyhow, just before he died.

The gunmen were never captured; and the newspapers mysteriously dropped the case, as nothing could be pounded out of Bleaseley or his associates which could in the slightest manner involve them with those who plotted the murder. A disappointed reform element was obliged to abandon the investigation and accept the verdict of the obedient newspapers—to wit, that Baum's death had been only the revenge of a gambler's gang. Again it must bide its time to destroy Bleaseley's power.

This much is public history.

Bleaseley and his crowd are no longer in control of the state machinery. It was no sensational disclosure, legislative investigation or official shakedown that shattered their influence. Quietly they resigned their positions, wound up their affairs and left the state. And they were never seen therein again, either in official or in unofficial capacity. That the men responsible for the existence of the Bleaseley organization did fold up their tents and silently steal away is also history, but not history that has ever been made public. Three chaps besides myself, Sanderson Anderson Platt, who records this narrative, know why the Bleaseley crowd pulled down their shingles and went out of state business. These men are Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott—Wild-West showmen—and a half-bald, grim-faced bum who had all the earmarks of a college professor down on his luck, and was known to the show folks by the name of Jerry Out-o'-My-Way.

Jerry Out-o'-My-Way is a hero who never had a halo, a public benefactor who never had a reward. It's time someone told how Jerry—the worm that turned!—with no power but his own backbone, kept the pages of his state's history clean. And the yarn really starts with Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott.

Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott were Western old-timers, who had lumped their coin, accumulated an outfit and started through the Middle States with a Wild-West show. Their venture has gone down in show history under the title of Gridley & Dermott's Montana Stampede. Bill had driven stagecoach on the old Laramie Trail; Joe had gone through the campaign with Crook on the border. When it came to an exhibition that made this powder-puff generation thank Providence they'd been born in an age of civic improvement societies, wireless telegraphy and fly paper, those two old bunch-grass angels were sure some artists.

The first year Joe acted as advance man for the outfit. The Wild-West shows had only recently graduated from Fourth of July cowmen's contests and hadn't learned to figure very far ahead. We'd play almost to the border of one state before asking permission to go on into another. One day Joe invaded the statehouse of a prospective commonwealth and made formal application for a license for his show. I'm told that the chap he interviewed looked more like a barkeep than official bookkeeper for a great and glorious slice of this land of the free. He hemmed and hawed and sucked a clove. Finally he said:

"Am I talkin' to a business man or am I not?"

Joe was a whole-hearted, innocent old cuss; he didn't tumble. The clove-chewer explained:

"There's a man over on Bacon Street we sort o' let pass on such situations. He's better acquainted with the inside o' this license-grantin' than we boys under the dome. If you should see him now, and he should phone us it's all right, I would of course supply you with the wanted permission."

Poor old Joe hunted up the Bacon Street address, thinking he was being sent to some ex-official whose advice still came in useful to those in authority. The house resembled the place from which little Cinderella fled when she kicked off one of her oxfords. A chap who supported the Confucius administration let him in the plate-glass door and demanded what he wanted. Joe was told to wait in the downstairs hall until sent for. The gentleman he desired was busy.

If the gentleman hadn't been so busy as to keep Joe waiting the better part of two hours, maybe there'd have been a different kind of wreck of the Bleaseley machine. But he got tired sitting there in the hall, and started ambling round that establishment looking at the pictures and investigating the house furnishings. The house being pretty much deserted, Joe went from one room to another until behind a closed door he heard voices raised in a scrap. If they had not been scrapping Joe would never have eavesdropped; but if there was anything Joe loved it was battle. He used the door full ten minutes to listen behind. Not only did he hear who the gunmen were that killed Baum and where they were hiding, but he heard enough evidence of "the man higher up" to send Bleaseley to the chair. It seems Old Joe had rammed into a conference of Bleaseley's henchmen just when there was a little unpleasantness in the matter of coming across with hush money. Joe got away from the door in time to avoid discovery. The conference was closed, the roughnecks went out a back way, and the Chinaman came to tell Joe he could have his audience. When Joe went in he found his man reading a sporting extra and trying to get more out of life than there is in it by saturating himself with whisky-and-soda. He had a jaw like a chimpanzee and there were queer-shaped horizons to his bald head. "Very good," says Mike Bleaseley—for it was none other than that famous old crook—"I can get you a license at a profitable figure if you'll let me have your gambling concessions for my men."

Joe wasn't so wild and woolly but that he understood then that he stood in the presence of the power behind the throne. And he didn't like the lack of face round the other's eyes.

"Me and Bill don't allow gamblin' with our outfit no more," says he. "A couple o' smooth guys taggin' after us skinned a rube o' his roll down in Ohio last month and his friends nearly cut our trick to pieces. We concluded hereafter it was more profitable to go straight."

"All right," said Bleaseley; "then the state's afraid of an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease. I doubt if the authorities will permit you to bring in stock that's collected all the four-footed germs of the Middle States," said he.

He rolled his cigar round in his face and returned to the extra.

"In other words," said Joe, "by askin' me if I was a business man you-all meant would I stand for graft?"

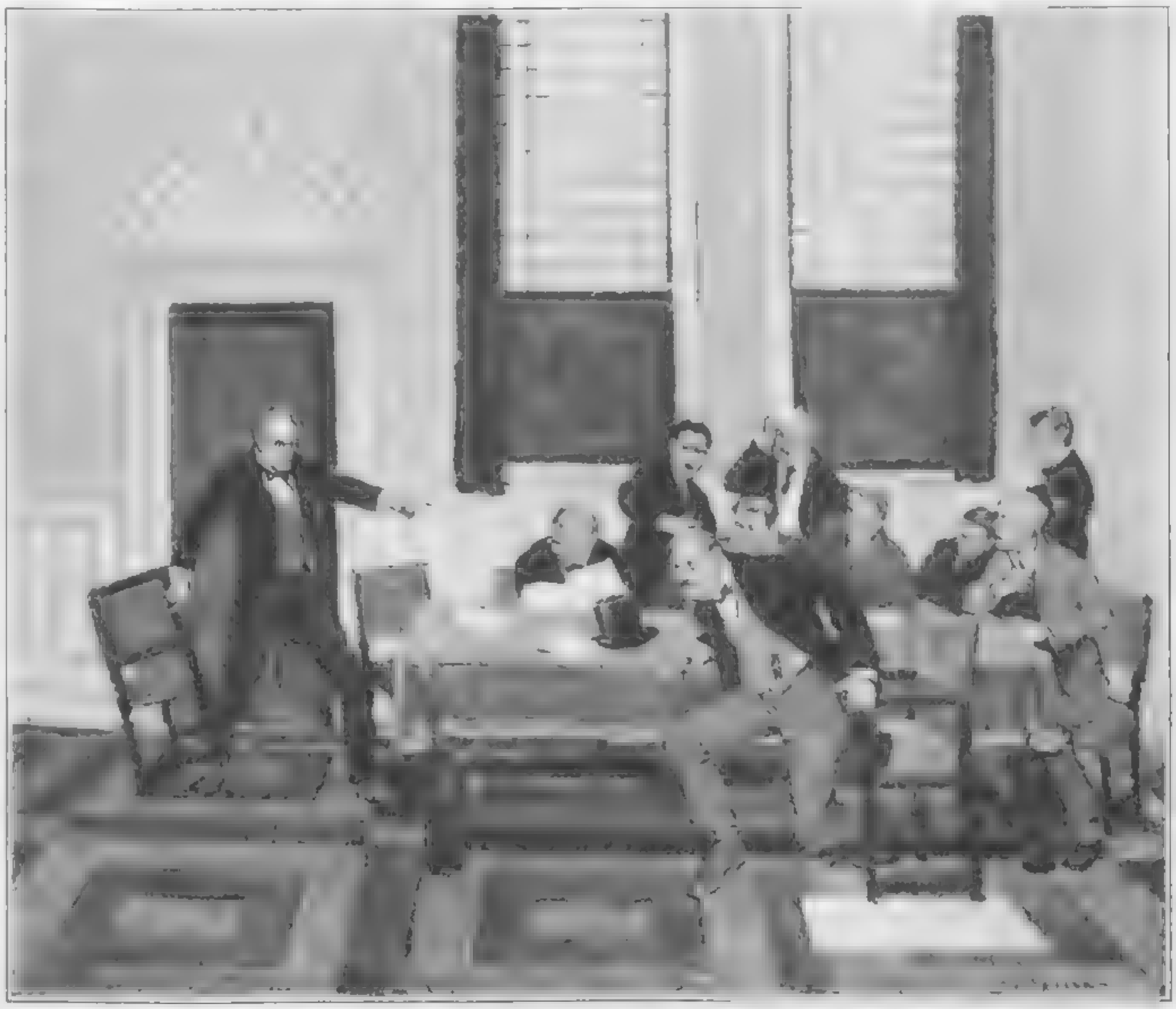
"That's not a popular term," said Bleaseley, "to apply to a gentleman."

"I ain't applyin' it to no gentleman," said Joe.

One word led to another, and within ninety seconds both men had lost their tempers. Joe said that he guessed he'd get that license without paying graft. Bleaseley smirked and asked how.

"Oh," said Joe, "I've heard enough in the last ten minutes listening behind your door here to get me that license!"

Bleaseley jumped like he'd been shot from beneath. He yanked a gentleman's gun out of the table drawer and made the mistake of his life by shoving its business end into



"First, Understand That I Don't Give a Tinker's Dam for Any of You"

the hurry-up department of Joe's nervous central office. It was all a bad business, especially for Bleaseley. Joe wasn't heeled and took the gun away. Bleaseley was seized suddenly with lack of breath.

Eighteen hours later a little bare cubby-hole of an office down in a back street held a half-dozen coarse-featured men who spoke in cautious whispers. Right then and there a course was determined on by the machine men that introduced the complications into this history. If Joe Dermott ever came up for trial, it meant that the fact of Mike Bleaseley's control over the state government would become public property. That wouldn't be healthy for the machine men. Bleaseley was dead, but the evil which he had done lived after him. At all costs his official rottenness must be kept from the common people.

They decided that for the sake of every skin in the crowd the machine had to put its power to a supreme test. Joe had been arrested and the story of Bleaseley's murder was in the newspapers. It was, therefore, impossible to keep Joe's mouth shut by croaking him in prison. There was but one thing to do—the man had to be railroaded! In other words, there must be no public trial, at which Joe for his own defense would tell what he knew. Instead, a confession of guilt must somehow be pried out of him. The hearing must be held before safely bought machine men and a judge that could be relied upon, the man sentenced and executed at once.

There must be no slip. If Joe couldn't be croaked privately, the machinery of state must be utilized and speeded up for the purpose. Every last ounce of rotten strength in the grafter's grip must be applied toward keeping Joe from making an affidavit of the things he knew. It was a ticklish situation. There were terrific chances of a slip-up; but the gang was desperate, and desperate men take desperate chances.

Well, they sent Joe a lawyer—nothing but a machine crook. To the latter's surprise honest old Joe declared without any palavering that he had shot Bleaseley. He added that he was mighty glad of it; there was one dirty, rotten grafter less in the world. To allay Joe's suspicions the lawyer encouraged him to make an affidavit. But it was burnt to ashes within fifteen minutes after the attorney had left the jail.

Joe's confession was produced at the formal hearing. No mention was made of the affidavit. Joe told his story to a judge, who heard him without blinking. The judge blandly informed him that the fact that Bleaseley had produced a gun did not warrant Joe's getting it and using it on the political boss. Joe was flabbergasted and started to refer to laws and customs in the sagebrush country. He was informed that his crime had been committed in the East and must be judged by Eastern codes. He was reminded that he had pleaded guilty, and nothing remained but the sentence and its execution. Joe got mad at that, and declared if that was the way they did business in the East he wanted no mercy—and they clapped the sentence onto him while he was in that mood, and made it as quick as they dared without exciting too much public suspicion.

Although I'm relating facts here that the bunch of us weren't wise to until afterward, we felt that all wasn't as it should be in Joe's case, and old Bill got busy. But it didn't get him anywhere. In the first place, no one was allowed to see Joe. This was tough, besides being illegal—but for that matter so was the whole thing. And old Joe's grouch really helped the crooks out. You can bet that his lawyers were seeing to it that none of his friends had the opportunity to beat it for the mountain top with a strangle hold on the skeleton in the statehouse closet. As for our chances with the governor—he was a wishy-washy, no-good man, a polished but spineless figurehead, who would have left his bed at midnight and gone to Bleaseley's home to pull off the latter's boots if Mike had told him to. When we saw that a jury trial for Joe meant only a packed box and worse verdict, we went to him; but the son of a gun had sneaked. The machine had seen to that also. The governor had been ordered to take a fishing trip for his shattered nerves until after Joe was croaked. He had obeyed. One old showman's life was nothing to him anyway.

He Used the Door Full Ten Minutes to Listen Behind

So things looked like a November horizon at twilight for old Joe Dermott. The newspapers got sudden orders to shut up on the Bleaseley murder, and they obeyed. The men who were responsible went round the scaredest bunch of mortals that ever blew the suds off booze. But they were getting away with it, and that, in the last analysis, is what really counts in this world. That is, they thought they were getting away with it.

Joe had about twenty more days to enjoy a normal method of respiration when I came under the "come-and-get-it" top one night to see something happen that was funny. One of our lady riders—Helen o' Troy—came down the other side the grub bench and spotted Jerry. He wasn't doing anything more offensive than poking nourishment in the hole under his nose. But Helen, like the rest of us, was pretty glum over the rough deal that was being handed Joe; and she had a sudden hunch that on this particular evening she wanted that particular corner.

"Out o' my way, Jerry!" said she, crowding him from his place and giving him and his grub a flying shove.

I felt sorry for the cuss. A portion of a look told you that Jerry was one of those taggers-on after a circus that had seen better days. Now he was dressed in anybody's old cast-off baggage. There was a growth of beard that his own mother wouldn't recognize, and he was prematurely old by being kicked round like an old hat. From the first day that Jerry had come onto the lot and begged a job on the canvas until the day I saw the last of him he reminded me of a college professor down on his luck. Just enough quiet studiousness to him, just enough gray at the temples, just enough quiet living in himself, and silent and melancholy timidity.

He picked himself up from where Helen had spun him, dusting off the battered black-felt hat and wiping his grim-lipped face with his sleeve. Not a syllable did he say, but he just stumbled over and stood by some water barrels in the shadow until everybody who might be hostile had fed. Then he chose a corner off down at one end in the gathering darkness. I found him there munching scraps when I came back after a rope I'd left beneath the table.

By way of showing him I was his friend, I said:

"You poor sepulcher-faced has-been, what's the matter with you anyhow? You're a fine candidate for tobacco-juice and suspenders to let a mere female toss you round like that!"

He shut his lips hard beneath the dirty whiskers, and his forehead wrinkled as he gazed off across the lot to the lights of the distant town.

"Waal," said I. "Say somethin'!"

"I haven't anything to say," said he after a moment. Then, in that precise college-professor voice of his, he concluded: "There's a popular fallacy that all men are created equal. It isn't so. Some men are born to lead and some are born to be led. Nature endows certain men with aggressiveness and self-confidence. Others are created totally devoid of them. It's my misfortune that I've been one of those last."

"Rot!" said I. "You make me sick! Didn't Nature give you as many hands and feet and senses as these other male humans that use you to wipe up the earth with? Doesn't air whistle into your lungs and food stick up your in'ards same as all the rest o' them. Why then bow down and offer your neck for the boot of a social class that warn't created with any more hands and feet than you?"

"I told you," he said. "I've been a man that's had brains, education and social position; but I lacked aggressiveness and will-power. A horror of physical force and the shedding of blood was born in me," said he. "I've never been able to live it down. If I had I shouldn't be following this show now." He sat with those fine artist's hands of his, all bruised and battered where he'd done rough work for his grub, lying idle in his lap. His forehead was furrowed into so many wrinkles that it resembled an accident in a corrugated boxboard factory. "Take to-night, for instance. Suppose that woman had done to you what she did to me. What course would you have taken? Fought her back, I suppose. But I couldn't do it."

"Fought her back?" said I. "No, I wouldn't never have been you in the first place. You've heard what the boys call me here in this outfit? Well, it's Gatlin'-Gun Platt; Gun for short. It's about as safe to monkey with my screws and cranks as with a machine gun. And the boys and girls know it. No one handles me like Arizona and Pug and Helen has handled you. Danger signals stick out all over me like burs," said I.

"Now," I went on, "you're just the opposite. You made your first mistake debutin' with this show in such an inoffensive, hang-down manner. A certain amount of offensiveness is mutually admired by the human species. You should o' interviewed the boss like a fire-eatin' personification o' the old saw 'I'm little—but oh my!' Then, havin' got the job, you should o' gone among the boys—not like some dear dead memory o' the past or a broken resolution—but with the cool, calm demeanor of a case o' cholera or a rattlesnake; conductin' yourself so that it's subconsciously inferred that you're about as safe to take hold of as the drivin' rods on a locomotive. Instead o' bein' perpetually bawled out with 'Out o' my way, Jerry!' you ought to sport them words as a monicker the other way round. You ought to glory in the title o' Jerry Out-o'-My-Way!"

"I'd like to be that manner of man," said he. "I'd give a good deal if I could cultivate the propensities for a little fighting. But I'm beginning to wonder if at my time in life it isn't too late."

"Let me tell you somethin'," said I, "and don't you never forget it, regardless o' who tells you contrary: It ain't the folks with twenty-ounce brains, youth or college diplomas that gets the good things o' the earth," I said. "It's the folks with engine-pilot fronts, who bang through this vale o' tears usin' their voice to roar 'Out o' my way!' Success, man, is like a play on a football field. The grandstand don't applaud or give much credit to some brainy little chap that gets the ball and maneuvers round on the edge o' circumatances till he makes a goal. But let some great mountain o' humanity with a prow like a

(Continued on Page 105)

The Hand of Destiny Screwed in My Neck and the Wrath of Judgment Took a Strangle Hold on My Trousers

Nut Tootsie Rolls

A GREAT SAGE said: "Do something a little better than anyone else and the world will make a path to your door."

That Nut Tootsie Rolls are a "better" candy is not due to magic, but simply to the combining of good, pure, wholesome ingredients.

We have only mixed fresh, roasted Virginia Peanuts and delicious chocolate candy in a way that everybody likes.

Nut Tootsie Rolls are made clean—kept clean—wrapped dustproof.

MILLIONS have eaten Nut Tootsie Rolls, and what was intended as a modest idea has developed into a national enterprise.

The demand for this honestly good product has gone beyond the originator's wildest hope.

We thank you and promise to allow your liking for Nut Tootsie Rolls never to grow less.

Each roll is divided into six parts for your convenience—sold wherever candy is sold.

The Stern & Saalberg Co., New York City

Nut Tootsie Rolls 5¢

5¢ a Roll

NUT Tootsie Rolls

See your dealer's exhibit

of Simmons Beds

ON THE SLEEPING PORCH

Out in the crisp air, close to the stars, within hearing of the crickets, the whispering trees, the far-off, drowsy murmurings. Sounder sleep, brighter mornings.

But the bed must defy storm and dew and outdoor sun, and never get dull or rusty or creaky.

There are Simmons beds just right for sleeping porch, or camp, or summer cottage.

It is because every last detail of Simmons beds is carried to perfection in the same great shops, that the finish is so lasting, the construction so solid.

Our own enamel factory—

Our own rolling mill—

Our own patented machinery for welding electrically a new kind of metal tubing—

Our own artisans, trained for years—

It is upon these that we depend for this high quality.

And this high quality strikes the keynote of the whole Simmons policy, as reflected in its merchandise, its men and its methods.

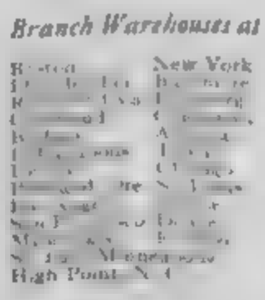
Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Branch Warehouses at



SIMMONS *Beds*

THE EMANCIPATION OF GALATEA

(Continued from Page 17)

Eloise Eisel struggled to keep her remarks up to this amazingly high level on which she had unexpectedly arrived.

"The whole trutha the matter is," she observed confidentially, "you gotta give the public w'at it wants, Mr. Skinner—ab-so-lutely!"

"Miss Eisel," rejoined her employer solemnly, "I almost believe you are right." And he went upstairs to suggest a new slant for Babcock's daily half page.

Babcock, Junior, listened, frowned, made quite the objections that his advertising manager expected him to make, and, in the end, said it should be tried, care being taken not to shoot over their heads.

"Their heads, Mr. Babcock," James Skinner earnestly assured him, "are in places we should never suspect them to be—in clouds of romance, to which we are quite blind. As you have said, only close psychological study can make us understand their darned empty heads and where they are; and that's the advertiser's business, isn't it?"

"I didn't say quite that," replied his employer, annoyed at the mutilation of an epigrammatic statement, but pleased that it should have left an impression. "However, the plan is, as you present it, reasonable."

"It wasn't my idea"—and this with outward modesty and sudden inward deviltry. "That new twelve-dollar girl you advised me to get suggested it."

"So! Bright girl?"

"A very valuable asset," was the grave reply; and James Skinner went downstairs feeling buoyant.

The hideous feeling of insecurity had lifted considerably and he felt positively jovial as he made his way across the room to where Charlie MacEwan was copying, with pathetic fidelity, the different models in ladies' nightdresses, which the January sale was to offer Babcock's patrons. Half a dozen headless forms, arrayed in half a dozen degrees of unsubstantiality, were ranged before him, looking very bleak in the north light.

"Look at that!" said James Skinner over Charlie's shoulder, addressing no one in particular. "I ask you to look at that!"

"Look at what?" said Charlie, screwing round.

"Look at that collection with which he's planning to use up eight hundred dollars' worth of space. Just look at it! I ask you, could anything be more unappetizing?"

"Unappetizing? Wha'd'ya mean—unappetizing?" came from Charlie huffily. "These aren't forty-nine-cent chocolates we're advertising. These are nightgowns!"

"My friend," laying an affectionate hand on Charlie's shoulder, "they are nightgowns; no one could ever doubt it. But the public doesn't want to know what they are; it wants to know what they're not, Mr. Charles MacEwan. And, as I have just learned, we 'gotta give the public what it wants—ab-so-lutely!'"

"Well, Mr. Skinner," broke in Miss Tillotson; "if I didn't know that was just your way of speaking I'd say you were deliberately advocating principles of misrepresentation—deliberately!"

"Miss Tillotson," replied James Skinner, "we tell the public that it can buy itself a nightie, 'Value, $2, special for to-day, $1.49,' and it doesn't mean anything; and when I say 'Exquisite *robes de nuit*,' in bold-face italics, it doesn't mean anything, either; but the girl who buys a *robe de nuit* instead of a nightgown gets with it a feeling that's worth twice the price to her, and no misrepresentation about it. Misrepresentation and romance—they are two different things, Miss Tillotson—ah, romance!" And Mr. Skinner opened his arms dramatically.

"I see!" cut in Charlie plaintively. "Just *rub de nuey* sells the goods, and I look round for a job. Is that the idea, Mr. Skinner? Are you letting me down easy by E. H. Sothering about romance? Because, if you are ——"

"Charles, you are getting sensitive. Look here, my boy: I'm going to make a little change in our advertising methods—not in our staff. Put those *genre* masterpieces in the basket." Charlie was already unscrewing his board. "Now make me a nice little three-column silhouette of a four-poster bed, a fiddle-backed chair, and a lady just about to blow out the candle before jumping in. Get me?"

Charlie MacEwan stared a moment.

"No more of these damn things?" he asked, unbelievingly pointing to the models before him.

"Not for a while, anyway, Charlie."

"You mean I can think up something have some ideas?"

"I shall be glad to consider a few ideas from you, Mr. MacEwan."

"You mean there's going to be some drawing in the advertising?"

"Oh, we may not get hung in the Academy this year; but ——"

Charlie suddenly took James Skinner's hand and began unexpectedly pumping it up and down.

"I'm your man, Mr. Skinner—God bless you! I'm your man!"

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed his superior as he began to realize the unsuspected. "Why, Charlie, you've really got some art in you, haven't you?"

Charlie reddened apologetically.

"S'ell to spend your time drawing lifelike holes in Val trimming," he mumbled. "God bless you, Mr. Skinner!"

"Well, you needn't thank me," the other replied. "Thank Miss Eisel. She's the one who is responsible for this change."

It is this last sentence that is of importance in my story, for on it was reared the framework of Miss Eisel's personality. Miss May heard Mr. Skinner's remarkable statement and confided it to Miss Plotz, in the auditing department; and thus circuitously it came back to Miss Eisel, to strengthen the suspicion Mr. Skinner himself had already implanted in her mind—namely, that she was something of an individual.

Now, if this were a moral tale instead of merely a true one, I should tell how, with this realization, Miss Eisel's stupidity gradually gave way before an awakening interest in a larger life; how her indifference was replaced by attentiveness; how she came to ask searching questions about the business, and eventually made herself so indispensable to R. E. Babcock's that the junior member had, in the end, to marry her.

But, though this makes interesting reading, I am bound to set down that it did not happen. Nothing in the way of stupidity was subtracted from Miss Eisel's general make up. Quite the contrary; if anything her dictation was somewhat worse, for her mind was full to bursting with a hazy, gratifying sense of importance. Heretofore she had merely known that she, Eloise Eisel—her real self—was outside the world of Babcock's advertising department. She had never located her exact position; she had not considered it above or below; it was merely outside.

Now, though she felt no new share in Babcock's welfare, she knew—positively knew—where she stood in relation to it—not only outside, but distinctly above; and this consciousness made itself objectively felt with peculiar force. Not that Miss Eisel convinced the eleventh floor that this newly discovered personality really existed; they perfectly agreed with the Independent Agency's estimate of her, and, had she gone on in the even tenor of her way, they would have come to treat her with superior indifference. Now, however, such was the self-assurance she radiated that, though one could smile behind a hand or lift the lip in scorn, still this fact was established: Miss Eisel could not and would not be ignored!

Even Mr. Weinstock looked up as she entered; whenever she passed, the eyes of Miss Plotz and Miss Myers and Miss Tiernan turned as one eye, and Miss Eisel became responsible for many an erasure on formerly clean copy. On the strength of nothing at all Eloise Eisel had passed from Cipherdom into Being, and such was her nature that she preferred simply to enjoy this new state rather than investigate the causes of the transition.

"I must say," commented Miss Tillotson, after a week of being patronized by Miss Eisel, "I must say I don't think it's a very dignified proceeding in a business office; and, even if Mr. Skinner does like to show off, he has no right to let that girl make such a fool of herself."

"It's terrible!" sympathized Miss Mandelbaum. "Why, he asks her everything! 'Miss Eisel, here is the copy for to-morrow; will you see whether it is all right?' And, 'Miss Eisel, is the wording of that perfectly

BLUE STREAKS

$3.00 each

Guaranteed

You can afford that bicycle now. You have long wanted it. You need it for get-about business service and it's great for pleasure jaunts.

But you've feared the expense of tire-buying. For that is the only considerable expense in bicycle riding today.

Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires have met your problem. You needn't hesitate any longer. For Blue Streaks cut tire costs by giving you better value at a price you can afford to pay.

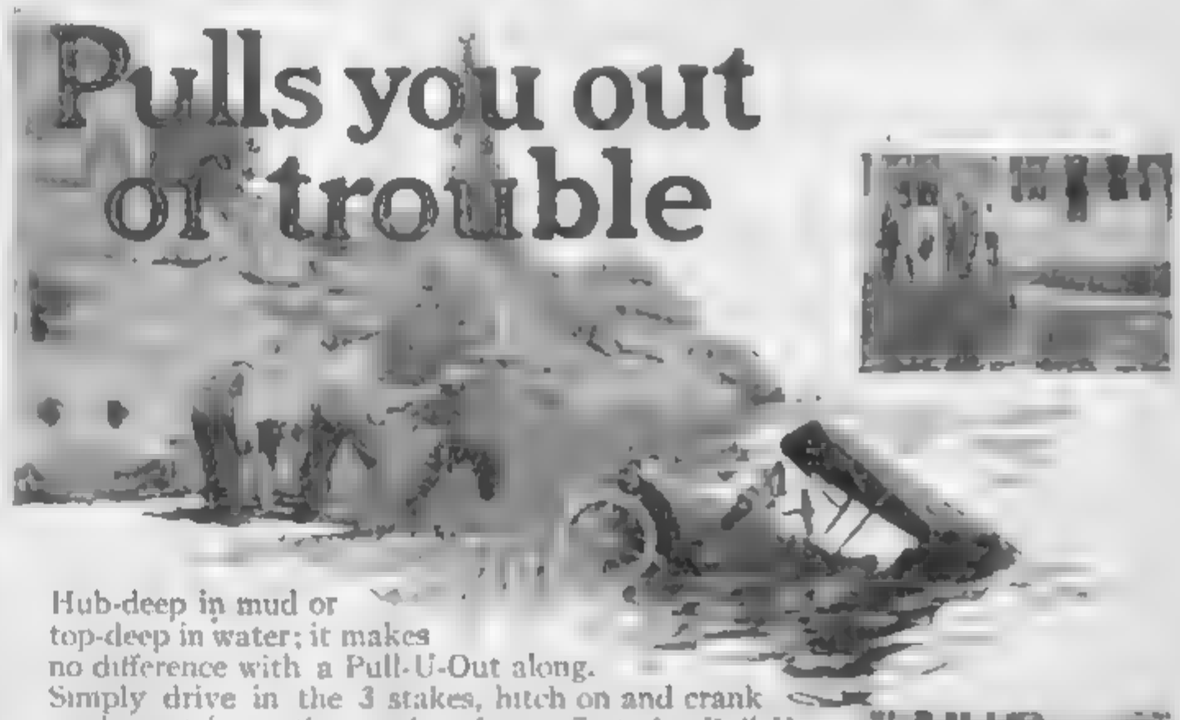
To do this, Goodyear specialized on one tire, built into it the honest quality you have long wanted and kept that one tire standardly good. More than that, Goodyear cut out unnecessary selling costs, and put the saving into tire quality.

Talk to your dealer now about that bicycle you want. Any Goodyear Dealer can supply you with Blue Streak Tires. Even with material prices as high as they are today, Blue Streaks cost only $3.00.

Blue Streaks are standard everywhere. One quality, one guaranty, one price. At any Goodyear Dealer's.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Pulls you out of trouble



Hub-deep in mud or top-deep in water; it makes no difference with a Pull-U-Out along. Simply drive in the 3 stakes, hitch on and crank you're out in no time and with no effort, for Pull-U-Out puts four mule-power into your arm.

Pull-U-Out

takes the sting out of bad luck and makes you care-free of road conditions. Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4 x 6 x 14 inches—yet is strong enough to pull the biggest auto out of trouble. A Pull-U-Out and towline combined—the two indispensables of autoing.

Does jobs no other machine can do

Invaluable as a hoist for garage, factory or farm. Better and cheaper than a chain block. Light, portable, inexpensive. Works in any position—lifts or pulls. A Pull-U-Out and one man can do jobs that ordinarily require several men. Guaranteed to make good or money back.

Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

This crane, when used with Pull-U-Out, is a wonder. Weighs only 300 lbs. Costs much less than other cranes of equal capacity; has longer reach, quicker action and much easier to move about. Can be taken apart and set up in a few minutes. Ask about it.

Write for Booklet

Tells all the amazing things you can do with Pull-U-Out

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

YOU DRAW THE TRIBUTE
OF SILENT ADMIRATION

Talk correctly, and nobody seems to notice it, but make a single slip, and up go eye-brows. The polished and restrained style of

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

attracts no open notice, only silent admiration, the finest tribute that it is possible to give or get.

When you say STEIN-BLOCH, *you've said* STYLE.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
TAILOR SHOPS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Roads Are Smooth Roads
when your Ford car is equipped with
AITCHANDEE
"TRADE MARK REGISTERED"
Shock Absorbers

THEY "IRON" the roads for Fords. Over 100,000 are now in use. They give your car Comfort, Safety and Economy.

COMFORT because the "Cantilever" construction gives different tension on the upward and downward thrusts, eliminating the annoying rebound and sidesway.

SAFETY because the elimination of sidesway and "rolling" makes steering easy on all sorts of roads and does away with the danger of breakage of some vital part.

ECONOMY because by reducing vibration, strain on engine and transmission is done away with and lack of rebound prolongs the life of the tires. Wheels do not bounce—but stick to the road all the time. Your dealer can fit a set of AITCHANDEES. They do not mar the appearance of the car.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet. It tells you what AITCHANDEES will do for your Ford.

THE H. & D. COMPANY, Inc., Goodland, Ind.

Retail Price
$10
For Set of Four

clear to you?' And Miss Eisel this and Miss Eisel that. And she thinks he's really asking her for advice! Up in the coat room she'll say to the girls: 'Oh, excuse me; I must go. There're some important matters Mr. Skinner wants to consult me about.' Now isn't that terrible—especially if she knew what Mr. Skinner said over the telephone!"

For when James Skinner realized what, innocently enough, he had done, he was for extending the experiment as far as it would go.

"I tell you," he would declare to the brown eyes that squinted almost shut when she laughed, "I've created a personality—with my bare hands! And out of nothing! I've made Galatea get down off her perch and walk round with real life in her! I've taken zero and I've made it plus infinity! Why, Dora, the Lord had a good live rib to work from; I had much less than that!"

"Jimsy!" exclaimed the brown eyes, horrified.

"I had less, I tell you! I had a complete blank—putty—a vacuum! If you could have seen her the day she came! She had about as much chin as a rabbit!"

"Well, dearie, you know you didn't give her a new chin by making her feel important."

"I did! I have! She has a brand-new chin, as stern as Juno's; she has a new eye, as militant as a suffragette; she has a positively regal nose—like—like Carrie Nation's."

"You never saw Carrie Nation's nose."

"Why, she has even a completely new voice—not renovated, mind you; but new! She used to drawl over the telephone like this"—falsetto imitation of Miss Eisel, which makes the brown eyes squint up: "'Yeh—yeh! No, he ain't! Yeh—aw-right!' Now she says in a deep voice, an exact counterpart of a bank president on his busy day: 'I see! I see—surely—yes, indeed—I see! I shall do so!'"

The brown eyes had to be dried with a wisp of a handkerchief.

"But, Jimsy, she doesn't know any more than she did before."

"Any more! She knows less! Why, my dear, she's precisely like the fellow in the Arabian Nights—you know, the beggar, or whatever he was, they played the trick on—put him asleep into the king's bed; and when he woke up, with 'em all bowing and scraping before him, it took him just five minutes to readjust his ideas and convince himself that he was the king. Miss Eisel rose to the top of the advertising department, Dora, in less than twenty-four hours. I expect, any day, to hear her say that she doesn't think so much of the advertising manager; off with his head!"

"But, you know, I think you should let her go now and get a better stenographer. It doesn't look right—the head of the department——"

"Oh, I shall, of course, dear; though I shall have to cook up some explanation to offer young Babcock. I've solemnly assured him every time we mention advertising that he was right about twelve-dollar girls being much more intelligent than Miss Elmer's sort; and he's come to think Miss Eisel a mine of progressive ideas."

"But, Jimsy, I'm afraid he'll think ——"

"He doesn't think, Tootsicums; he just perches up on somebody else's ideas and chirps away from there. But he likes this new slant to the advertising, and he's going to add five dollars to Charlie MacEwan's princely salary. I think it may be a Happy New Year for us, too, Dolly."

The brown eyes widened.

"Not really a raise, Jimsy?"

"But don't hope too much. Maybe not."

"Oh, Jimsy, you're really a very wonderfully remarkable sort of man!"

"My darling!"

"Precious!"

It seldom happens that people six years married continue to conclude their conversations in this charmingly illogical fashion, but it's very pleasant when they do; and may God bless 'em!

But this takes me afield into the Skinner romance, which is too commonplace to have even a minor part in the story of Miss Eloise Eisel and her personality. That story came, on the fifth week of Miss Eisel's career in the advertising department, to a swift and unexpected summation. I say unexpected—an acute observer would have had premonitions; for there had been gathering an undercurrent of resentment against Miss Eisel; it extended even to the outlying districts of the auditing department.

The storm was brewing. Miss Tillotson was expressing her opinion of both Mr. Skinner and his talented secretary with ever-increasing audibility; and even meek little Miss May had told the coat room that she wasn't going to be lorded over "by nobody who wasn't anybody what-so-ever!" James Skinner himself was thus far committed to the idea of imminent change in that he was speculating as to what his nine days' wonder would say when he fired her.

He speculated a little too long; the event swept down and found him unprepared. Miss Eisel had just learned, in some round-about fashion, what Charlie MacEwan had said about the cart wheel in the mud, and she had called him "A pinhead simp!"—as I set down at the beginning of this narrative. But you will realize how far on the way to a great personality she was when I tell you that she uttered this verdict—and to Charlie himself—not in anger but in sympathy.

What she conveyed by tone and manner was pity for one whose judgment was so circumscribed, whose mind was so trivially occupied. Charlie, somewhat embarrassed, had gone on lining in, and she had stood there, looking over his shoulder with the air of one who takes a charitable interest. The personal affront she had decided to let pass with just that brief phrase.

"Your work's improved, Mr. McCune," she went on helpfully; "but you ain't yet got the idear. You ain't yet got th' s'ggestiona *chick*. You ain't got yet t' know that the public deman's *chick;* an' you gotta give it to 'em if it wants it."

Charlie squirmed.

"But you mustn't get discouraged, because you really do real good," added Miss Eisel, "only you should oughta ——"

It was too much.

"Well, I must say," broke in Miss Tillotson, the pent indignation of five weeks finding relief. "I must say I think Mr. MacEwan can do his work without any suggestions from what the Independent Agency considers its stupidest girl!"

There was the silence that precedes the storm.

"Oh, it does, does it? He can, can he?"

"He certainly can, and it did!"

The storm burst.

"Let me tell you, Miss Tillotson, as woman to woman—let me tell you ——"

Probably Miss Tillotson could not have set down in black and white just what it was Miss Eisel begged so earnestly to be allowed to tell her, but that made little difference; the emotional content was clear enough, and its color scheme was not black and white, either. It was sufficient, at all events, to make it imperative for Miss Tillotson to enlighten Eloise Eisel as to the circumstances under which she had been engaged and under which she continued to be Mr. Skinner's stenographer.

There was comparative silence throughout the eleventh floor; every typewriter ceased clacking; Mr. Goosen paused; and the auditing department, hampered by distance, nearly burst a bloodvessel in the effort to hear what Miss Tillotson was saying to Miss Eisel. They gathered enough to know that the awful truth was being told her. "And it serves her darn right!" declared Miss Plotz vehemently. The great are circled round about with petty jealousies.

Eloise Eisel went back to her desk, and the typewriters took up their pattering and rattling, a furtive buzz of comment accompanying them.

"Take this, Miss Eisel, please," said James Skinner impersonally, quite unaware of the terrible tension a more sensitive nature would have felt on Miss Eisel's approach: "To Mr. Bernard—B-e-r-n-a-r-d ——"

Automatically Miss Eisel opened her notebook and took down five letters. But when her employer said "That's all; thanks!" and turned to the card index, she stood up.

"Mr. Skinner!" she said.

"Yes?" he replied, looking for the E drawer.

"Mr. Skinner, will you kin'ly tell me pos'*tively* what it was you telephoned the Independent Agency about me?"

It was a bolt from the blue. James Skinner swung round in his chair and faced Eloise Eisel's personality.

"Good Lord!" he registered mentally. "I put the machine together and made it work, and now it's going to steam-roller me! Off with the king's head!"

For, indeed, the work of his own hands seemed about to turn and rend him. A righteous indignation blazed at him out

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REMY STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS REMY

Why Remy Is First

Ignition Experience is Vital, and Remy's Is the Oldest—Automobile Engineers Recognize Remy as an Authority in Starting, Lighting and Ignition

REMY is winning more and more motor car manufacturers. The reasonableness of the Remy argument is irresistible. Engineers realize, now, that correctly designed ignition is vital to the success and reliability of a starting system.

Remy history, therefore, appeals to them. They know that Remy experience dates back to the days of the gas engine and that Remy supplied the spark then—long before automobiles were born.

Remy and Ignition Mean the Same

Remy and ignition became synonymous. Progressive, intensive research upon the solid ground of experience is the reason why Remy sets the ignition standards for the world.

Because ignition is so vital to starting systems, Remy enjoys an immense advantage.

No Other Experience Like Remy's

Remy speaks with certainty. No one else has had such experience. No one else can look back on such exhaustive research. No one else has put uncertain experiment so far behind.

Automobile engineers feel safe with Remy, as they recognize the certainty of its experience. They know that the best-will-in-the-world cannot make up for the lack of that experience.

What Remy Has Done in the Generator Field

They realize that the generator is the all-in-all of starting and lighting efficiency.

No one else has Remy's mastery of generator design and construction. No one else has evidenced such a thorough study of generator needs. Remy has always advocated large-capacity generators as a positive necessity; and no one has made still larger capacity possible by inventing an automatic Thermostat Control.

Moreover, the public has found out that Remy is safe and sure. Motor car manufacturers recognize public approval of Remy as an asset. Automobile engineers keep track of users' experience. They have had thousands of reports of Remy reliability.

REMY'S Patented Thermostat Control, with its large capacity generators, assures ample current for Starting, Lighting and Ignition in Winter, when the demand for electricity is greatest.

In the Summer, when the demand for electricity is the smallest, the thermostat automatically reduces the generator rate to a safe value.

Thus it protects the battery from damage caused by overheating, which would result from the use of a generator of like capacity, but without this patented Thermostat Control.

Additional Lustre On An Old Name

So one of the oldest names in the industry shines with additional lustre. Remy pioneered in Ignition. But better still, it has strengthened its hold by bringing Remy Starting and Lighting to the fore by the sheer force of successful performance.

Remy experience, coupled with honest purpose, assures you that a Remy-equipped car is sound and right in Starting, Lighting, and Ignition.

Remy Electric Company

Sales and Engineering Offices
Detroit, Michigan

Factories and General Offices
Anderson, Indiana

Above everything else CERTAIN-TEED stands for quality, efficiency and economy. Any product bearing the name CERTAIN-TEED delivers all three in heaping measure.

Certain-teed Roofing

is the most efficient roof for all kinds of buildings. For factories, CERTAIN-TEED makes the best roof because of its light weight and low cost,—and it is fire-retardent, clean and sanitary. For sky-scrapers, a built-up roof of CERTAIN-TEED is recognized as ideal.

For garages, outhouses, farm buildings, its economy and ease of laying make CERTAIN-TEED the superior roof. For residences, CERTAIN-TEED Slate Surfaced Shingles are artistic and economical.

CERTAIN-TEED costs less to buy, less to lay, less per year of life. Made in rolls, plain and slate-surfaced; also slate-surfaced shingles. Three thicknesses, but one quality: the best. Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply); and will outlive the period of guarantee.

The long life of CERTAIN-TEED is due to its quality and the saturation of a special blend of soft asphalts, which is kept from drying out by a coating of harder blended asphalts.

Before you decide on any type of roof, investigate CERTAIN-TEED. For sale by dealers everywhere.

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Made by experts and mixed by modern machinery. Every can exactly conforms to the chemists' formula, both as to ingredients and color.

With tremendous facilities to make paints and varnishes; with unlimited resources and an extensive sales organization, costs are greatly reduced so that CERTAIN-TEED Paints can be sold for less than good paints usually cost.

Both the professional painter and the man who pays for the job gain when CERTAIN-TEED is used—all uncertainty is eliminated, waste and left-overs avoided and quality assured.

Besides, CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed to give satisfaction,—by a business that has become the largest of its kind in the world because it makes and sells good quality goods at lowest possible price; and backs them with all its enormous resources.

Whether you paint or employ a painter, it will pay you to get CERTAIN-TEED Paints.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Proprietors of General Roofing Mfg. Co., Gregg Varnish Co., Mound City Paint & Color Co.

New York Chicago Philadelphia St Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Los Angeles Milwaukee Cincinnati New Orleans Minneapolis Seattle Kansas City Indianapolis Atlanta Richmond Grand Rapids Nashville Salt Lake City Houston Des Moines Duluth London Sydney Havana

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of those eyes; a terrible hauteur raised the left shoulder of Miss Eisel's flimsy silk blouse; and a fearful scorn curled the edges of Miss Eisel's cutting words. James Skinner was completely swept off his feet; it was, indeed, an unlooked-for turn of the experiment.

"Why, Miss Eisel—what I telephoned—what ——"

"You know perf'ly well what I mean—perf'ly!"

There was a pause. For the life of him James Skinner could not wholly repress the desire to tip back in his chair and shout; it flickered to the corners of his mouth in a smile, and came from his lips in a choking sort of sigh.

"Oh, Galatea!" said James Skinner.

There was an ominous silence; and then it was made clear to this presumptuous Pygmalion that not only had his Galatea no intention of going back on her pedestal but she had never been on one at all.

"I'll thank you—I'll thank you, Mr. James R. Skinner, not to begin callin' me s'ggestive names. An' I mus' say I thought you was a gen'l'man, and not one to be so mean an' underhanded as to take credit away from a girl w'en she has idears, just because she's on'y a girl an' can't pertect herself; but I see what you're gettin' at—be-lieve me! I c'n see you want to get all the credit for yourself an' keep people from knowin' they was my idears all along by sayin' I'm stupid, in your smart-Aleck way. An' I mus' say you gotta nerve to talk like that w'en you know all along you're stealin' my idears an' not givin' me my credit for 'em; an' that's little enough for anybody to ask. An' I want to say right here, Mr. Skinner, you ain't no gen'l'man; an' I'll thank you to remember it!"

Miss Eisel paused in deference to the demands of respiration.

"No—oh, no!" hastily reflected James R. Skinner, bewildered by this new psychological complex. "No; I'm not Pygmalion. I'm Frankenstein!"

"Where are you going?" he asked aloud, for his paragon was opening and shutting desk drawers with great conclusiveness.

"You don't think I'm goin' t' work for a man that's mean enough t' steal my idears an' then defame my character? Well, maybe you got another guess, if you please! I'm goin' to leave; an' right now!"

"Oh, come now!" And her employer put his heels on the floor and asserted his authority. "We've had enough of this nonsense, Miss Eisel. Go at the end of the week, if you like; but wait until you've looked round for another place. Don't be silly!" And he waved the matter aside.

He should have known that Eloise Eisel was past waving aside. She straightened up, snapped her patent-leather bag shut, and regarded him, her look a curious mixture of ice and fire.

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner!" she replied. "Thank you for your kin' thought, but I guess there's plentya places waitin' 'most any time for girls of my ability."

And Eloise Eisel marched out to the elevator.

"Well, I'll be darned! I'll be holy gosh-darned!" said James Skinner as he watched her go.

And there were still further qualifications of his state of darnedness when he learned that she had walked straight up to the office of Babcock, Junior, and magnetized him, by sheer force of her powerful individuality, into believing that she could be a most useful secretary to a man of ideas like himself.

It's the same old story; you can't keep Personality down.

"But wait!" said James Skinner. "Wait until he sees what she does to the dictation!"

THE CUSTOMARY TWO WEEKS

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of the Eclipse Company had sought him he knew at a glance; and his first sensation, on looking into the clean-cut features of his old employer, was that of surprise at seeing there a determined expression that was wholly new.

"Mr. Extell," said Harry Burnhart, "I wanted to have a little talk with you on an important matter. Frankly, I've made the trip for the purpose of seeing you. Shall we go in to the lounge?"

Burnhart came to the issue with astonishing abruptness. He could hardly have chosen a more flattering introduction than the intimacy of his first statement:

"Mr. Extell," he began with a smile, "I've come to life. You won't have any difficulty in knowing what I mean by that. I've—er—quit playing and gone to work."

"You have taken active charge of the plant?" asked Extell.

"Exactly. I am now to be found at the office week days from eight-thirty to five. And I want you back in Milledgeville. That's what I'm here for. I don't want the suspicion of underhandedness about it. If you are not in a position to discuss the offer I want to make you, if you have contracted in any way to your present employers, say so at once. I know it's a delicate matter, a thing of this kind."

Extell thought quickly. Then he replied:

"I see no reason why I shouldn't hear the proposition."

"Good! Extell, you're a Milledgeville boy and you know our people. You left us under circumstances—well, I don't think we need to discuss that matter. It was certainly a great thing for you, as it turned out. The time has come when you can come back, and come back big. You may be surprised—and maybe you're not—to hear that I am the office manager and sales manager. I want to resign both jobs just as soon as I get the man for them. I ——"

"But—Vibert?" broke in Extell breathlessly.

"He is still with us. He is my assistant. Whether he remains depends upon the man who comes in. Whether I remain in the office depends on the same man. In other words, I stand ready to be fired if I don't make good. Mr. Vibert runs the same risk. Now, Extell, I could go out into the open market and get a man who already holds that kind of a job. It isn't a question of money. But I've got an idea into my head that what we want is young blood, somebody just arriving, and arriving with the punch. If I'm wrong, well, my money pays for my mistakes. I've also got a vain idea that I can size up men. That Northern Machinery business gave us an awful jolt. You got us there, and got us good. It wasn't a question of life or death, but it hurt. And I know a little more about it than you think I do. Er—hang it, Extell, I'm going to tell you! I'm about to be married to Miss Nickerson, the daughter of that elderly man who charged you with having the nerve of the devil. What do you think of that?"

"You—don't mean it!" gasped Extell.

"I do mean it. That's the kind of a man he is. When you get an order from him you've got to show why. And he's given me the laugh ever since. Er—he suggested you to me. You made all kinds of a hit with Mr. Nickerson. Well, enough of that. I want you to come back to Milledgeville. Will you do it? And on what terms?"

Extell was looking at Harry Burnhart, but somehow he didn't see Harry Burnhart. His brain was a swirl of images and notions, and yet surprisingly clear too. But at that moment he was looking at Carl Vibert.

"Five thousand dollars, and the unrestricted right to run the selling end along lines that seem best to me," was the cool reply.

The expression on Burnhart's face indicated that the price sounded stiff to him, coming from a salesman who was not even holding down a star territory. But the young heir to the Eclipse was game. He knew what he wanted, and he had set his mind upon it.

"Agreed!" he said. "Shake hands on it, Extell!"

When Wetterson heard of the offer from Extell he threw up his hands in a sort of half-humorous, half-serious despair.

"Just my luck!" he said. "I pick winners for other people." But seeing the hurt look on Extell's face, he added quickly: "As your immediate boss, Extell, I ought to try to persuade you not to go. But I haven't anything like that to offer you. As man to man, all I can say to you is that I wish you the best of luck. And once you take hold over there in Milledgeville, mind you, I'm going to show you no quarter. So look out for me!"

"The Lord give me enemies like you!" replied Extell simply.

A month later came Extell's last day with South Trent. He had faithfully done his level best up to the last day. He had turned in his samples, his books and his papers, and severed the last tie. He had a little lump in his throat as he thought of the decent Wetterson, and impulsively sat down at a writing table in his hotel room to send a last personal note. In hunting for some stationery in his bag his eye fell upon a little package of letters, all in light-blue envelopes. They were a few of Muriel Clemm's letters—priceless stimulants to his courage they had been—and on the top was the sealed envelope she had given him when he had left Milledgeville. He took it from its place and poised it on his hand, deliciously tormenting himself with it for a while.

"Surely," he told himself, "I can open it now. Sales manager of the Eclipse—even Muriel probably did not dream of that!" He took out his penknife and inserted it under the envelope flap. Then he hesitated. Always when he had reached this point he had hesitated. That envelope had come to have a potent influence upon him. It had come to be a silent champion, always traveling at his side, always attending his thoughts of home; and it was a silence he somehow was reluctant now to break.

"I have succeeded," he repeated in a low voice. "And yet ——"

Suddenly he snapped the envelope back into its place under the rubber band.

"No!" he muttered. "She meant not till the day when I have done all I had in mind to do. The time hasn't come. Vibert is still over there." He began to laugh queerly. "Vibert! I wonder if he'll wait for me to come. If he'll only wait! 'The customary two weeks, Vibert!' 'You haven't quite got the punch in your work, Vibert!' Ah, if he'll only wait! If he'll hang on! I'll hand it to him just the way he handed it to me and to Pop Grinnell and the rest of the boys. 'The customary two weeks, Vibert!'"

V

INSTEAD of handing in his resignation the day Harry Burnhart demoted him from the position of office and sales manager, Carl Vibert weakly stuck. He hoped, perhaps, that it was merely a whim on the part of the young owner, and that when Burnhart had become tired of toying with authority things would easily slip back to the old status. But it was evident to everyone but Vibert himself that the manager's steam had been leaking away for some time past. His discomfiture at the hands of George Extell, and the subsequent awakening of Harry Burnhart, were but finishing touches. Somehow, though unconsciously, he sensed the end of his reign of terror. He faced it with nervous indecision and put off action till it was too late, till Extell was actually in the office and in a position to exact pound for pound.

On Extell's side the spirit of revenge had been so long in his mind that he never questioned what he would do. He was going to fire Vibert, if it was his first, last or only official act. Whenever he thought of his old enemy the lines round his mouth hardened. Toward no other human being in the world did he feel the slightest ill will; but as he looked back upon his humiliation at the hands of this man he saw red. And he promised himself now that he not only would fire Vibert but would make the act as mortifying as possible.

Yet there was no sign in Extell's manner, as he greeted his old manager the first day in the office, of what was in his mind. He was disconcertingly polite. Vibert twisted at his mustache, shifted from one foot to the other, and finally stammered:

"I—I wish you success, Mr. Extell. I hope the changed conditions will—will not ——"

"I don't think so," interrupted Extell. He felt like adding, not out of pity but out of a sort of horror that a man should be willing to put himself in Vibert's hopeless position: "For heaven's sake, Vibert, why don't you quit before the ax falls?"

It was just what Vibert couldn't make up his mind to do. He had begun to have that middle-aged terror of looking for another job. He had begun to ask himself: "What if I couldn't land anything?"

The result was that day after day Vibert came furtively into the room of the man who was now his superior, swallowed the

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Wingfoot briskly,—maybe with a hiking pal or two—Good Health and Fun will follow on a Wingfoot tramp.

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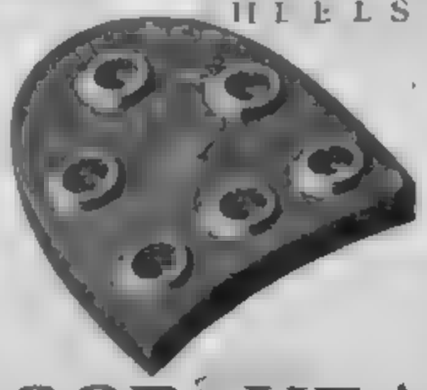
WING FOOT HEELS



GOOD YEAR AKRON

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At what average speed?

Over hard-smooth, hard-rough, soft-smooth, or soft-rough roads?

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How many miles per month do I expect to drive?

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These questions are a brief analysis of the conditions of use which govern your tire cost per mile.

No one type of tire can possibly suit all needs—any more than one key can possibly fit all locks.

Because there are so many conditions that influence tire mileage, the United States Tire Company makes, *not one or two* types of tires, *but five*—one for every need of price and use.

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer which one is best suited to your *needs*.

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tire Company

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contemptuous looks that were cast on him, and worked harder than ever. In an almost juvenile way he tried to let Extell know about the extra hours he was putting in, tried to show him how sincerely he was taking orders and executing them. He didn't need to make this effort; Extell saw it all well enough; and it began to give him concern. For it flashed upon him one day that in Vibert he had an assistant who could scarcely be matched. He understood for the first time that Vibert as manager had wabbled round in shoes that were too big for him; but that Vibert, as an assistant, as a detail man, could be invaluable.

It was this knowledge, first, that held back Extell's intention. And then, as he delayed carrying out his design, he saw something else. He saw that Vibert, in constant suspense, was suffering mentally as much as his most relentless enemy could wish, whereas with one word that trepidation would be over and the zest would be gone. And so Extell fell into the habit of alternating his outward display toward Vibert, of treating him with threatening coolness one day and praising his efforts the next. He kept the ax poised, but never let it fall.

Harry Burnhart did not suspect what was in Extell's mind. He was too busy trying to get on familiar terms with his own business. Vibert himself could never quite make up his mind as to where he stood, and he worried constantly. His thin face got thinner, and the dark spots under his dark eyes grew down upon his sallow cheeks.

But there was one who knew, and who trembled because she knew. She had been afraid of it. She had seen what was coming from the day she heard that Extell was returning to Milledgeville. And now, in the midst of her happiness at having George at her side, the thing cast a shadow. It was not that she was afraid for Vibert; she had a woman's pity for the man, that was all. But a certain hardness that was creeping round Extell's mouth and a reserve that was coming into his conversation when the talk went toward office matters, made her afraid.

Yet Muriel Clemm could not make up her mind to speak of that thing. It seemed to her too much like rousing a sleeping beast. She made the most of her happiness, and if she sometimes fixed her tender, searching eyes on Extell she never let him know what was in her mind.

One night, unasked, the question came up between them. She had said timidly, because Extell had consistently refused to mention it:

"Do you know what I am wondering, dear? I am wondering if you have ever even peeped into that envelope?"

Extell shook his head. Something hard came into his eyes and made the girl wish that she hadn't spoken. But Extell, who had been waiting for this chance, went on:

"No, Muriel, I haven't. Should I? Do you think I have conquered?"

"I think you have done wonderfully," she replied without looking at him.

"Do you think I have conquered?"

"Y-yes," she said finally.

"No," cried Extell, "you know I haven't. You only said that because you didn't want to hurt me. I have just found out what you meant by those words. It came to me the other day as I was thinking about Vibert! I never meant to mention him to you again, but I've simply got to. That man—something about him makes a barrier between you and me. I feel it."

"No, no," said the girl quickly. "He doesn't stand between you and me. Nothing can come between us, George. But that thing is a barrier between you—and yourself. That's what makes me afraid. I have been afraid of it from the beginning. It was the reason I asked you—remember?—please not to think about Mr. Vibert. I can see what it is doing, George. I can see it taking away something of that sweetness I loved so much. Oh, my dear, you are so much bigger than he! You are so much stronger; you don't need to be afraid of him. Don't you see that it only spoils a little of you ——"

"I know it's all true what you say—I've thought it all out. But I can't help it. Something stronger than I am urges me on. It's as though I'd signed a contract with some greater power than I am, Muriel, and I can't escape the terms of it now. I try not to think of it; and then every time I see that man it comes rushing back at me. Then I see nothing except the way he looked at me that day, and I hear nothing except those words with which he humiliated me. No, it's no use. I can't stand it any longer. I've got to do it. I wish there were some way out. From the office point of view I need him. He's really valuable. But it's no use. Either he or I would have to go."

She looked at him fixedly.

"Then you should lose no time," she said, with a little sigh of resignation.

"You're right!" returned Extell. "I'll do it to-morrow." Then he turned to her, still only half convinced, and asked: "Do you blame me?"

"Blame you? No, George, not the way you feel about it. No, I don't blame you."

As it turned out, Vibert himself forced the issue. The little of his nerve remaining to him was gone. He had made no decision, but he was on the verge of an explosion that would decide well enough.

Extell had made it a practice to spend the first half-hour of the day going over the most important sales matters with Vibert. This morning the assistant sales manager came into Extell's room as usual, but instead of seating himself he walked up and down.

"I'm ready, Mr. Vibert," began Extell coldly.

He got no further. Vibert, his face livid, his eyes uncanny with the dull glare of nervous exhaustion, suddenly stopped short and leaped toward his side of the desk. He smashed his hand down upon the glass top, producing no sound except the creaking of his own knuckles from the impact, and he cried hysterically:

"Why don't you do it? Why don't you do it? I can't stand this any longer! Do it now, if you're going to!"

Extell made no reply. He merely followed the other man with his eyes, having a healthy inspiration to get to the heavy inkwell first if Vibert should make a grasp for it. Vibert began to laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh. It came out from between two rows of teeth almost shut together.

"I can't stand it any longer!" he rushed on. "I've given the best years of my life here. I've failed to make good. I've been anything you please—a fool, or a brute, or anything; but I can't stand this, Extell. It's your turn. I know you've got the deal. I ought to have seen it coming! I ought to have had the sand to quit! I ought ——"

Vibert paused from sheer lack of energy.

"What do you want me to do, Mr. Vibert?" asked Extell in a shaky voice.

"Do as you damn please!" shouted Vibert. "But don't keep this farce going any longer! Extell, I didn't treat you right. I know apologies are no good—but I apologize to you. I gave some of the others a rotten deal. Don't get the idea I'm begging for mercy. I don't care what you do now! But I've got to tell you I'm sorry!"

"Mr. Vibert," said Extell slowly, "'you can have the customary two weeks.'"

For reply Vibert sank into the chair. Exhausted, his head fell over upon his breast, and he gripped the arms of the chair convulsively. "Thank God, it's over with!" Extell heard him mutter.

Then Extell jumped up. He strode round the corner of the desk and, laying a hand on the other man's shoulder, said quickly:

"Vibert, I've wiped the slate clean! I say 'Thank God' too. It's all over with, and I shall never have to give it another moment's thought. I've lived in hopes of this moment; but I never thought I'd view it the way I do! We're both changed. We can both start new. Vibert, I want to offer you a job. It's a job that you can handle better than any other man I know. It's the job you were holding down ten minutes ago. Will you take it?"

"What do you mean?" shrilled Vibert suspiciously.

"I mean what I say. I mean we can start new, clean and square. I mean that I never saw you before and you never saw me before—see?"

Vibert's eyes were staring incredulously. As he did not hazard an answer, Extell went on, still more at ease now the problem was solved:

"I'll tell you something else, Mr. Vibert, before we let the subject drop for good and all. I haven't always been just in estimating you. I never did give you credit for what you had. I was a bumptious kid when I left here, and—well, I've grown up. I want you to stay. I want to work with you. There's room enough in the office for both of us. When either one of us gets something bigger we can jump; but for the present let's pull together. What do you say?"

Vibert rose.

"You're on the level," he said. "I'll do it, Extell. I—I hand it to you—you're the bigger man. I'll start in to-morrow."

As he was going out, he halted in the doorway and added: "You deserve her, Extell. Tell her I said so."

The moment Extell had made sure that Vibert was out of sight he seized his hat and went through the factory almost on the run to the back entrance. From there to the Clemm home he made record time.

"I know this is terribly bad—to quit the office like this on personal business," he panted, reaching out for the girl's hands, "but it'll never happen again—at least not like this. Muriel, it's done! It's over with! I've fired Vibert! He's gone home!"

She looked at him aghast. It was not that the crash had come. She had expected that. But on Extell's face there was a light of ecstasy. His eyes had gone back to what they were three years before, and the old boyish gallop had come back into his voice. She couldn't understand it.

"Yes, he's gone home," rattled Extell. "I gave him the customary two weeks. And then I hired him right back! And he's game, Vibert is! He's coming in to-morrow morning—and we start clean! I burned the road getting up here to let you know!"

"You hired him back?" she murmured. "You ——" Then abruptly she saw the reason for the change that had come over him. She looked into Extell's face with the old tenderness in her eyes, but now there was something else besides. It was her recognition of something for which she had waited wistfully through long months, and she surrendered joyously to it.

"My man!" she whispered up to him. "You have conquered—yourself—me—everything!"

A few minutes later Extell went fumbling for the envelope.

"See, I have it with me!" he said.

"Please don't open it here—just now," she begged. "I—I don't want you to. You must wait till you get back to the office."

But her words came too late. The envelope was already torn, and Extell was reading:

"*My George:* I know that you will succeed; I know you are strong and fine and something will develop every bit of it. I shall wait for you always. Wherever you are I shall always be with you. It is only yourself you must conquer, George. That will be everything. I don't think you will open this before you are very sure. But I want you to know, dear, that no matter what happens, whether you do well or badly, whether you succeed or fail, no matter what happens, you need only to come back and take me—because I am all yours.

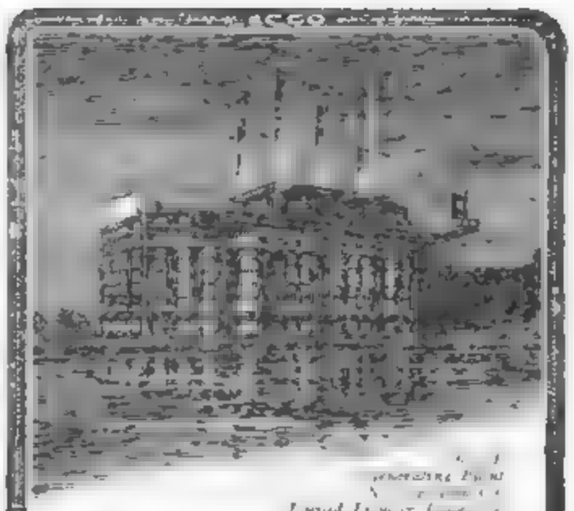
"MURIEL."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Extell with a grin. "All this hard work for nothing. Why, if I'd opened this envelope the day after I left here I'd have taken the first train back."

She put her arms about his neck and smiled up at him all her love and pride.

"If I hadn't known you wouldn't open it I shouldn't have written it, should I?" she asked.

(THE END)



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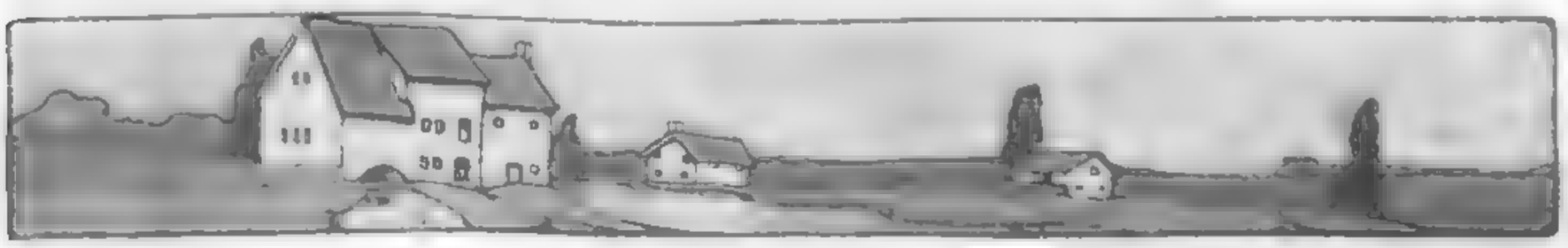

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THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 26)

During the past months the authorities have been working on the concrete details of a mobilization of civilians. The authorities, intimately cognizant of the exact status of the industries, are in position to know where increased production must be achieved. The purpose of mobilization of labor is merely to put the man where his services are most needed; what needs to be done, and not what the individual wants to do, is the criterion of employment. This holds for brain service as well as for hand service.

The excess of tradesmen was merely transferred to other lines of activity, since in wartime they were nothing else than parasitic. The social philosopher has long contended that the middleman is a parasite; expert and legislative committees in this country are engaged in investigations to determine to what extent the practices of the middlemen are parasitic. Measured up on the scale of wartime efficiency, the trade practices of peacetime have been shown to be cumbersome, circuitous, expensive and inequitable.

Hotels, restaurants and cafés provided points of especial difficulty in the enforcement of the food regulations. The public eating house may be placed under compulsion to serve no food except upon presentation of food cards; but it cannot buy its supplies in that manner, since it must be provisioned in advance of the arrival of its guests. The most feasible method of regulation was to permit the public eating house to buy supplies in accordance with its established needs of peacetime, or a fraction thereof, but not to permit a revictualizing except after the turning in of the food cards of the guests who have been served from the preceding allotments. But manipulations were easy of execution. Thus, a café of good grade would buy from one of poor grade a portion of its coffee, so that the good café would be able to serve pure coffee, in violation of the regulation making use of coffee and substitute, half-and-half, compulsory.

The Disposition of Waste

So long as all forms of meat were not on the card, the public eating house could accomplish many violations of the regulations by indirection. The correction of the abuses, so far as they were corrected, was accomplished by limitation of purchase of raw supplies to the lowest possible figure. The result was that, at times, these places would run out of food entirely, as the writer several times learned by experience. The eating places in the largest cities were often run with a laxness that suggested the occurrence of grafting—or, at least, of favoritism.

Special regulations governing the disposition of waste materials were imposed on public eating houses, and in many ways attempts were made to check the notorious waste of these establishments. To limit consumption, to prevent abuse and to check waste, the simplified bill of fare was finally introduced as an Imperial regulation. A soup, choice of fish, choice of two meats, choice of several vegetables, and dessert was the established bill of fare. To this the eating places objected, on the ground that such a system did not permit of the advantageous utilization of the different cuts and portions of meats—if a restaurant served fowl and pork it was not permitted to serve a dish of livers of fowl, which had to be kept over for another day, and so forth.

Secreted Food Supplies

Nevertheless the system was forced into operation, and though not fully successful the simplified bill of fare did accomplish large savings, tending to reduce the food consumption of the eating houses to somewhat nearer the level of the home. In the matter of serving bread and butter, most eating houses respected the card system closely. Naturally the large hotels had exceptional difficulties; the patrons were willing to put up with simplified menus, but desired also simplified prices, which the hotel could not grant, because the costs of operations and overhead charges continued on a high plane.

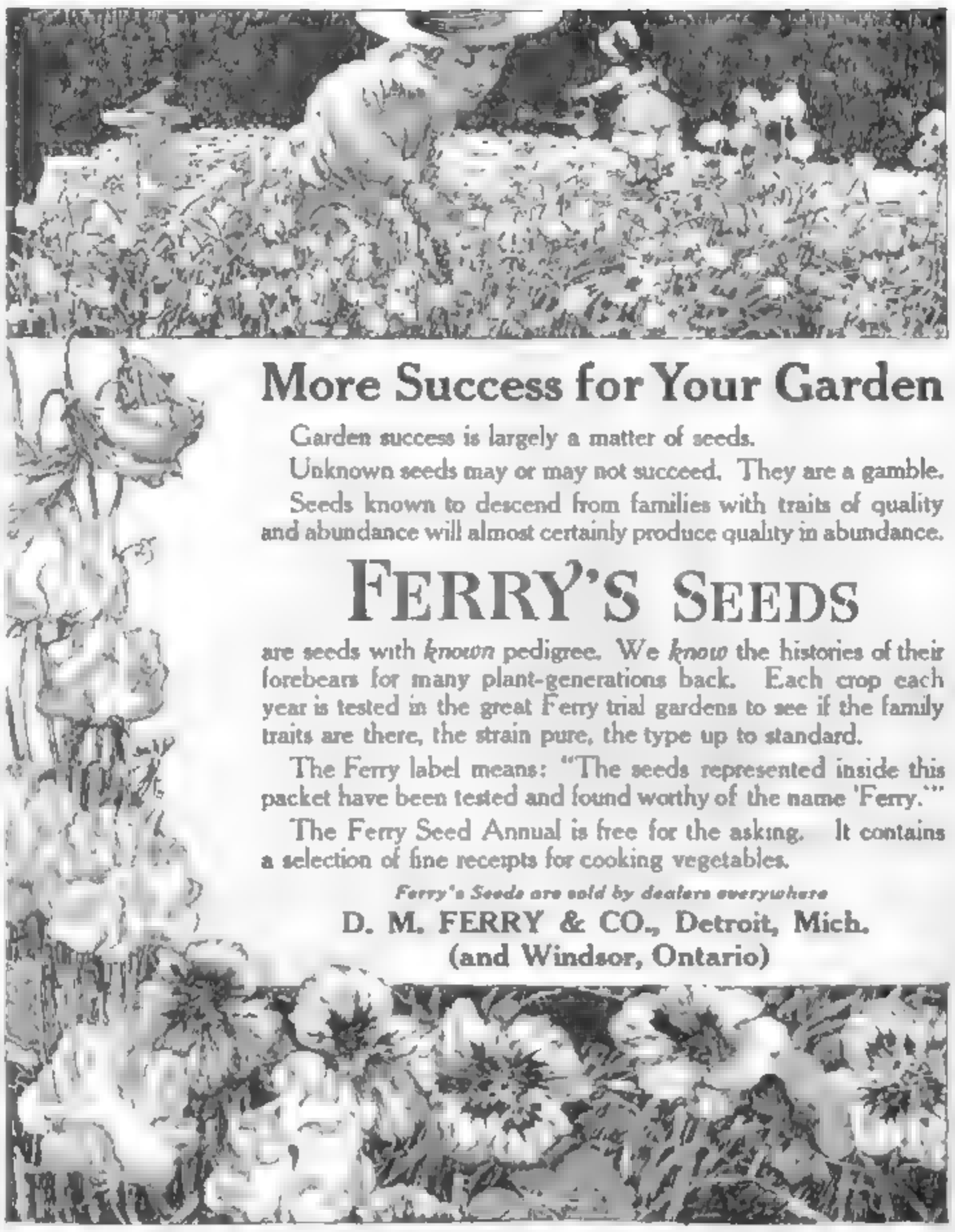
The writer used to amuse himself in calculating the caloric contents of the dinners in the large hotels and contrasting the units with the prices. It was not uncommon to eat a simplified meal from an elaborately worded bill of fare, and realize at the close that some six hundred calories had been ingested at a cost of two dollars, recalling the experience of Lusk and Gephart that in New York twenty-five hundred calories cost, in sliced tomatoes, in a cheap restaurant, nine dollars, and in champagne fourteen dollars. The hotel cuisine suffered especially from the paucity in fats, since hotel cooking is based on the use of fats.

During the winter of 1915–16 there was much buying of household supplies in excess of need at the time, the supplies being cached for future use. Such storage was practiced by the peasant and in the small towns, as well as by the rich in the cities. The practice was vicious, because it enabled manipulators to force up retail prices and made distribution even more unequal. Such concealed storage was particularly applied to conserved meats, especially smoked sausage; and the extent of the abuse of the practice led finally to prohibition of the manufacture of all nonperishable varieties of sausage.

The total amounts of food thus secretly impounded in private homes was greatly exaggerated. Under Von Batocki a house-to-house search was carried out with more or less seriousness of purpose; but notable amounts of concealed foodstuffs were not uncovered.

The cost of living is a composite. The high cost of living in Germany is not the

Germany's Vast Stores of Grain in One of the Sheds at Hamburg



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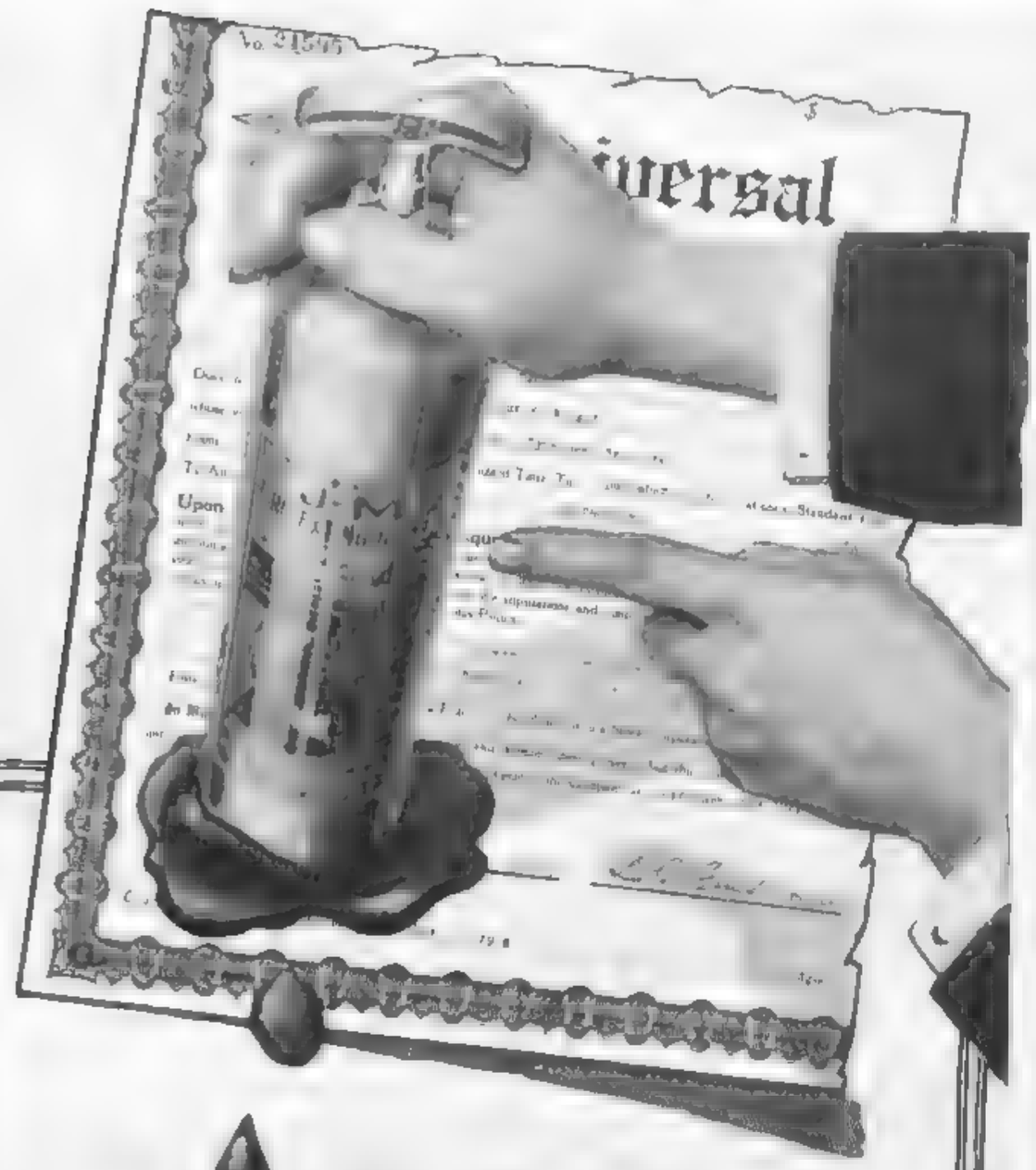

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cost of living high. The price of bread was, for the common rye bread, held to seventy-eight pfennigs—nineteen cents—a week from the middle of the winter of 1914–15 until October, 1916, when it was reduced to sixty-four—sixteen cents. These bread prices are lower than in this country. The cost of butter has fluctuated from fifty cents to a dollar a pound at different times and places, being now under control, though variable. The costs of meats have fluctuated from twenty-five cents to two dollars a pound for different kinds at different places. The maximum price of meats varied in October from twenty-five to eighty cents a pound for different kinds and cuts. Eggs have sold from six to nine cents apiece. Potatoes have sold at retail from one to four cents a pound; the set price for this winter is one and one-third cents a pound in hundred-pound lots; in small lots, one and a half cents a pound. The price of refined sugar has varied from seven to nine cents a pound; the set price for this winter is, wholesale, six cents a pound; the retail price will run about two cents higher.

Limitation in price has gone fairly hand in hand with limitation in ration. It is difficult to make a set calculation; but the writer, in Berlin in October, calculated that, for the amounts one could purchase, the cost was not over sixty per cent in excess of the cost of the normal ration just before the war. In England the prices were high, but one could secure any amount; in Germany the prices were relatively moderate, but the purchase was limited; in Holland, the prices were high, and the purchases were limited in fact if not by regulation.

Thanks to the efficiency of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and its remarkable chairman, Herbert C. Hoover, the people of that unhappy country are being fed, relatively and absolutely, at a far lower cost than is possible in England, Holland or Germany.

The consumption of food stands in inverse proportion to the cost of food. One must not from this infer rigidly that if the prices of foodstuffs are doubled the consumption falls to one-half, if incomes remain unchanged. But the general relationship stated holds, though modified by the fact that the scale of wages tends to rise when the cost of living rises. Wages are high in Germany. The increase in the average wage in October was not far below the increase in cost of foodstuffs. In the spring of 1916 the cost of foodstuffs was much higher than later under the elaborated regulations of control. At that time the average intake was reduced not only by scarcity but also by the exaction of prices absolutely beyond the reach of the working classes. The reduction in price of bread was a great gain; less of a gain than if the bread ration had been increased to the same extent, but still a great gain, because it set income free, to be devoted to the purchase of other articles of diet.

Estimate and Production

When one compares what has been achieved in production with what the commission of German scientists believed could be attained, the results are not creditable to the agricultural classes, even when the influences of unfavorable weather are fully allowed for. The Eltzbacher Commission estimated the peacetime use as:

Protein, 2,261,000 tons.
Calories, 88,694,000,000,000.

Of domestic origin:
Protein, 1,650,000 tons.
Calories, 71,282,000,000,000.

Physiological need:
Protein, 1,605,000 tons.
Calories, 56,750,000,000,000.

Attainable production under blockade:
Protein, 2,022,000 tons.
Calories, 81,250,000,000,000.

Actual production in 1914–15 was, in foodstuffs:
Protein, 1,510,000 tons.
Calories, 63,410,000,000,000.

Actual production in 1915–16 was, in foodstuffs:
Protein, 1,100,000 tons.
Calories, 57,000,000,000,000.

The production for 1916–17 cannot be stated, but is in all probability not larger than for 1915–16. It is clear that the production during the past two seasons was not over one-half the protein and two-thirds the calories that were estimated as possible by the scientists. All that has been accomplished has been in the direction of distribution and economy, not in production.

The care of the soil, the rotation of the crops and the use of fertilizer have been kept from sagging to the lowest wartime plane; in particular, the use of fertilizer has been restored.

The storage of the crops is under partial control and losses are less

The use made of the crops is determined to a greater extent by the needs of the people as a whole and less by the wishes or financial interests of the growers.

The waste of grains in manufacture of alcoholic beverages has been curtailed. The Socialists had requested the abolition of manufacture of spirits, the reduction in manufacture of beer to one-half of the normal output, and the introduction of the beer card; but this has not been adopted.

The use of grains in feeding swine and milch cows has been regulated so as to lessen the inevitable loss that occurs when grain is converted into an animal product.

The number of domestic animals was at first reduced, and the competition between the people and the animals for the produce of the soil was thus diminished. But this state of affairs has not been maintained.

The feeding of livestock has been taken, in part, from the growers and placed under the control of authorities, who will use this function for the benefit of the whole people rather than of the producer class alone.

The bread card has effected a fairly equitable distribution of the grains, but the bread ration has been low.

The control of the channels of trade has been taken, in part, from the trading class. This has brought producer and consumer closer together.

The disproportionate elevation of sales price over production price has been reduced; in some instances almost eliminated.

The distribution of the different foodstuffs to the different classes has been made less unequal. The principle that the individual must be fed in accordance with his needs and the available supplies, and not in accordance with his power of paying, is the guiding rule of the organization.

The Food Blockade

The nutrition of the entire people was in October placed upon a lower level of cost and a somewhat higher plane of intake for the industrial workers.

Waste has been reduced in all classes of society.

The particular needs of the hard-working men and women of the industrial classes have found at least a partial relief.

The health of the people has been maintained to a surprising degree. In particular, the death rate in the early years of life has been reduced to a plane never before attained in Germany.

"More for all the people and less inequality between classes." During the second year of the war the agricultural classes consumed half again as much food as was available to the industrial classes; the well-to-do probably twice as much. It is the belief of the authorities that the inequality is now not over twenty-five per cent in the necessities of life; probably less. This the social democrats deny.

It is the belief—or possibly only the hope—of the authorities that the feeding of bread grains to animals has been checked.

That a state socialism is possible, Germany has demonstrated. She has also illustrated how difficult it would be to maintain in time of peace! The history of the past two years has confirmed the age-old dictum of the Socialist that the producer class and the traders have no thought for the consumer—just as it was at the time of the French Revolution.

That the food blockade of the Allies could have positive advantages for Germany may sound like a novel statement. Nevertheless, advantages exist, and they have been of far-reaching influence and importance. Space is not available to discuss the subject at length, but the two sets of influences may be summarized. It is assumed, as the basis of the argument, that the blockade could have been applied to unconditional and conditional contraband, to all industrial productions even, but not to foodstuffs; in other words, the usual type of blockade for which England has in previous wars always contended in principle.

The disadvantages of the food blockade may be grouped under four headings:

1. Lack of food, *per se*. This could only occur in an isolated country like England, except under mismanagement. No one can study the food production and food needs

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

of Germany without realizing that lack of food, *per se*—barring extreme crop failure—could not have arisen except as the result of crass inefficiency. There has been no question of this in the minds of scientifically trained Germans; the difference of opinion has been as to the responsibility for the mismanagement that has occurred.

2. The rationing of a people. This disturbs the physiology of a people, because it abolishes the tastes, desires and habits of classes and of individuals. It wears upon the spirit of the daily life. Rationing, to the mass of ignorant people, implies doubt of sufficiency and inculcates an attitude of fear. A state of fear in a people is a basic factor in their morale. To eat every day what one does not select, prepared according to rote and not according to taste, is enough to ruin the disposition of every man and of most women.

3. The technical labor involved in regulating the production, distribution and rationing of the food supplies of a people is enormous, both in mass and in efficiency. And there is only just so much efficiency in a country.

4. Limitation of the freedom of action in distribution of human energy. The need of producing nearly all her foodstuffs compels Germany to maintain, or even augment, the agricultural class, to the detriment of the exaggerated industrial development made necessary by the war. The withdrawal of ten million men places upon every adult civilian an extra work impost of from fifteen to twenty per cent. If the labor in agriculture could be reduced the pressure in the industries would be less severe. The work on the land is done largely by women, and mostly with primitive equipment.

Better Farm Tools Needed

The writer had not traveled through Germany for eight years, and each week he marveled more that the agriculture of so progressive a nation was so poor in modern farm implements. With modern agricultural equipment the cultivation of the soil would have been accomplished with half the manual labor. England is able to place the highest pressure on industrial production, because she is not compelled to grow all her food supplies. A food blockade places the blockaded nation in a strait-jacket. In the opinion of the writer this injury by the food blockade has, up to the present, outweighed all the others, and made necessary the mobilization of the industrial army.

A blockaded country is compelled to devote special attention to replacements and substitutions. Cotton is excluded; the manufacture of wood cellulose must be perfected. Copper and nickel are excluded; these metals must be recovered from existing supplies, directly and indirectly, and new alloys devised and manufactured to take their places. Crude rubber is excluded; processes for the synthesis and regeneration of rubber must be developed. Saltpeter is excluded; nitric acid and ammonia must be manufactured by synthesis. Sulphur and phosphorus are excluded; the methods for the manufacture of sulphuric acids and phosphates must be modified to utilize available crude materials.

Industries are internationally interdependent. A blockade necessitates a more or less elaborate reconstruction of industries, involving time, talent and labor. The needs of the industries compete with the needs of the isolated agriculture, with the result of decreased efficiency in each. Because of the need for agricultural labor, Germany has not been able to make use of women in munitions and other manufacturing plants to the extent that has been possible in England. A blockade of materials adds to the labor needs of the blockaded country; a blockade of food supplies adds still further to the labor needs, even though the ultimate food supply be not in the least reduced. The partial crop failures of 1915 and 1916 were due in part to inefficient cultivation of the soil, using that term in its widest sense.

The great advantage to Germany of the food blockade has been the result of protection of the value of the mark conferred by blockade. The mark is secluded; it does not encounter the buffeting of the winds of trade. Let us suppose the blockade did not apply to foodstuffs. The average importation of foodstuffs, direct and indirect, in recent years was six hundred million dollars annually. This would have had to be paid for in cash, as exports would have been prohibited. How would this have affected the German mark? The result would have been, in all human certainty, that Germany would have restricted her imports. In other words, the necessity of protecting the mark would have compelled Germany to do what the blockade has done—shut herself in.

To have allowed the normal importation of foods and fodders would have drained the circulation of Germany empty of its blood of gold. The Germans would not have made the prohibition of imports absolute; certain things she would have felt it wise to import, despite loss of gold; but, by and large, the final result would have been much the same. For a few months she could have imported by exchange of foreign securities held in Germany; but these were not enough to have maintained long her normal rate of importation of foods and fodders. One may interpose that she could have issued bonds. But she could not have gotten the bonds out under conditions of blockade; one cannot sell bonds abroad without securities, except at depreciation of currency in terms of gold.

So, in the end, to import food she would have had to export gold; and that she could not have continued to do. When one contrasts the value of the mark as against that of the ruble, one realizes the degree of protection that has been afforded by the food blockade.

A second result has been that the food blockade has enforced food economy and reduced the cost and the plane of living.

Lastly, the food blockade has given Germany a rallying cry, and provided for the government a reason for everything that it feels compelled to do. Whatever restriction is urged, whatever regulation enforced, whatever exertion or sacrifice demanded, the ground is the same—Germany is under food blockade. *Der Englische Aushungerungsplan* explains everything, extenuates everything, and is justification for everything. When the English Parliament enacts regulation of sale and use of food supplies it must prove the need and advantage to every Englishman; the German authorities need not prove the need for anything, they simply point to the food blockade, and the people not only submit but coöperate.

It is very difficult for anyone—even a trained observer—to formulate a precise opinion on the health and nutrition of the German people, as observation alone cannot afford the requisite data. One may judge the nutrition of a people by the body weight, by the statistics of the health departments and by their accomplishments. Beginning with the last, the writer was not able to learn that any class or group was failing in its work; indeed, the people were carrying an abnormal load of work. The statistics of the health departments, so far as published, do not afford any indications of subnutrition in adults or of any increase in diseases whose incidence might possibly arise in the presence of subnutrition.

The Health of Infants

The birth rate of Germany has been far below the normal; in some sections down to nearly one-half the normal. This is contrary to what the American public had been led to expect.

In a nation at war a low birth rate is normal. Low nutrition and excessive work may be invoked to explain, in part, the low birth rate. But the larger motive springs from the instinct in women that the horrors of war do not constitute the life environment a mother desires for her child. Hand in hand with the low birth rate, as everywhere, goes the low death rate in infants. The death rate in infants during the present war has reached a low plane never equaled in peacetime. It is now clear that, with the present low birth rate and death rate, there will be as many six-year-old children in Germany in 1921 as there would have been with continuation of peace at the old birth rate and death rate.

This has been accomplished by social service; the babes and their mothers are given special care.

In the family of a friend of the writer were two lusty boys. One day, on returning home from school, the boys began the daily supplication for food.

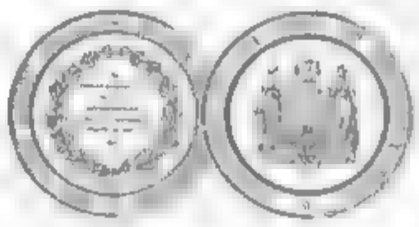
"Mother, we must have something to eat."

"My sons," replied the mother, vainly trying to still the mother's instinct with scientific reflections, "you have had eighteen hundred calories already to-day, and will receive for supper eight hundred more."

(Concluded on Page 55)

ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION



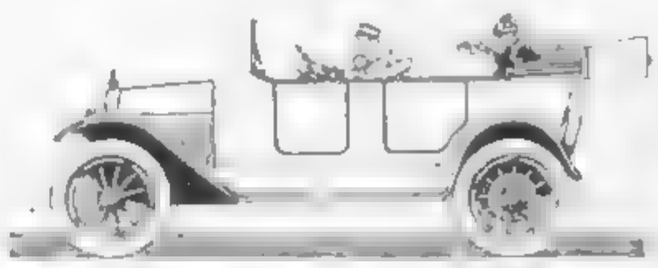
A quarter of a million Atwater Kent systems will be used by representative car manufacturers during 1917.

This system is made by the largest concern in the world devoted exclusively to the problem of scientific motor ignition. Its presence on your car is an evidence of that car manufacturer's desire to give you the best and most modern equipment—regardless of cost.

Thousands of dealers sell Atwater Kent Ignition for magneto replacement—there is an outfit for every type and make of motor.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works

Philadelphia



1917 Maxwells are Atwater Kent Equipped

Good for a generation

The first RU-BER-OID roof was laid nearly 25 years ago.

It was a novelty.

But it made good.

RU-BER-OID became the standard prepared roofing.

Time has proved it the best and least expensive of all roofings.

RU-BER-OID roofs laid more than 20 years ago are still giving good service. Many of them have not cost one penny for repairs.

You can distinguish *genuine* RU-BER-OID from imitations by the "Ru-ber-oid man" on the wrapper.

Your dealer will show you RU-BER-OID in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green.

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS

Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning

- Roofing a Home
- Roofing a Poultry House
- Building a Bungalow
- Roofing a Barn
- Building Your Own Garage
- Covering Your Factory
- Artistic Roofs
- Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.

568 Woolworth Building, New York

BOSTON CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)

The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

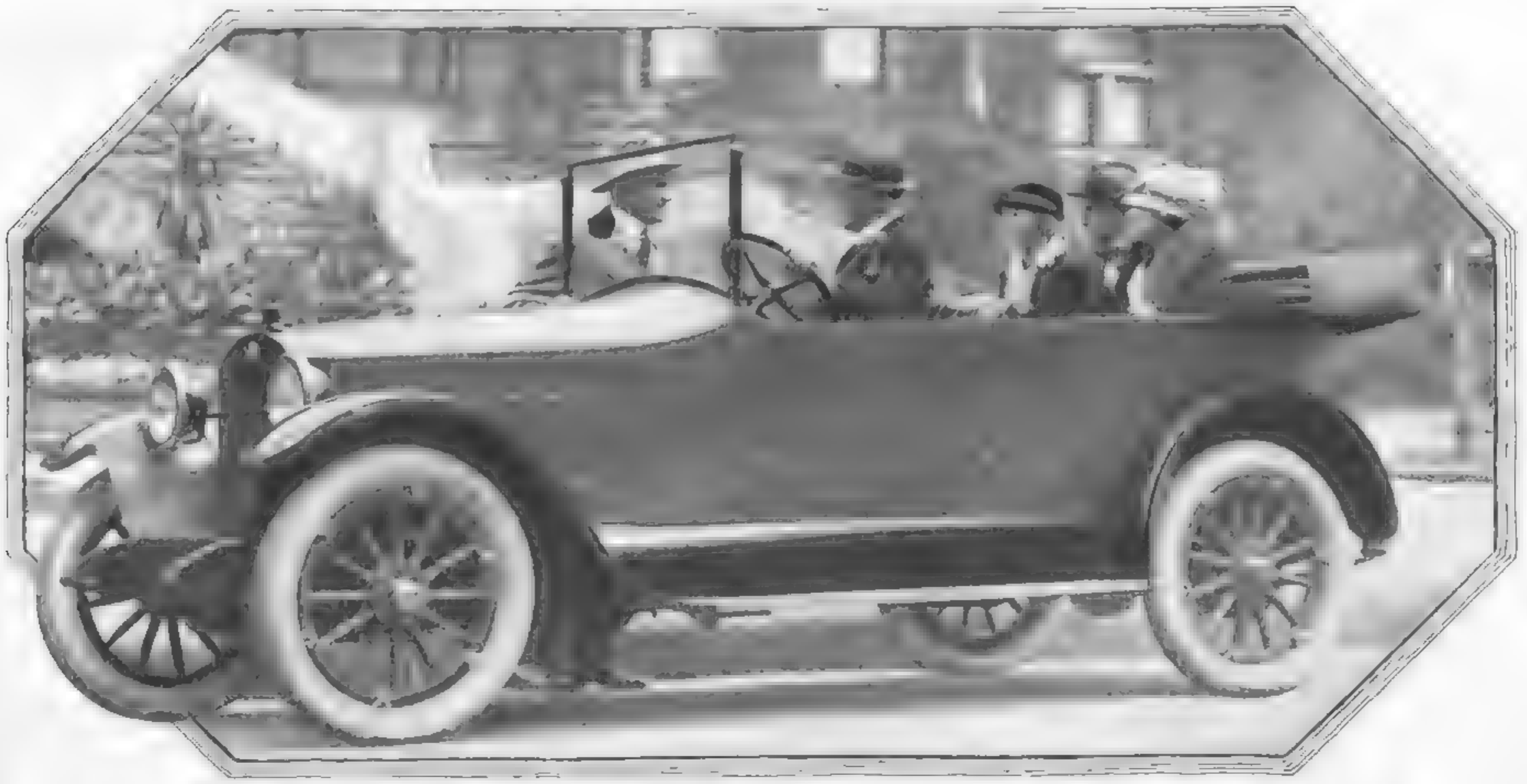
Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ruberoid



Why the Liberty is Your Car

INSTEAD of making broad, general claims of Liberty excellence, we detail below definite and specific features in which the Liberty stands alone among cars.

To prove the truth of these statements rests absolutely with you.

You will buy a Liberty on facts—not phrases. You will buy—for your own protection—on the basis of your own judgment. Here are the facts:

You Drive With Ease

WE claim for the Liberty unprecedented driving ease.

Get into a Liberty and see if the car backs our claim. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. We want you to sell this car to yourself—on plain facts—in direct comparison with every other car made.

Push the clutch pedal down with one finger. You never could do that before. How much fatigue will that save you in a day's motoring—that clutch that almost yields to the weight of your foot as you sit?

Shift the Liberty gears—even from third to second at full speed—and get the new note of mechanical perfection. Pull the emergency—with one finger—and see what happens. Get the vital fact that in all the motions of driving a Liberty there are only ease and pleasure—without effort.

You Ride In Comfort

WE claim for the Liberty—unprecedented riding comfort.

You have rattled in cars—you have been shaken up by car tracks and cobbles, ruts and pits. You have had to pick the smooth places—for comfort.

Drive straight ahead in the Liberty, no matter what the road. There are no rattles. In the wide, deep, restful front or back seat you ride in perfect comfort. You swing along smoothly, absolutely at ease, supremely comfortable, at all speeds—over all roads.

THOSE are two tremendous claims for the Liberty—but they are very easy for you to prove.

Take this statement along as you ride and drive a Liberty. See if it's true. Make the car prove it.

And buy the Liberty—as have thousands of satisfied owners—only on the sure testimony of actual experience.

Five-Passenger Touring Car and Four-Passenger Close Coupled Car, $1195
Detachable Sedan, $1395 Sedan (Springfield) $1795 Shopping Brougham, $2450

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 53)

"But, mother," replied the lads, "boys cannot live on calories alone!"

The body weights of the Germans have been materially reduced. The long familiar Teutonic obesity has disappeared.

Subnutrition is a relative term. When a man whose normal weight is seventy kilos reduces weight—let us say to sixty kilos—he has no longer the food needs of a seventy kilo man; instead, he may have less than the needs of a normal sixty-kilo man. The American people might, for illustration, reduce in weight to the level of the Italian people, and the food needs would fall in proportion; the Italian people might reduce to the level of the Japanese, and the food needs would fall in proportion. When an individual loses weight he has less need for food, because his food needs express both his mass of tissue and his body surface; and both are reduced when body weight is lost.

This will show both in needs for protein and for calories. A time will come when such a reduction in body weight becomes subnutrition. The point of distinction—the place that separates loss of weight to the physiological minimum from pathological subnutrition—is hard to fix. The histories of famines and of men separated from supplies of food indicate to what an amazing extent men can continue to work on low rations. The defenders of Ladysmith were for several months on fifteen hundred calories a day. In all countries at all times, but especially in winter, there are classes that are no better nourished than were the industrial classes of Germany during the past summer. In a panic year, or a season of low industrial activity, probably not less than several million persons in this country suffer subnutrition in the same sense and to the same or a greater degree.

The writer was not able, during the summer of 1916 in Germany, either by observation or through inquiry with trained observers, to find evidence that the Germans were suffering from subnutrition in the rigid sense of the word. There were no signs of loss of strength or lowering of resistance. There had been universal wasting of fat, and the intake, per capita, was low; but there was no evidence available that the intake had fallen below the plane of physiological need. There are a number of published experimental studies in low rations in which the intakes were considerably below the German intakes, especially in protein, with the preservation of health and strength.

The protein intake was felt by the Germans to be low, but not to an apprehensive extent. The low ration in fat was keenly felt, however. This reaction to the scarcity of fat is difficult of evaluation. Fat plays a prominent rôle in the externalities of a diet; it is essential in the normal and customary cooking of foods, and foods prepared without fats are flat, unnatural and unsatisfying. Nowhere in the literature of human physiology is there an adequate discussion of fat need, *per se*. It has been tacitly assumed that the body could always form fat from sugar; therefore, sugar in intake was equivalent to fat.

Hunger for Fats

In experiments with animals it is known that a normal diet must contain a certain amount of native fat, supposed to carry fat-soluble vitamines. The medical profession has long believed that diets low in fat tend to result in loss of health, especially in children. The fat intake in Germany to-day is not over twenty grams of fat, animal and vegetable, per capita per day. This is certainly more than enough to cover the needs in fat-soluble vitamines. It is twice the Japanese intake of fat. But the fact remains that the people are fat-hungry. This fat-hunger has impressed the trained workers of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

The writer has heard the same story of fat-hunger from workers in the Balkans and in the Russian prisoner-of-war camps. It is not definable—it may possibly be only the intense desire for return to the normal preparation of food; but it is a positive hunger. Over and over again Germans have told the writer that the low rations in protein were nothing, but the low ration in fat was a deprivation that was only more and more keenly felt with time. Several Germans have described it as like the sensation of a tobacco user or a tea drinker when off tobacco or tea.

The writer realizes how very hazardous it is to formulate an opinion in such a matter, without experiment and without controls, since so many factors are involved. But one cannot exclude the possibility that fat-hunger may express a fat-need which we do not understand.

One German, a trained observer, who discussed the situation, spoke as follows:

"My body does not need tobacco, coffee, alcohol or fat, I am convinced. But when the coffee is not fit to drink, the cigars not fit to smoke, the saccharinated beer not fit to drink, my food not cooked with fat and my bread dry, the sum total of deprivation is too much; and, even though each of them be unessential, the losses combine to form a fact of crucial importance."

In talking with Germans one almost gets the idea that subnutrition on a normal qualitative diet would be preferable to adequate nutrition on a fat-free diet.

The diet of the well-to-do classes has not been reduced to the plane of minimal requirements; though restricted, when regarded psychologically, it has been fully adequate physiologically, even in the lay sense of the term.

The diet of the agricultural classes has not been materially reduced below the plane of peacetime consumption.

Up to the Agrarians

The dietary of the industrial classes was, from March to September, 1916, reduced to the physiological minimum. This diet was low in animal protein, very low in fat, and low in calories, when contrasted with the work imposed upon the laborers. The diet was repugnant to the taste and did not satisfy the desire for food. A survey of the chief manufacturing cities of the empire carried out during the late months of the past summer indicated that the average intake for adults varied from 1.6 to 2 ounces of protein and from 1800 to 2500 calories per day. Since this was not sufficient to maintain the physical labor that was being done, this was accomplished by utilization of the body fat of the workers.

The psychology of the war atmosphere and of the rationing provokes a mental reflex that is abnormal. The consciousness of class distinction was a factor in deepening depression. Though loyal in the highest degree to the responsibilities imposed by the exigencies of the situation, the industrial classes have realized that, while the food blockade was a burden imposed by war and the crop failure a second burden imposed by Nature, the burden of mismanagement came from within. The industrial classes are fully aware that the agricultural classes fed to live stock during the first two years of the war not less than four million tons of bread grains, one million tons of sugar and fifteen million tons of potatoes that should have gone to the industrial workers. These amounts of foodstuffs would have contributed to each of the 58,000,000 civilians of the empire daily during the two years four-tenths of an ounce of protein and five ounces of carbohydrate, equaling six hundred calories, in terms of man ration eight hundred calories.

In October materially larger rations were allotted, and the elaborated system of control presaged better conditions still later in the winter. Recent official utterances from high German positions, however, have made it clear that it has not been possible to maintain the improved conditions in the dietary of the working classes of the industrial districts.

In the final analysis it is up to the agrarians. There is enough food in Germany to maintain the nutrition and the nervous system of the industrial classes if equitable division be attained, assuming that the harvest yields of the past summer were as large as unofficially and officially stated, and that the selfishness and rapacity of the agrarians are held in check.

When the situation in the food supplies of Germany is considered in association with the state of the manufacturing industries, and the efficiencies in the two domains evaluated, as an experiment in state socialism, it becomes clear: *a*—That mobilization of capital and industry has been successfully accomplished; *b*—that control of the channels of trade has been shown to be practicable, though difficult; *c*—that control and mobilization of agricultural production have turned out to be difficult, past all expectation; and, indeed, practically impossible so long as land continues in private ownership.

Whether experience in wartime indicates more or less than would be expected to occur in peacetime cannot be conjectured.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor.

Can't you afford an Enamolin Room?

Madam—if you intend to refinish your home or even one room—you cannot afford *not to use* Enamolin.

Here are the reasons:

Enamolin itself costs no more than any other high-grade enamel and very little more than good paint.

Enamolin has tremendous "spreading" capacity—one gallon of it spreads *over 600 square feet* of surface—therefore less of it is needed.

And it costs no more for labor, whether the painter uses Enamolin or the poorest paint.

As for looks and wear—the Enamolin finished room is ***permanently beautiful.*** It is finished for a lifetime with a surface that is lovely to look at, one that can be kept in perfect condition by an occasional scrubbing with Sapolio and water.

When you have protected and beautified your woodwork with Enamolin, take care of your floors with Namlac Floor Finish. Give them a high lustrous surface, so elastic as to withstand the tramp of feet, the dragging of furniture and even spilling of hot liquids.

Enamolin and Namlac are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write to us.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1850
100 William St. New York

Enamolin

The Whitest Enamel in the world

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet. A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish gratis on request. Address Emil Calman & Co. Dept.

CALTOMATIC IGNITION
CONNECTICUT

Dependability

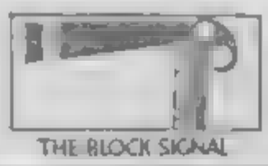
Automatic protection is essential wherever carelessness or neglect can result in danger or loss. Boilers have safety valves. Factories, sprinkler systems. Railroads, block signals.

And on the more modern automobile the Automatic Switch protects the battery against drainage by cutting off the flow of current—automatically—when the motor stops, should the driver forget or neglect to do so. No automatic protective mechanism is any more dependable.

The device shown above marks this switch and identifies Connecticut Automatic Ignition. This is "The Device of Efficiency."

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden Conn.

THE SAFETY VALVE


THE BLOCK SIGNAL

THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER

AUTHORIZED-RESIDENT DEALER
FOR
THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO NEW YORK
Goods № 7143
Suit to order
$26.00
Made to Your Measure
Drafted to fit of your dimensions
Goods № 7159
Suit to order
$31.00
Six "Patented" Better Ways of Royal Tailor Service
1–The famous 6-day schedule service on all orders.
2–$5 a day cash forfeit for delays.
3–A legal guarantee attached to each garment—warranting complete satisfaction or money back.
4–All pure wool fabrics exclusively
5–Every inch of fabric pre-shrunk.
6–Profit-sharing prices and no "extras."
"COME IN!"
ROYAL TAILOR

There's a Royal Tailor Dealer in your town with half a thousand woolen fabrics ready for you.

If you don't know who he is, write us for his name.

Copyright 1917, The Royal Tailors, Chicago–New York

The Automatic Telephone

is not merely a commodity; not simply a machine; it is a service of vital meaning to your business

Vital to your business, because through it lies the easy way to better work, the economical method of handling routine duties, the speeding up of production.

"A man and an AUTOMATIC telephone at every desk" is the slogan today in thousands of firms in America and abroad.

In these organizations telephoning between individuals and departments is easy, inviting, convenient. Employees find it to their own interest to talk rather than to walk. They turn instinctively to the AUTOMATIC telephone whenever their activities extend beyond their own desks.

Without exception, the use of the telephone for interior communication doubles and trebles with the installation of the AUTOMATIC system. In many large commercial institutions 45 calls per telephone per day is the average traffic carried by the AUTOMATIC system. Before the AUTOMATIC was installed in the office of a great railroad system, for example, scores of office boys were kept busy carrying notes between individuals and departments; the manual telephone was available, but did not invite use because its service was so slow and inconvenient. Today every AUTOMATIC telephone in that organization averages 40 calls per day, for interior communication only.

This result is not remarkable to those who know and use the AUTOMATIC. It is revolutionary in its effects, but the revolution is natural. Conditions formerly wasteful of time and money disappear because their source has been removed.

The AUTOMATIC system operates without an operator. Her work is performed by a machine, which must of necessity be more accurate than a human hand. Operated by electricity, the AUTOMATIC telephone shares its speed. Controlled absolutely by a simple dial on the base of the telephone, the mechanism has no other duty than to obey the commands sent to it

Contrast the way you make calls about your office or factory today with the AUTOMATIC way, which is merely the lifting of the receiver and the turning of the dial two or three times. Four seconds after you start to call, five at the most, the bell at the station you want is ringing, or a signal tone tells you instantly that the line is engaged.

On the AUTOMATIC system nobody can listen to your conversation. Your conferences over it are as secret as though held behind locked doors.

The AUTOMATIC system always gives you the number you call. It cannot misunderstand or make a mistake.

The AUTOMATIC telephone is on duty day and night, holidays and Sundays. You never have to find a substitute while it takes a vacation.

The AUTOMATIC telephone is handling with equal efficiency the enormous traffic of great city systems, like those in Los Angeles, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Columbus, Dallas, and the requirements of business firms which need but a dozen or so stations.

Today such organizations as the Standard Oil Co., The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., The New York Central Railroad, The Republic Iron & Steel Co., The Hill Publishing Co., The United Fruit Co., and hundreds of others, have adopted the AUTOMATIC telephone system and are enjoying all its advantages.

The standards of efficiency and service of such concerns as these dominate the business world today; they set a pace which all, large and small alike, will have to follow. Their resources run into hundreds of millions, but they cannot afford the costliness of manual telephone service. They can command the time of the highest priced men in America, but they are not willing to waste the time of even their lowest-waged office boys through inefficient and insufficient interior telephone service. With them an enormous volume of business cannot justify wasteful handling of routine details.

Nor can *your* business, whether it needs six telephones or 600, afford the waste, inefficiency and costliness of manual telephone service. Your men, whether they draw salaries of $60 a month or $60 a day, should not be hampered by the delays, inaccuracies and inconveniences of that system.

We have solved the problem of interior telephone service for companies engaged in every conceivable line of business. A request from you will place all our resources at your disposal.

Automatic Electric Co.

Makers of More than 1,000,000 Automatic Telephones in Use the World Over

Dept. 38—Morgan and Van Buren Streets, Chicago

New York, Toledo, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney, Winnipeg

Copyright 1917 by the Automatic Electric Co., Chicago

NICK CARTER, REALIST

Concluded from Page 15

letter, and, after having scaffolded up all these improbabilities, to so time the traveling of the letter eastward that it was in one of the bags of mail which the bandits took off the Overland Limited at 11.20 of the clock on the night of May the twenty-second!

Nor did the Great Gods of Coincidence stop with that.

They caused Derf the Dane to cut open the pouch in the attic of the schoolhouse and put the bill into his pocket, and to leave behind him, in the pouch, United States Post-Office Department registered package Number 1768, with the envelope postmarked Kemmerer, Wyoming, and addressed to the National Park Bank, in New York.

And so, my critical gentlemen, in this dreadful dime novel that I am reading, Deadwood, of Dakota, wrought the ruin of Derf the Dane!

Andrew Lang, the English critic and historian, used to speak flippantly of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford as "Mat" Arnold. But when he mentioned the founder of our largest school of fiction he always respectfully named him as "Nicholas" Carter.

Doubtless a reason was this writer's charming notion of verisimilitude.

He labors in his stories, obviously and patently, to preserve the characters of his leading actors. There is usually some correspondence that exhibits these peculiarities; the slang of the underworld, and its serene unconcern for the structure of our written speech and its rules of punctuation. The presence of such correspondence is not a major requirement of the formula. It is rather a detail of it. That the District Court of the United States has not overlooked this detail must conspicuously impress us—force upon us—how accurately its story follows the rules.

Fact and Fiction Hand in Hand

Examine the letter called Exhibit 76, on page 99 of this amazing narrative. It was written by Bully Red to one of the associate bandits and is equal to anything on the ten-cent counter of the bookstalls:

"Friend J. C.

"I received your letter just now I was ocupied at pasho I got a hundred and fifty from F Brother I have not got a dam cent now But will sure do all that I can before they come up for trial tell me all about it and Let me know how bad it is the Bulls know it was them they said it was you they had that picture of the bunch in the Review and everybody would know it B must of left if you see him tell him to write I wrote a letter to D. W. Woods at K. C. if you dont think they got it write and have it forwarded to J. C. 608 Well J I hope it aint bad write soon

"Oley is getting along O K

"B"

Accurately, as with the nicest care, Transcript of Record, Number 3423, has followed every rule for the structure of the Nicholas Carter story.

We have found the characteristics we have grown accustomed to expect: the holdup; the profane, rough talk; the overdone dramatic disguises; the miraculous escape from death; the clews; the boy heroes; the schoolmarm; the long, carefully built-up, painstaking plan of Providence to trap the desperadoes at their own game—all the tricks in the bag.

And now can the court close its story according to the rules?

Every urchin knows how it ought to end. Here the formula never varies. There must be a dramatic arrest, and a great final scene in which all the desperadoes are rounded up, defeated and abased, with a closing sentence, ominous and fearful, to remain in the memory like the pronouncement of Fate.

I hasten to assure the reader that the District Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, does not disappoint us in this behalf. Its story is what the editors call "sustained", and it closes according to the rules.

There is an ancient belief, threaded into numerous tales, that in the end, after various wanderings, the criminal will return to his ancient haunts.

One of the central figures in this drama is mysterious Matthews, known to the underworld as Bully Red. He had been a stage driver in Idaho. Now on the eighteenth day of June, a month after the holdup, and after having vanished clean away out of human knowledge, we find him seated in Room Number 19, at the Buhl Hotel, in the state of his old associations.

He was doing precisely what Nicholas Carter would have wished.

Bully Red's Fatal Error

He was sitting in the middle of the room, with a suitcase open before him, and a .45 pistol lying on top of his clothing in it, ready to his hand. He was writing a letter, two or three sheets of which he had finished. He was a farsighted and careful desperado. But on this day, in the old country where as a stage driver he used to lord it like a king's governor, he felt the security of his ancient dominion; and he made his one incalculable blunder. He neglected to lock the door!

It was a fatal error.

Like shadows, noiselessly two sleuths slipped into the room. He looked up from his letter to find himself under the muzzles of their guns. He was outwitted and he knew it. He rose and put up his hands. They handcuffed him and ordered him to sit down. Then suddenly he realized the significance of the letter he had been writing. He fell forward over the suitcase, seized the letter, and put it into his mouth. In an instant the sleuths were on him. They jerked his hands down, forced his mouth open, and got out the damaged sheets. It is all precisely as one finds it on the last page of the yellow story.

Then the dime novel closes.

It closes with a scene of incomparable drama. The five bandits are standing before the bar of the United States District Court. The courtroom is crowded with people. There is a breathless silence. The judge sits forward in his black robe, a marble face above a figure in basalt—the simile is contributed.

And in words that seem to have dimensions and weight, words sinister and ominous, words heavy with the tragic fatalities of life, he pronounces the sentence of the court upon each of the captured desperadoes: Dan Downer, Derf the Dane, Bully Red, and their two unfortunate companions. He named each man, with his alias; and as he named him he added the awful words in the formal language of the law: "Imprisonment at hard labor . . . for the term of his natural life!"

How pregnant with dreary, unimaginable horror are the last words of that sentence: "For the term of his natural life!"

And now, my critical gentlemen of the "curate and tea-party novel," I suggest a dreadful doubt: Suppose—and I whisper it lest the idea escape into the world—Suppose it should ultimately happen that Nicholas Carter is a truer realist than you are?

Prompt Delivery of Your 1-Ton Truck
We have even made express deliveries across the country at the cost of a few dollars. You do not have to waste time sawing off Ford axles or changing Ford Chassis in any way. Any handy-man can bolt the Truckford on. Simply use the Ford you have, or the one you can buy, old or new, in your own market.
Truckford
$350
Very Low First Cost
Very Low Operating Expense
Very Low Depreciation Cost
You can operate the Truckford for 10c to 12c a mile, including cost of driver and garage. As the Ford Chassis is not changed, the sale value is maintained and the depreciation cost is practically nothing. Do you realize that lower depreciation pays a good part of operating expense?
Our method of attachment Increases Ford Power and Gas Economy
Special heavy Bell Sprocket over the end of the Ford axle gives a scientific use of power. The simplicity makes moving loads easy.
Write For Descriptive Folder
If we do not have a distributor in your locality, we will see that you are supplied without delay. If you are using horses or if you are using trucks of over-capacity or under-capacity for your requirements, or if you have any other special truck problem, be sure to tell us about it.
Dealers and Distributors
Write For Attractive Proposition
We have some territory open. Here's a truck that sells at a price within the reach of every prospect; a dependable individual or fleet outfit to take care of a large range of requirements. You do not have a service station or repair problem. Write today.
EASTERN TRUCKFORD CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Factory in Detroit
Distributors Everywhere

Drawing by Ballentine after Corot. By permission of The International Studio

GOODYEAR

AKRON

THE MASTERPIECE

"It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill."
Emerson, Essay on "Art."

THE Manufacturing Subordinate fingers the sheaf of shop records—cost sheets, materials estimates and so on—yet another time. Presently he speaks:

"Sir, there is no other way—we must cut the quality."

"You will keep the quality," sternly returns his Chief—"where it is. You will, if it is within the power you direct, improve it!"

"But—competition—"

"We are not here to meet competition."

* * *

The artist before his canvas, the writer above his phrase, the sculptor guiding his chisel—withdrawn, absorbed, sincere—marshaling brain and hand to the line, the thought, the form, that, for the moment alighted upon, has become the deputy of the world—toiling perhaps in ignorance of the existence of other pictures, other passages, other sculpture—intent upon that wondrous thing called the masterpiece—

They are not there to meet competition.

Pigment and canvas, pen and foolscap, mallet and block, rubber and cord—where is the difference?

Where—so long as the conceiving mind, the fashioning hand, the resulting accomplishment find common harmony in perfection.

—so long as the Masterpiece is born!

* * *

The composite character, skill and cumulative knowledge of the Goodyear institution have illustrious reproduction in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

In the lithe strength of its multiplied cords is wrought our conception of integrity.

In the quality of its substance is revealed our idea of sincerity.

It is the very capstone of our effort—the centerpoint of our aim.

There came a time when rising production costs, coupled with the action of competitors, forced a situation precisely like that indicated in the first paragraph of this advertisement.

That situation was met precisely as shown—without the slightest sacrifice to expediency.

The tire that had been born of lofty purpose and aspiring toil was continued in the same spirit.

Never intended to meet competition, but to transcend it—to stand out, conspicuous and compelling, in the eminence of its own superiority—it was held religiously to its original dimension.

It is the *best* tire we know how to build—irrespective of cost, method, makeup or any other condition.

It is the climactic expression of all that has been learned, evolved, dreamed of, in the productive history of the tire company foremost in the world in point of inventive achievement.

It is the tire carrying the pride and prestige of us all—designers, workmen, supervisors and executives.

Unmatched, imperial, unique in simple goodness—it is itself the summit of tire accomplishment.

It is the Masterpiece.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

You'll know what Hot Water Service really is when you get a RUUD

With a Ruud connecting the gas and water pipes in your basement, you can shave and bathe in hot water to your heart's content, no matter what the hour of the day or night.

There is no waiting, no trouble of any kind. Just turn on the faucet—a tingling hot stream comes gushing forth like magic.

And every hot water faucet in the house responds just as quickly—just as hotly—when you own a Ruud. Hot water is waiting at the kitchen tap—for dishes, for cooking, for scrubbing. Down in the laundry, the faucets are ready to begin the day's work without a moment's delay.

RUUD
AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

With all its wonderful convenience, Ruud Hot Water Service is economical too. The Ruud Heater burns gas, except for a tiny amount in the pilot light, only when you are drawing hot water and then only enough to heat the exact quantity of water you use. It gives you continuous hot water service without the expense or trouble of keeping a fire going all the time.

The principle of the Ruud is simple. The flow of water when you open a faucet automatically turns on the gas in the heater. The gas ignites from a tiny pilot light and instantly heats the water as it passes through a copper heating coil.

A temperature regulator in the heater keeps the gas supply down to just what is needed, and so prevents any waste of fuel. Turning off the water shuts off the gas—until you want hot water again.

The initial expense of the Ruud Water Heater is moderate—extremely so when you consider that the one investment means instant hot water service added permanently to your household. The Ruud is of such durable construction that long life is assured. Many Ruud Heaters have been in service for 20 years.

The Ruud is made in sizes according to the number of faucets to be supplied. Any gas company, plumber, or gas appliance store can tell you what Ruud model will fit your house. Ask them for information. If you are near one of our branch offices, listed opposite, come in and see the Ruud for yourself.

Interesting Ruud Booklet Mailed Free

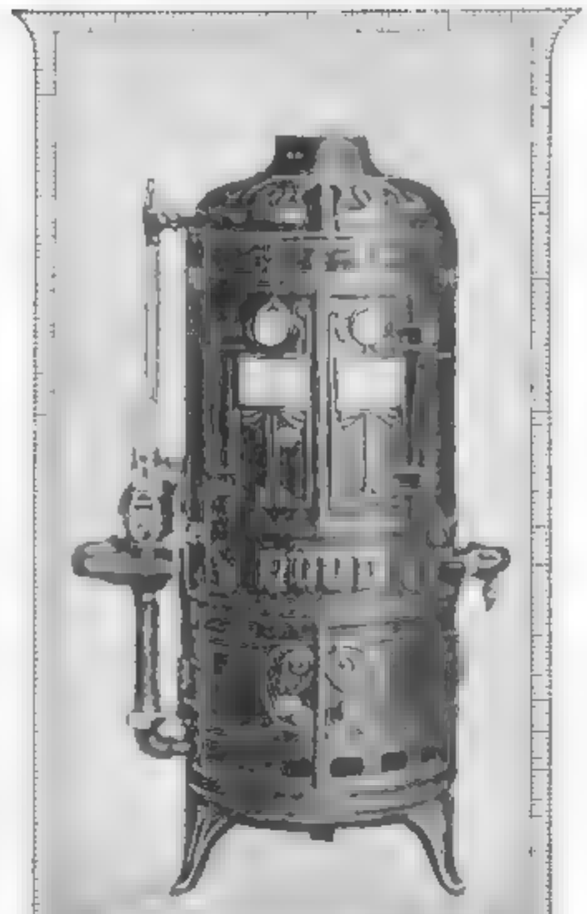
The Ruud booklet and descriptive matter, telling all about the Ruud Heater and Instant Hot Water Service, mailed free on request. Address either home office or branch nearest you.

Ruud Manufacturing Company

Department A Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St., W., Toronto



The Ruud Goes In the Basement; Answers the Turn of Every Hot Water Faucet in the House.

The Ruud Heater is thoroughly tested and proved de[illegible] Over 100,000 are in [illegible] Ruud Heater, your hot water q[illegible]tion is settled permanently. Consider this when you buy.

Get a RUUD

Not an Imitation

There are other water heating devices on the market which operate by the "turn the faucet" method. You may be able to get [illegible] Ruud heaters are [illegible] Ruud heaters [illegible] bears the name "Ruud"

See the Ruud at any one of these branch offices

ATLANTA
927 Grant Building
BALTIMORE
114 W. Lexington Street
BOSTON
10 Lincoln Street
BUFFALO
893 Main Street
CHICAGO
435 People's Gas Building
CINCINNATI
[illegible]
CLEVELAND
[illegible]
COLUMBUS
[illegible]
DALLAS
[illegible]
DETROIT
[illegible]
DULUTH
[illegible]
INDIANAPOLIS
[illegible]
KANSAS CITY, MO.
[illegible]
LOUISVILLE
[illegible]
LOS ANGELES
[illegible]
MILWAUKEE
[illegible]
NEW YORK
[illegible]
NEWARK
[illegible]
PHILADELPHIA
1935 Market Street
PORTLAND
[illegible]
ROCHESTER
[illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO
[illegible]
ST. LOUIS
[illegible]
ST. PAUL
[illegible]
TOLEDO
[illegible]
WASHINGTON
610 Twelfth Street

THE QUEEN'S MISTAKE

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY T. RICHARDSON

The Final Duel Almost Broke Up the Show

J. WILBERT KNOPPS brushed into the office of the managing editor with what his æsthetic mind regarded as a just kick.

"Boss," he announced, "if I knew where I could get another job—mind you, I don't hold this against you—I'd walk right out of this office before I would do another one of those sycophantic praise notices for Old Man Siegfreund and his Hippolite. And that goes!"

The young dramatic critic plumped himself into a seat, lighted a cigarette, and threw the extinguished match across the room with a motion of thorough disgust.

"What's the idea, Knopps?" asked the directing head of the paper. "It doesn't hurt a dramatic critic to write an occasional boost, does it?"

"I don't know that it does," admitted Mr. Knopps; "but it's humiliating for a reviewer of standing to feel compelled to toady to a rube show like that. Occasionally, yes; but ——"

"The Hippolite does the biggest business in town," the M. E. reminded him. "A lot of people like that sort of thing."

"That has nothing to do with it," retorted the critic, though he might have thought differently had he caught the expression in the editor's eye as that dignitary toyed with a crested envelope, fresh from the morning mail.

"You know as well as I do, boss," Mr. Knopps went on with increasing indignation, "that the Hippolite production, with all its elaborate scenery and those nauseating vaudeville acts, interpolated for novelty, is patronized by out-of-towners almost exclusively. . . . Oh, I know, it's considered a magnificent spectacle, and all that; but it's a rube show just the same, and I'm sick of having to boost it. Now what is the idea?"

"You don't always get such definite orders from me."

"I know I don't; but, even if I do miss you, the hint comes from the office downstairs every time I start to a Hippolite opening."

"It might be advertising," suggested the editor, assuming an air of puzzled innocence.

The real answer he had in his hand, and knew it. He was well aware that Mr. Siegfreund and his Hippolite would never be roasted in the Morning Star.

"I guess that's right," agreed the critic, thinking of the advertising. "Old Siegfreund does give the paper a lot of business—more than it deserves, I suppose; but I was under the impression that you were running this end of the paper, independent of the office downstairs. You never stop me from blistering these other shows."

"No; and I won't. It is my policy to give you a free hand—except, possibly, the Hippolite; so you go right ahead and cut them to ribbons if you like. It's giving the town quite a laugh."

"Exactly," affirmed J. Wilbert. "That's what makes it humiliating for a man who has built up a following by satirical cynicism to have to write these commonplace, vapid boosts of an inartistic production built exclusively for rubes. If it's simply got to be done, send one of the ordinary reporters next time. It doesn't do me any good with my following, I tell you."

"All right; I'll think it over, Knopps," said the M. E. "You won't have to be bothered for a while anyway. The Hippolite show, you know, always runs six months, good or bad. . . . Now will you wait outside for a few minutes? I must answer a couple of letters."

As the critic withdrew, nursing his wrath, the editor turned his attention to the letter that still lay in his hand, now somewhat crumpled, but with the well-known crest showing plainly on the envelope.

As the editor had suspected, it was a note filled with minute directions from the owner; also, a suggestion that ways and means be devised by which the Star could spread out and attract a new clientele.

This paper occupied a unique and very limited field in metropolitan journalism. It was born in the theatrical district and had learned to walk among stage people. Its appeal naturally was almost exclusively to people of a dramatic turn of mind. The Star had a reputation for being unduly smart and clever, but its circulation had never moved in leaps and bounds. Dividends were unknown in its business policy and financial backing was a constant problem.

Thus it had become the plaything of wealthy men with fads. No less than five millionaires had amused themselves by using the Star as a medium for ramming what they liked to call spiciness down the throats of a commonplace public.

The bit of spice that attracted attention under the present régime was the caustic, unbridled pen of J. Wilbert Knopps. To those who like to see the flesh of conscientious effort laid bare, and salt rubbed into the raw wound, young Mr. Knopps was par excellence.

As the editor thought of this in connection with his circulation problems it occurred to him that it really was a little unfair to make the critic boost those Hippolite shows; in fact, he knew no reason for it except that intimations of that nature had been made to him when he took the desk.

The editor himself was of the class that revels in iconoclastic writing. He dearly loved to carry clippings and repeat caustic lines with which his young star had singed the feathers of some stage favorite.

"I say, boss, are you through with those letters?" Mr. Knopps called out.

"It's all right; come on in," the editor answered.

"I've got the real notion this time," declared the critic with unusual enthusiasm. "I can not only get this sheet some more business but we can have a lot of fun."

"Now you are talking!" agreed the M. E. "What is it?"

"What's the matter with our spreading out and taking a pot shot at some of those little fellows occasionally?"

"I don't exactly understand."

"Take on vaudeville for one night a week," explained Knopps. "There's a world of material there for making funny cracks in my column. The Paladin, you know, is doing a big business over there with a bill of headliners. Their Monday-night opening is quite an event."

"I thought you didn't like vaudeville."

"I don't; and that is exactly the point. I've always had to boost those acts that get drafted to the Hippolite; but here is a chance to speak right out and say what I think of them. It would give us a new lot of readers. There are lots of people who go to vaudeville in this town—I confess I don't know why; but they do."

"And you propose to write a review of the Paladin bill every Monday night?"

"Sure! It would be a scream panning those little acts."

"But all of them might not be bad," suggested the editor.

"Certainly not; but we don't have to bother with the good ones. Leave that to the commonplace sheets. Our sport will come in potting the small fry. There's many a laugh there."

"Are you sure it would appeal to our class of readers? Is the Paladin patronized by the higher class of theatergoers?"

"Is it? Why, the press agent tells me that the daughters of Old Man Whipple, the millionaire, have not missed an opening in three months!"

"What do you know about Old Man Whipple?" asked the editor sharply, giving the critic a searching glance.

It had occurred to the boss that the young man might know more than he was pretending; but the critic's answer reassured him.

"Why, that old fellow is the biggest theatrical bug in New York!" he explained. "Thinks himself and his daughters kind of benevolent guardians of the whole show business. I've never seen them, but fellows round town tell me they are real stage angels. There is talk that Old Whipple has been putting up for a lot of that big scenery at the Hippolite."

"All right," the M. E. quickly decided. "Go to it, old fellow! Give us some real live stuff on vaudeville. We'll have this town talking."

J. Wilbert Knopps accepted his self-imposed assignment with genuine enthusiasm. He would be avenged on vaudeville—his pet aversion. He went out of the office mentally sharpening his already ruthless pen to a needle point.

He was a peculiar sort of genius—this Knopps. To him the dramatic stage was something at which to laugh; its people beings at which to sneer for the amusement of a certain class of restaurant companions—a coarser form of *dilettanti*—superficial critics of everything pertaining to art.

From early boyhood young Knopps had been familiar with the stage. Nothing was new to him. He had been a cynic from childhood. This knowledge came to him through the work of his father, who had been a playwright and a stage director of burlesque shows. The ideas out of which the elder Knopps had accumulated enough money to educate the son served merely as a playground for J. Wilbert's heartless wit. There could be no doubt of his ability to write; and but for a certain lack of poise, probably due to youth, he would have been a master. As Knopps left the office of the Morning Star that morning he had but one thought, and that was made very clear in his opening remark to a party of friends he found at luncheon.

"Fellows," Knopps announced gleefully, "if you've got any good lines slip them to me. I've got a chance to knock Broadway back on its haunches. I'm going to write a weekly review of those inane vaudeville acts at the Paladin!"

II

EARLY on a morning in October—which is to say, in theatrical circles, about eleven o'clock—D'Arcy & Devere, vaudeville song-and-dance team, proceeded, with great caution, to prepare breakfast at the expense of the landlady's gas. The register downstairs gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare—their real names—and they had so registered with the understanding that no cooking was to be done in the rooms; this in view of the fact that Mrs. Trildea Buckingham, proprietress, served a morning meal for thirty-five cents.

It would be two weeks before their act opened at the Paladin, and D'Arcy & Devere deemed it wise to conserve their small change for more pressing needs, such as new props and Miss Devere's gowns. Besides, they had not used the gas the night before, which made everything even.

D'Arcy poked into a big traveling trunk and from the hatbox drew forth a miniature gas stove and a coffee pot. Ground coffee he kept in a rubber tobacco pouch, a very successful idea of his own invention, to keep it fresh. Dexterously he attached the stove to the gas jet by means of a rubber tube and set the pot on to boil. From her hand bag Miss Devere lifted a small paper bag containing two eggs and a couple of rolls. Going to the washstand she washed the eggs very carefully and then dropped them into the coffee pot. One of the rolls she stuck between the spout and the side of the pot and the other was wedged in alongside the handle.

This method of preparing a quick breakfast might shock the ordinary housekeeper, but there could be no question as to its efficiency. When the coffee came to the boiling point D'Arcy poured a small quantity of cold water into the pot to settle the grounds at the bottom and turned off the gas. Everything was ready. The eggs were medium-boiled and the rolls were hot.

In another corner of the trunk tray Miss Devere found two cups, two spoons, several lumps of sugar, and a five-cent can of evaporated milk. A grease-paint crock contained a small quantity of butter.

They had seated themselves at the little center table when the quick ears of Miss Devere detected a suspicious sound. In a jiffy D'Arcy had the stove disconnected and was about to dump the whole breakfast into the trunk tray when a warning finger from his wife stopped him. She had her ear to the door.

"Can't be Mrs. Buckingham," she half whispered. "It's somebody next door."

"Who's rooming in there?" asked D'Arcy, as both listened intently.

"Conners & Yvette, I think," she said. "They opened at the Paladin yesterday."

(Continued on Page 66)

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger — 48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior — a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Don't You Want Them?

These Extra Features—In the Car You'll Own?

The Mitchell differs from other cars in some hundreds of extra values. This year they include

31 extra features—
24 per cent added luxury—
100 per cent over-strength.

They are in the Mitchell because of John W. Bate. His ideals of a car require them. And his factory savings—due to efficiency—make them possible at Mitchell prices.

Let us briefly review them. Then judge for yourself if you want them in the car you buy to keep.

The Extra Strength

Above all stands the margin of safety in every vital part. That has been doubled in the past three years.

Mr. Bate demands 100 per cent over-strength. It is essential, he says, to a life-time car. It is ridiculed by some makers, just as they ridiculed his former standard of 50 per cent over-strength.

But the world's best automobile engineers are working toward this standard. It was so in Europe—in 1913—when Mr. Bate spent a full year among them. It is coming in America—very fast—among makers who don't stint cost.

In these days of high steel prices it means much added cost. It means some added weight. But to owners it means safety. It means low upkeep, small repairs. It means a car that keeps its newness, and that probably lasts a lifetime.

We give it in Mitchells for the future's sake. For a year or two a car might serve about as well without it. But in years to come men by tens of thousands will be advertising Mitchell endurance.

31 Distinct Extras

The Mitchell has 31 distinct features rarely found in cars, even at high prices. Go let the Mitchell dealer point them out to you.

A power tire pump, for instance. You know that you need it. Reversible head-lights, which shower the engine, when needed, with a flood of light.

An easy control, a ball-bearing steering gear, a light in the tonneau, an engine primer at the driver's hand. An extra-cost carburetor, a locked compartment, never-broken springs.

Consider all of these 31 extras. They will cost us this year about $4,000,000. There isn't one you don't want on a car you buy to keep.

New Added Luxuries

Handsomer cars than the Mitchells of last year can hardly be hoped for, we think. But this year we have added 24 per cent to the cost of luxury. We have added what we save in our new body plant, where all Mitchell bodies are built.

Now our finish coats are fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, lasting luster. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of the upholstery. This means extra-grade leather and a new type of springs.

There are scores of new touches.

Every woman will delight in today's exquisite models. And every man will want them. Go and see.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Now at $1150, Too

For Those Who Prefer a 5-Passenger Car

We have made heretofore but one size in the Mitchell—our impressive 7-passenger model.

But some prefer a 5-passenger car. A 120-inch wheelbase makes such a car roomy. A 40-horsepower motor gives it power enough.

So this year we build Mitchell Junior. This is a Six without extra tonneau seats. It has more room and power than most cars of like type. But less than the larger Mitchell.

This is not a new model. Last year we put out 2500 to feel out the demand. It is simply our standard car now built in two sizes, to meet every buyer's idea.

New Body Styles

The Mitchell line, of course, includes all types of bodies. But the designs are exclusive—made for Mitchells only. And the bodies are built in our new body plant.

One attractive new design is the Mitchell Club Roadster—a roadster that seats five.

Another is our new-type Convertible Sedan. Cars of this type, for winter and summer, have attained a remarkable vogue. In summer they mean clean touring, and protection from sudden storms. In winter a luxurious closed car. See the Mitchell design—it's unique.

Mitchell Advantages Due to John W. Bate

The ways in which Mitchell excels every rival are all due to John W. Bate. For 14 years this great efficiency engineer has devoted all his time to the Mitchell

This model factory, covering 45 acres, was built under his direction. Its thousands of machines are all adapted to build this one car economically. Our factory cost has been cut in two under these Bate methods.

No car like the Mitchell, equipped like the Mitchell, has ever been built elsewhere. Such a car at this price would be utterly impossible under ordinary factory conditions.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

Unique Standards

This saving makes possible the extreme Mitchell standards, on which Mr. Bate insists. Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. Important parts are all built oversize. Parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium. Steel in Mitchells costs as high as 15 cents per pound.

Two Bate-built Mitchells that we know of have already exceeded 200,000 miles apiece—over 40 years of ordinary service.

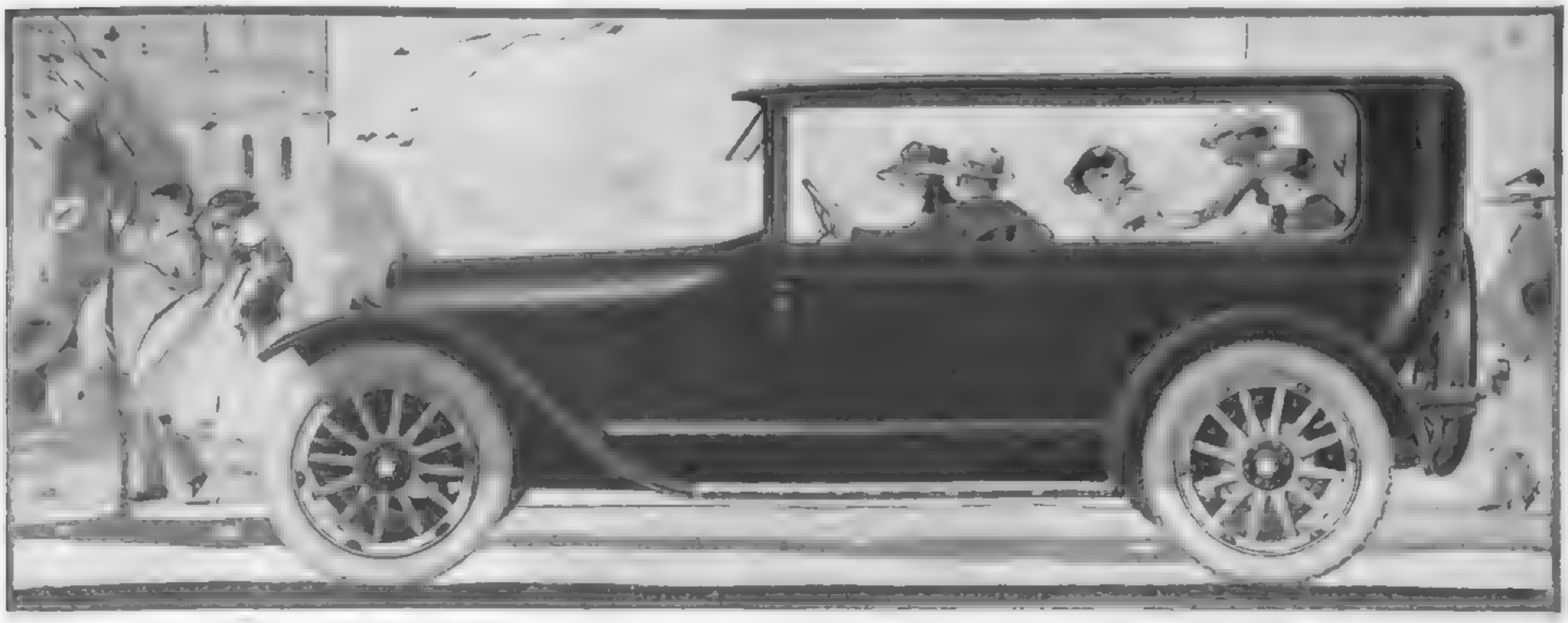
Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break under shocks. But not one Bate cantilever spring ever yet has broken. They have been used for two years, on tens of thousands of cars, under every road condition. Never one leaf has broken.

In every hidden part of Mitchell's those same Bate standards exist.

These factors should outweigh all others in choosing a motor car. Other cars may seem equally attractive. Some makers, perhaps, attain equal endurance. But no other fine car gives so much for the money. And no other car embodies so many of the Mitchell extras.

This is to urge that you prove those facts. You can't afford to overlook them when you buy a car to keep.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 63)

"Oh, I guess it's all right," declared D'Arcy, returning to his coffee.

"I'm not so sure," Miss Devere was about to say, when there came a startling rap on the door.

"Oh, let her catch us," D'Arcy decided. "I'm not going to stop now."

Meantime the wife had resumed her listening at the door before turning the key.

"Why, it's somebody crying!" she said, and turned the knob.

As the visitor looked into the face of her friend she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Why, Bonnie Yvette, whatever is the matter?" cried the sympathetic little Mrs. O'Hare, putting her arm round the girl and drawing her inside.

Behind Yvette stood Buck Conners, her husband.

"I've been telling her not to worry about that crook of a critic, Trixie," the husband half whispered to Miss Devere. "But somehow I can't stop her from crying. . . . See if you can calm her down."

"This Knopps, Knocks, or whatever is his name," wailed the distressed Yvette, "has ruined our act. And—and," she almost screamed, "we had twenty weeks ahead of us at good money!"

"Just take a look at this paper," added Conners, handing a copy of the Morning Star to D'Arcy. "Ain't it awful?"

"Never mind, dearie; never mind," consoled Miss Devere, forcing the young woman to sit beside her on the bed. "The Booking Office don't pay no attention to that stuff. . . . Where's the kid?" she was suddenly reminded.

"The boy's out in the country," Conners informed her. "We've got him in school out at the place where we're aiming to live next summer."

"But we won't live there now," wept Yvette. "Hadn't you heard about our house?" she asked. . . . "Oh, I wish I was a man! I'd kill that Knopps. . . . Yes, I would; and don't you say I wouldn't," she said in response to her husband's deprecating look. "I'd kill him, I tell you! Our act was going good—everybody liked it. But him—that hyena! . . . I wonder if a man like that ever had a mother, a sister or a wife! I'll bet he never saw a baby in his life."

"Look at it! Look at it, and see for yourself," added Conners, indicating the review in the Morning Star. And he handed D'Arcy the paper.

"Yes, read it, Mr. D'Arcy. Read it aloud. You can't hurt my feelings any more. I want to show Trixie just what all of us show folks are up against."

D'Arcy rapidly glanced down the column, but did not read aloud until he came to this:

"A good movie house that runs four or five shows a day could take this act and make a lot of money. They could put Conners & Yvette on every hour and clean out the house in ten minutes, making it easy to start another performance with a brand-new audience. There are great possibilities here."

D'Arcy stopped. The four sat looking at one another, silent. It was too embarrassing for discussion.

"It's too bad!" finally remarked D'Arcy, unable to think of anything consoling. "That Knopps is a no-good guy—that's all!"

"But tell us about the house," Miss Devere inquired, in an endeavor to divert her friend's mind. "It must be lovely!"

"We've got it half paid for now," Yvette told her; "and this twenty weeks would have given us a home. It's a shame! And you know, Trixie, how hard we've tried."

"Well, we hadn't got so far as a house," said Miss Devere; "but Connie and I had our minds on a car—a flivver, you know. No regular car. Wouldn't it be great if we could drive out and visit you?"

"There's a lot of other vaudeville people going to have a hard summer," observed Buck Conners irrelevantly. "And, mind you, them agents have been stalling us with talk about getting by at the Paladin, so that future booking would be a cinch. Can you beat it?"

"This Knopps, I reckon, never boosts anything," remarked D'Arcy.

"The only thing that's got by for him in six months," Conners informed him, "was one of them little dramatic acts. He ain't got sense enough to know that a theater's got to have acts in one. Like the rest of them fool critics, he thinks there ain't nothing but the drammer." This launched a discussion of current attractions, and by degrees Yvette's eyes dried.

"Oh, say, Bonnie," Miss Devere was suddenly reminded, "I want to show you my new gowns for the opening."

That, for the moment, eliminated J. Wilbert Knopps. It also eliminated the two husbands. Conners and D'Arcy thought it a good idea to walk round to the Booking Offices.

III

DION D'ARCY, alias Cornelius O'Hare, returned to the boarding house of Mrs. Trildea Buckingham aglow with new ambition. A great big thought had hit him squarely between his Irish eyes.

"Trix," he announced, "you might as well roll up them short fancy dresses and put 'em in storage."

"What d'you mean, Connie?" she asked in alarm. "We ain't canceled?"

For several hours she had brooded over the fact that she and D'Arcy had the same kind of act as Conners & Yvette.

"No; 'tain't that," D'Arcy explained. "But to go ahead with our old knockabout act would amount to the same thing. We've got to pull something new, and I've got the big idea."

"But we are booked to do the old one," she reminded him. "We can't change it without notice, can we?"

"Sure we can! I just saw the agent, and he says we are booked as D'Arcy & Devere, and that's all. We can put on any kind of act we want to. If it don't go good they can cancel us then; but not before. Anyway, we can't lose anything by a shift. Look at what's happened to Conners & Yvette! They haven't got a thing after next week."

"I can see that my old boy's been doing some thinking. What is it, Connie?"

Devere was profoundly proud of her big giant of a husband and gloried in any opportunity to praise him.

"Trix," he asked importantly, "do you remember the time you recited Gunga Din at the benefit?" She nodded. "Well," he proceeded, "you know I told you right then and there that you had the old dramatic instinct and that you ought to have been a Maude Adams, didn't I?"

"Yes," she admitted with modesty; "but I thought you might be kidding, dear."

"Well, I wasn't. Now you know that I've got the build and the looks for a heavy, don't you?"

Again she nodded, looking at her husband with growing admiration.

"You could be anything, Connie!"

"There ain't a reason in the world," he went on, "why I couldn't do a heavy-hero stunt just as well as Bill Farnum. I've had fellows tell me I looked like him, at that." He squared off his shoulders so as to give his figure an appraisal in the mirror.

"But, honey, where are we going to get the material?" inquired Devere, at all times practical.

"I'm going to write it!" he declared, and paused for dramatic effect. "Just wait a minute," he added, in answer to her look of astonished wonderment. "You remember Modjeska, don't you?"

"You know I'm not old enough for that, Connie."

"Well, I do. Anyway, you've read about how she played Mary Queen of Scots?"

"Mary was the Queen that had so many lovers, wasn't she? The one that finally got her head cut off?"

"You got it, Trix; and you're just the gal who can play her. I got it all doped out. I was a kid sceneshifter in them old Modjeska days at the Lyceum, and I'm wise to every trick she ever had."

"Me play a Queen!" Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare blushed at the implied compliment.

"Well, you are a Queen, ain't you? You are to me, anyhow. I know you can get away with it. All of 'em was timid at the start. Julia Marlowe done it; and in looks you got her beat four ways from the ace."

"It's wonderful, Connie!" gurgled Miss Devere. "The bigness of it makes me tremble. I knew you had it in you to do something great. Hurry up and tell me the rest, dear!"

"To begin with, Trix," D'Arcy elucidated as he reached for pencil and paper, "mistaken identity is the backbone of all good farces, and the same thing goes for drammer. You know that, don't you?" She nodded. "Now listen," he went on: "This Mary Queen of Scots had all kinds of lovers—the biggest string in history, so far as I have read. I think she was also nearsighted."

"Are you sure about that, Connie?" the wife asked timorously.

"Not exactly; but I've got to have her nearsighted so as to plant the kick in this plot. Anyway, there ain't a boob in that Paladin audience who will know the difference."

"This J. Wilbert Knopps might know," she suggested.

"That's where I'll get him," he said with enthusiasm. "He'll think that maybe he's skipped a few facts in his reading and will give us credit for pulling something new.

"Anyway, the Queen has got to be nearsighted, and that's settled. Now follow this closely: I'm going to be one of the lovers. I'll come on when you, playing Mary, are busy with some embroidery or something. I'll pass out some salve about how good you are looking in your new crown, which is just the kind of stuff that Queen Mary always fell for. Now, Trixie, you know that I know women, don't you?" he asked impressively, and Devere nodded. "Well, I'll stand about ten feet away from your throne; and you, being nearsighted, will mistake me for one of the other lovers with whom Mary has been getting a little too confidential about government matters. Get it?"

"Yes; but ——"

"No buts about it. You'll open up and talk freely to me about what you said to the other lover guy the night before. In that way Mary will expose the secrets of state. . . . Don't it work out nifty? . . . When I've got the suspense established just right I'll work closer, and she'll discover her terrible mistake—a cinch for a big dramatic scene! Then she'll beg me not to tell. She'll get down on her knees and do the big emotional stuff—a fat part for you. Can you imagine what a knockout scene it will be with a Queen, wearing a crown on her head, on her knees begging me to be merciful—to let up?"

"Why, it's marvelous!" exclaimed the trusting little woman. "And then?"

"I'll finally tell her that, deceived as I have been, I'm no blackmailer. . . . You see, I've got to keep the sympathy of the audience. . . . All I will ask is that she keep a little love in her queenly heart for me, and that my only reward shall be the privilege of being put in charge of an army which will go out and lick her enemies. I'll also promise to catch that Queen Elizabeth, or whatever her name is, and bring her in alive. She was Mary's rival, you know."

"To save my life, honey, I can't see how you remember all that history!"

"Oh, I know a lot of stuff," he explained, with a weak attempt at modesty, "that I never spout round these ham actors."

"That should be a beautiful act—a real classic, Connie," agreed Trixie. "And we can do it without the use of a single offstage prop."

"I don't know yet," D'Arcy told her. "I may put in a duel at the finish. It might be good stuff for me to have one of them court spies come in and catch me making love to the Queen. I could challenge him to a duel and fight him right there on the stage, with the Queen rooting for me to win."

"Oh, glorious! . . . But what kind of costumes do we wear?"

"That's a matter of detail. I want you to go up to the library to-morrow and get a book on it. It's a cinch, though, that you'll have to wear some kind of a long purple gown, and a neat little gold crown on your head. I know where you can get those. As for me, I think I'll have to wear one of them layouts with the tights and the big high boots that get all wrinkled and fall down. Also, a big wide hat and one of them trick jackets that button tight round the chest and then flare out at the waist. But you look it up. You can be attending to that while I'm doing the writing."

Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare walked right over and gave her husband a hug and a kiss. He had grown much in her estimation.

"If they like this act, Trix," D'Arcy reminded her, "we'll have that flivver bought in six weeks. . . . They're always hollering for something new up to that Booking Office, and we are going to give it to them right hot off the griddle."

"Don't forget, dear," cautioned Trixie, "to see that your name gets on the program as author. By the way, honey, what are we going to call it?"

"That's easy," he replied, smiling wisely. "The Queen's Mistake. Kind of a cinch, eh?"

She thought it was.

Conners & Yvette dropped in to go over their troubles again, but D'Arcy & Devere said not a word about their stupendous project. Nobody should know of this, D'Arcy had decreed, until it hit Broadway out of a clear sky.

In the mind of the author there could be no doubt of success. The novelty alone would carry it. No actor ever doubted his own ability to act, and D'Arcy & Devere were actors.

By noon the next day Author Dion D'Arcy was well along with his historical one-act play. Miss Devere, lest she might disturb the great mental concentration, moved about the room on tiptoes.

"Say, Trix," said the author, looking up after an hour of steady writing, "I've got a bird of a laugh that I could slip in here."

"But don't forget, Connie, that this is drama—not comedy," she suggested.

(Continued on Page 69)

"There Ain't a Reason in the World Why I Couldn't Do a Heavy-Hero Stunt Just as Well as Bill Farnum"

MAXWELL ONE-TON CHASSIS

$795

F. O. B. FACTORY

BRIEF DESCRIPTION Four-cylinder engine, cast in block, powerful and economical, three-speed transmission; gears made of heat-treated alloy steel Worm drive, using Timken-David Brown worm and gear embodied in rear axle. Axles of heavy construction with Timken roller bearings throughout. Frame of pressed steel with heavy cross members. Extra long springs made of special spring steel. Sturdy wood wheels with steel rims. Two sets of brakes acting on rear wheels. Heat-treated alloy steels used in all vital parts, providing a margin of strength and durability adequate to insure good service and long life. Remarkable economy in fuel consumption, tire expense and maintenance cost is assured.

The regular chassis equipment (as illustrated above) includes seat; front fenders; solid tires, 32 x 3 inches front and 32 x 4 inches rear; electric headlights and tail light; electric horn; generator and storage battery of 80-ampere-hour capacity; full set of tools. 33 x 4½-inch pneumatic tires with demountable rims on all four wheels, $30.00 extra.

THE new Maxwell One-Ton Truck, here announced, is the first truck to be built in the great volume necessary to make a low price possible.

This truck has been in the processes of development for two years. During that time we experimented, tested, made changes and finally drove the finished product over 30,000 miles of city and country roads.

We know, therefore, that the Maxwell Truck is mature, efficient, exceedingly sturdy—and in every other way fit to bear the Maxwell name.

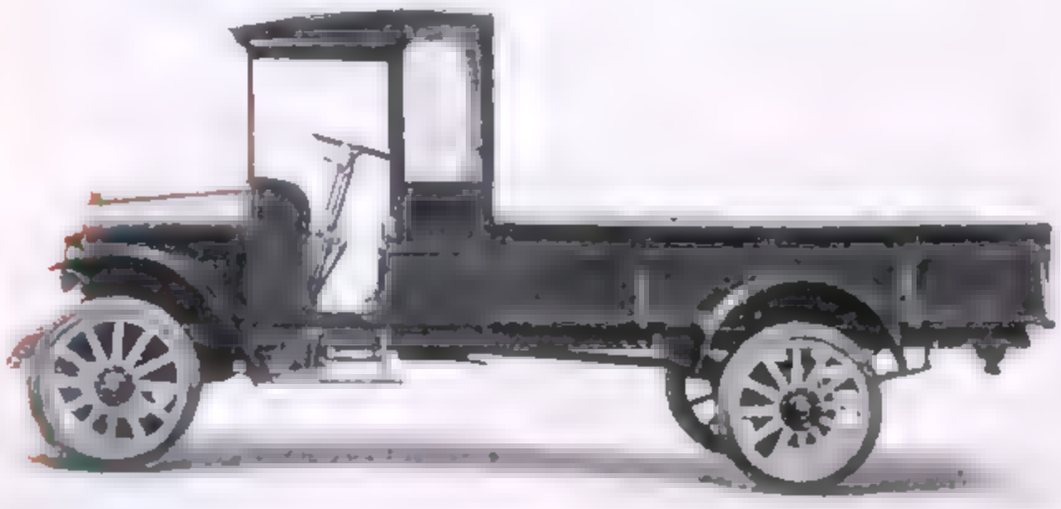
Timken-David Brown Worm and Gear is used for final drive. Worm drive has the advantages of smoothness and silence in operation. Moreover, this drive, through greatly reduced friction, transmits the motor power with maximum economy.

Through our nation-wide dealer organization covering 3,000 cities and towns, we are able to render a service to truck owners that is absolutely without parallel in the motor truck industry.

Alert dealers in towns where we are not represented should consider the tremendous market for this low-priced Maxwell Truck. Business concerns, large and small, and of every description, can operate these trucks with better results and at less expense than any other form of equipment.

For these reasons, and others too numerous to cite within this space, the Maxwell One-Ton Truck will fill a long existing and immense field.

Consequently, it presents a literally golden opportunity in open territory for dealers of the right sort. To these we will be glad to send our proposition and printed matter on request.



Chassis and Box Body with Cab and Windshield

$850

F.O B. FACTORY

Chassis and Express Body with Integral Cab, Side Curtains and Windshield

$890

F O.B. FACTORY

Maxwell Motor Co. Inc. Detroit, Mich.

The Slip-Shod Driver

Help Us Focus the Condemning Light of Public Opinion on THE SLIP-SHOD DRIVER—*The Greatest Enemy of Motoring*

The *slip*-shod driver is one who leaves tire chains in the locker when careful drivers put them on their wheels. Driving with chainless tires over wet-slippery-skiddy streets he gambles with the lives and property of everyone in his path.

Only two things can reach the *slip*-shod driver —fear of the law and the mightier power of public opinion. So, we ask you to help us arouse and concentrate a public opinion that will compel the *slip*-shod driver to use intelligence and judgment that will safeguard all of us against all preventable accidents.

Concentrate your light of condemnation on every driver who cuts corners; who does not signal when stopping or turning; who does not give a warning signal of his approach; who exceeds a safe speed limit; who does not inspect his brakes and steering gear; and who does not stop to put on tire chains at the first indication of wet-slippery-skiddy streets.

Help Us Insure Motoring Safety for Everyone.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport, Connecticut

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The above advertisement was suggested by a car owner who has the best interests of motoring at heart. Please show it to all slip-shod drivers you meet and ask them to spread its doctrines to others in their class. Help forge an endless chain campaign to insure motoring safety for everyone.

(Continued from Page 65)

"You're probably right, at that," he agreed, biting on his pencil and looking at the ceiling thoughtfully. "But wouldn't this be a scream? Listen: I've got the lover strolling in and saying: 'Well, how's the girl? What've you got to say for yourself? How's everything, anyway?' You know—that pleasant stuff. Well, after doing a little business with the embroidery the Queen'll look up and come back with: 'Oh, so-so!' Get it? 'Sew-sew!'"

This brought on a prolonged argument, Miss Devere insisting that the remark, even if it did bring a big laugh, was too undignified for a Queen. And her argument bore weight, because she was to be the Queen.

With great reluctance, Dion D'Arcy consented to leave it out—for the first performance, anyway. If things broke right he might slip it in later. The author was inordinately fond of that line.

IV

THE head property man at the Paladin scanned the prop list and scene plot with an ugly frown. He thought himself the victim of a practical joke.

"Say, Lawler," he called to the stage manager, "did you see this—this scene plot for D'Arcy & Devere?"

"It's in one, isn't it? Same old stuff?"

"That just shows you ought to take a look at your own business before slipping it to me. Get this!"

The prop man handed the two slips to the stage manager, who had passed them over without even slitting the envelope.

"They must be kidding," he decided, after a glance down the typewritten sheet.

Dion D'Arcy had called for "Full stage, old English setting; large royal chairs, heavy hangings, and colonnade back drop." Among the other props he called for "Metal suit of mail and armor, to stand in corner of room," noting in pencil that he had often seen one, backstage, at the Paladin. His idea for this was to give a better atmosphere.

"Send out front and get the billing," the stage manager suggested, "and see what these hicks are trying to pull. Must be some kind of a josh!"

But both prop man and stage manager were wrong. The copy for the outside billing read:

D'ARCY & DEVERE

SURPASSING ARTISTS IN NEW OFFERING

FIRST TIME ON BROADWAY

For the program the copy was a little more enlightening. It announced:

"Dion D'Arcy and Delhi Devere, dramatic artists, in The Queen's Mistake, a one-act play of historical interest, by Dion D'Arcy. Staged and directed by the Author."

The prop man and the stage manager looked at each other and—and laughed. Having the interest of the house at heart, and possessing a keen sense of humor, the S. M. betook himself to the office of the press agent for fear that dignitary had overlooked a bet. But he hadn't. Not only that, but he was on the point that very moment of mailing two seats to J. Wilbert Knopps, of the Morning Star.

"Give 'em the best setting you've got in the shop," the press agent urged the stage manager, "and let's see 'em work. This ought to be good."

Thus it happened that when the stage was all set for the matinée performance of The Queen's Mistake Miss Devere peeped through the drop curtain while a song-and-dance team was working "in one" and saw the hard, stony face of J. Wilbert Knopps for the first time. He was seated in the second row.

Performers coming backstage after their turns had reported no change in J. Wilbert's face since the curtain went up on a juggler's act, which opened the show. Not a semblance of interest or a smile had moved those hard, cynical features.

"Ole Sober Sue out there wouldn't smile," declared a star monologuist, over his shoulder, as he took two legitimate bows—and then "stole" another—"if the Statue of Liberty should hit William Penn over the head with a bladder."

Just the same, Mr. Knopps was awaiting The Queen's Mistake with unusual interest. The wording of D'Arcy & Devere's act on the program had roused his curiosity. In it there was a suggestion of something thoughtful, artistic.

Finally the boy hung out the card. The curtain rose slowly to the music of Hearts and Flowers, and even J. Wilbert Knopps could not repress an amused twinkle. Mary, Queen of Scots, was disclosed seated in a huge armchair, industriously plying an embroidery needle on what appeared to be the cover of a sofa pillow. On her head was perched a gilded crown, made of cardboard. Through the carelessness of haste, Miss Devere had permitted the black thread that held this coronet in the back to hang down across her white neck and shoulder. Knopps very carefully noted that fact in his memorandum book.

The ridiculousness of this picture, seriously intended as it was, had just started a smile on the critic's lips when the soulful music died down for the entrance of Dion D'Arcy, attired in the swashbuckling costume of a Scottish knight. At his side

"Say, Trix, I've Got a Bird of a Laugh That I Could Slip in Here"

clanked a sword that frequently got caught in the wrinkles of his big boots.

"Good morning, Mary!" was his first line. "How's the girl?"

"Oh, Gerald!" she replied, startled. "Why don't you come nearer? My poor myopic eyes!" D'Arcy had found in a dictionary that myopic was the highbrow word for "nearsighted," and insisted that it should go in. "My poor myopic eyes," she repeated for emphasis, "deny me the pleasure of seeing your handsome features."

"You should wear spectacles, milady," advised the knight.

"What? And ruin my looks for those who have learned to love me!"

Even though this had thoroughly "planted" the plot, it was too much for the stony features of Knopps, the critic. Knopps, at last, had found something at which to laugh. As the scene proceeded he actually guffawed.

Line by line D'Arcy's serious drama unfolded; and, as it did, the whole Paladin audience rocked with laughter. One young woman, in particular, got the giggles, the most disastrous calamity that can befall any act. As the performance continued, the rest of the audience, led by the giggling patroness, actually screamed. Men and women held their sides, while tears streaked down their cheeks.

The Queen's emotional plea and the final duel, which D'Arcy had insisted on putting in at the last moment, almost broke up the show. Spectators stood up and yelled. The giggling young woman was taken out, in hysterics.

There was no doubt that D'Arcy & Devere had knocked Broadway theatergoers out of their seats. But they did not appreciate their enormous hit. With sinking hearts, the ambitious couple had struggled through the historical drama, until at the finish the humiliated Miss Devere was on the point of swooning.

Without asking or awaiting a word of information as to the verdict of the house authorities on the success of their opening, the mortified Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare sneaked out of the stage entrance half an hour later and went wearily to their rooms at the boarding house of Mrs. Trildea Buckingham. The triumphal homecoming had not materialized.

They reached their room and, after locking the door, Miss Devere threw herself on the bed in a violent fit of weeping.

"Connie," she whimpered, as he tried to comfort her, "they were laughing at us—laughing at us, I tell you!"

The distressed husband sat there for several minutes looking at his wife, his brows knitted. His conceit, enormous as it was, had been dealt a heavy blow. But, he mused, it was not knocked out. He would yet find a way.

"Never mind, little girl," he soothed. "I've got 'em where I want 'em now. Your old Connie knows what he's doing."

The more sophisticated audience at the night performance found The Queen's Mistake even funnier than did the matinéegoers. At this performance D'Arcy put in his beloved "Sew-sew" line, and it was with difficulty that the patrons held their seats.

The house manager came round at the end of the performance and informed the two artists that they had knocked Broadway flat on its back.

"That's the funniest cheese drama I ever saw in my life," he admitted; and an admission like that from a house manager would be a fortune to some performers. "I tell you it's a knock-out!" He added: "I knew you had it in you to do something big, D'Arcy. The only thing I fear now is that they will be grabbing off this act for the Hippolite."

"Well," said D'Arcy noncommittally, "I done the best I could."

The next morning Mrs. Trildea Buckingham served breakfast to D'Arcy & Devere in their room. This was unusual, but circumstances appeared to warrant it.

"I want to give you a chance to read the papers without being disturbed," she explained to Miss Devere, who was red-eyed from weeping. "The whole house is talking about the way you put over that act, and I know you would be sick of being stared at."

After leaving a copy of the Morning Star, Trildea retired.

J. Wilbert Knopps had devoted exactly one column to The Queen's Mistake. No other act on the bill was mentioned. He wrote in that superb sarcastic style which conveyed to the unsophisticated that he had never suspected D'Arcy & Devere of being serious. The performance he declared, with a rapierlike thrust, to be the most artistic bit of tomfoolery and the funniest thing that had ever hit Broadway. It was a subtle, cruel cut at heartstrings. He described in detail the performance, the stage setting and the costumes, even to Miss Devere's cardboard coronet with the black thread hanging down her neck.

Again Miss Devere burst into tears.

"Now listen, Trixie," said D'Arcy, his courage and conceit returning; "This guy thinks he's getting away with something, but he ain't kidding me. You know I had a comedy notion in this thing all the time. I could sense them laughs. Don't you think I knew something when I put in that 'Sew-sew'? Why, I ——"

"Sh-h-h!" warned the wife. "You are talking too loud."

As his voice suddenly died down they heard a distinct titter and a coarse mocking guffaw in the adjoining room.

"There's troupers in there," said Devere; and, with all her mortification returned, she lay on the bed and wept pitifully.

"We ain't licked yet, honey," declared the author; but in his voice there was something that failed to carry the weight of conviction. "Just give us another day or two to break this thing in good, and ——"

He was interrupted by a rap on the door.

"Mr. D'Arcy," called Mrs. Buckingham's maid-of-all-work. "A Mr. Siegfreund wants you on the phone."

V

TO THOSE with highly cultivated appetites for subtle humor the Morning Star's review of The Queen's Mistake made a strong appeal. Even the managing editor enjoyed it, all the time congratulating himself on having spread the dramatic columns so as to take in vaudeville.

But there came an awakening. The editor gradually discovered that there still remained a class of people who appeared to

(Concluded on Page 72)

Hospitality

All that the olden days had to offer of genial, home-like comforts is yours with today's efficiency at "Chicago's Finest Hotel"—

Hotel La Salle

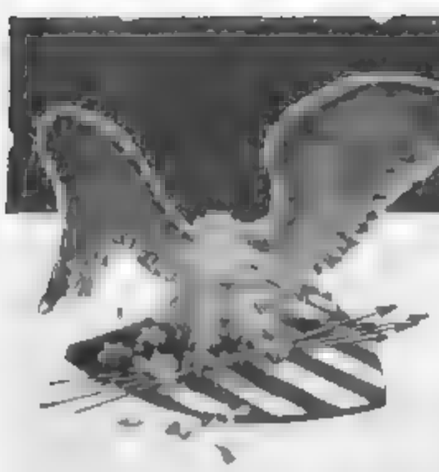
Here is combined the modern idea of service in its highest degree with the fine "old-school" ideals that made the Inn a place of welcome and restful ease. The convenient location gives you ready access to all Chicago offers.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*



The New Oliver Nine

How We Will Save American Business Millions of Dollars

The New Plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company

This is a proposal to sell new Oliver Typewriters for half what they used to cost. New machines of our latest model—Oliver Nine. That without altering the value one penny. All by ending a monstrous selling cost. If that interests you, we claim a few minutes' attention.

WE now propose to revolutionize the typewriter business.

This is the time when American industries must prepare for the end of the war. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So we announce here what the Oliver Typewriter Company proposes to do.

Henceforth there will be no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. No high office rents in 50 cities. No idle stocks.

PRICES CUT IN TWO

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we will reduce the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49.

This means that you will save $51 per machine. This plan, were it to become universal, would save all who buy typewriters over $100,000,000 a year.

This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There is nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

THE SITUATION

On each Oliver typewriter for which the user paid $100, more than half has been spent for salaries, traveling expenses, and commissions to an army of salesmen and agents

Thousands of dollars have been spent in maintaining expensive branch houses and show rooms in many cities

Our new plan now saves all this useless waste and brings the typewriter business down to a rock bottom basis

NEW CONDITIONS

Up to now it has cost manufacturers a great deal to educate people to universal typewriting But that period is past. Large, expensive sales forces are no longer needed.

The time has come when everybody may use a typewriter—not merely experts.

The growth of the Oliver business and the greater use of typewriters give us the opportunity to revolt from old methods.

BUSINESS MUST HEED

You have read of after-war industrial conditions. You have probably read the warnings of such men as Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation and President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, that American business must reach new planes of efficiency.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is more prosperous today than ever before—the present Oliver Nine is the most popular model ever made. So we propose to make this change at the height of our success.

Our new plan, we know, will win. People are prepared for new economic adjustments. Thousands will welcome this announcement. It heralds a standard typewriter at a price never before possible

WHO CAN RESIST?

Now note this fact carefully. We offer the very same Oliver Nine—the latest model—brand new—full standard equipment—for $49, the exact one which was $100 until this advertisement. Every Oliver Typewriter is fully guaranteed.

This is the first time in history that a new, standard $100 typewriter has been offered for $49. We do not offer a substitute machine—cheaper, different, or rebuilt. Only new Oliver Nines, direct from the factory to you.

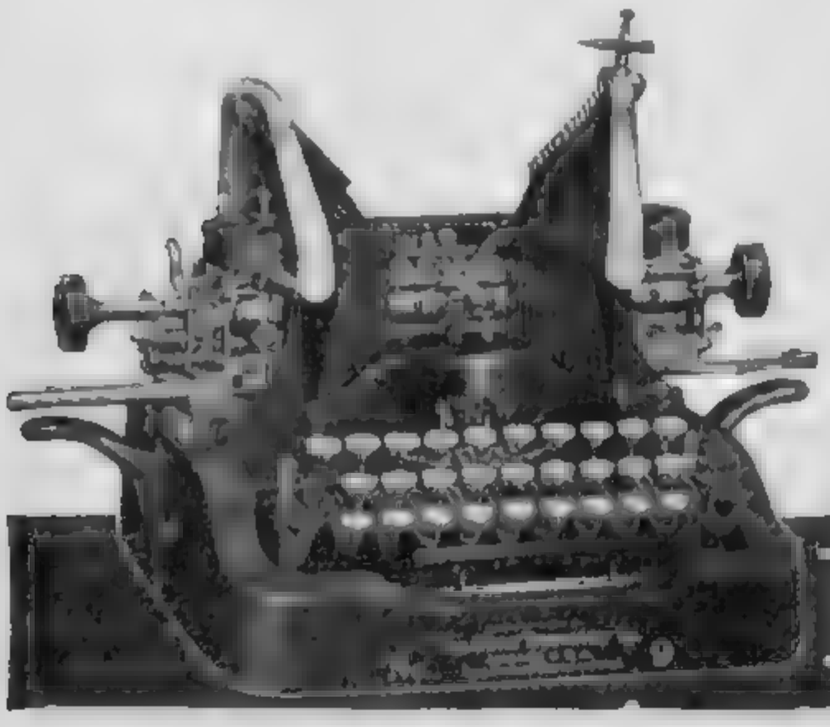
You may have one of these Oliver Nines for inspection without paying a cent. You decide in the privacy of your office or your home. There will be no forceful salesman—working for a commission—to influence you

Then you may take advantage of our monthly payment plan amounting to 10 cents a day.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Now we ask you, is the old sales plan necessary? Must we turn over to salesmen more than half of what you pay? Must we continue, at your cost, all of the unnecessary expenses? Or would you rather have us save $51 and give the whole saving to you?

Read all of the details on the opposite page. Then order an Oliver Nine for free trial or send for our startling book, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." Mail the coupon.



Oliver Features—Many Exclusive

One-third lighter touch because type bars drop downward. Speed 50 per cent faster than human hands; every machine is tested at 800 strokes per minute. Permanent alignment insured by arch-shaped type bars. Built for hardest usage. Famed for dependability. Printype—if you prefer—the clear, readable type that writes like print. Interchangeable carriages—make several machines in one. The clearness, readability and number of Oliver carbons is beyond comparison. Double color ribbon. In-built tabulator. Ruler—horizontal and vertical. Simplified construction—2000 fewer parts. Bronze bearings. No hair springs nor flimsy wires. Built of fine tool steel.

Famous the World Over

Was $100—Now $49

A $2,000,000 Guarantee That This $49 Typewriter Was $100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed—Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days free trial. No money down—no C. O. D. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save $51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

THE Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee; the Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until this advertisement was $100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it has determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend of the times.

For $49, whether you buy *one* Oliver Nine or one *hundred*, you receive the exact machine which was $100, fully guaranteed.

THE LATEST MODEL

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 are in daily use.

SIMPLIFIED SELLING

Our new plan is extremely simple. It is in accord with the tendency of the times.

It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below.

We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $3.00 per month.

Or if you wish additional information, write us or send your address on this coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately mail you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would otherwise obtain from a typewriter salesman.

10 CENTS A DAY

In making our terms of $3.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—we make it possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than it has cost heretofore.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver

WHY PAY $100?

Why not pay only $49 and obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite?

Why not accept—at least—our five days' free trial offer? Then decide.

You may do one of two things. Order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled, "The High cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Send today for your Oliver Nine or for further facts—many of which can't be printed here. Check the coupon below and mail today.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1013 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

To the Big User

This announcement is of particular value to you. Big users will save hundreds and thousands of dollars. An absolutely new Model 9 Oliver Typewriter, fully guaranteed, at a list price of $49, presents a typewriter opportunity unparalleled in the history of the industry. To save 50 per cent is certainly interesting to any business man, especially when the value remains unaltered. You know the Oliver. This present Model 9 is operated by any stenographer or typist, including touch operators.

We suggest to purchasing agents or buyers whose concerns use typewriters in quantity to get in touch with us immediately. Write today for further particulars relating to large users.

This Coupon Is Worth $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1013 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _____

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

MORE than a million women have bought a Hughes Ideal Hair Brush and you'll find more than a million who will use no other.

The Hughes Ideal Brush literally combs your hair without pulling it out. Its long, penetrating bristles give the scalp the stimulating massage necessary to promote the growth of the hair.

Hughes "Ideal" Waterproof Hair Brush

Model No. 66 Everywhere $2.00 Canada $2.75

Made from wonderfully strong and elastic Boar Bristles—NOT WIRE—securely vulcanized into a cushion of finest Para rubber, and mounted in a beautiful, highly polished handle.

The Hughes Ideal Waterproof Hair Brush is made to withstand constant wear and frequent washings.

You can wash it as regularly as you shampoo your hair, without dimming the lustre of the handle or impairing the bristles or rubber cushion.

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction

If your hair is luxuriant, preserve it by the use of a Hughes Ideal Brush. If it is falling, brittle or splitting at the ends, restore its vigor with a Hughes Ideal. Superior in every way to ordinary hair brushes yet its price, $2.00, is no more than you'll pay for the unwashable, unsanitary kind.

There's a Hughes "Ideal" for Every Woman's Need

The Hughes Ideal is made in many styles, with single, double, triple and quadruple bristles to suit your individual taste and needs. Prices range from **$1.00 to $5.00.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE
by Drug and Department Stores

If you cannot secure Model "66" from your regular merchant, we will send it to you postpaid upon receipt of price.

HENRY L. HUGHES
114 East 16th St. New York City
Canadian Distributors: Hardman, Peace & Nelson, Limited, Montreal

(Concluded from Page 69)

enjoy their humor as they found it, and not as an overtrained wit might judge it for them.

The first ray of light came in a letter from a Paladin patron who resented what he termed the Star's reflection on his intelligence. He had enjoyed the performance immensely, under the impression that its comedy was so intended.

"Why," he asked, "should a sarcastic critic spoil this illusion, with apparently no other purpose than to wound the performers?"

Others of a similar nature kept coming in until a stack of letters a foot high rested on the editorial desk. And among these one brought immediate action. Its orders were explicit.

The directing head of the Star sent for J. Wilbert Knopps.

"Knopps," he inquired kindly, "have you any idea where you could get another job?"

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised critic. "Any trouble?"

"Yes; to speak candidly, we are both in trouble. How are you fixed financially?"

"Financially? I suppose you've forgotten advancing me fifty dollars last week. What's the matter? Are you sore at that Paladin story?"

"No; I'm not sore. I think it a masterpiece; but" -he tapped the stack of letters suggestively—"what I think, it seems, does not count—not altogether."

"You are the boss of this office, aren't you?"

"I am; but let me tell you something, Knopps: It has just dawned on me that there are hundreds of theatergoers who like reviews of shows written as they might appeal to the audience, and not as they happen to strike the funny bone of a cynic."

"Well," declared Knopps testily, "if I've got to gauge my writings according to the brains of a lot of vaudeville lowbrows, then I am through."

"You are quite right, Knopps. That is what I was getting at. You are through."

"Down and out, and broke, eh?" Knopps remarked bitterly. "For having written a clever story! You'll admit it was clever?"

"I do; but there are even some who appear to have missed the subtle humor and thought your story one of sincere praise. Everybody, it seems, hasn't such a vivid imagination."

"I'd like to know the name of the numskull who thought that stuff was on the level"

"You haven't forgotten your old friend Siegfreund, of the Hippolite, have you?" The critic nodded, his expression indicating that the editor should proceed. "Well, you don't want to. He may be a real friend, because he's the only one you've boosted. He has just telephoned down, asking if we would use a short notice announcing that he had booked The Queen's Mistake for a season's run. He tells me that you are the best judge of vaudeville acts he has ever known. And, mind you, that old German meant it as a sincere compliment! To prove it, he wants you to come round and see him."

"The big dub!" exclaimed the critic, trying to hide his distress. "But, boss, that isn't the question. I think it is due me that you let me know how and why I was fired."

The editor reached for a square envelope, on which Knopps could see a crest.

"Do you recall," he asked Knopps, "a young woman who had to be removed from the Paladin Theater that afternoon on account of giggling—the one whose hysterical laughing almost broke up the show?"

"Yes; I mentioned it in the story, I believe."

"Well, that young woman has made an open apology to D'Arcy & Devere. She thought it the cleverest performance she ever witnessed. She so informed her friends in society, and they are packing the theater, in spite of the cutting story that appeared in the Morning Star. Furthermore, she has asked her father, a very rich man, to see that the author of what she regards a column of cruelty is discharged. And he has done that very thing.

"That young lady," he went on mercilessly, "is the daughter of Everett Whipple. And Everett Whipple is the owner of this paper! He is also the man who suggested that I engage you as critic when I was first placed in charge."

J. Wilbert Knopps took one glance at the envelope and tossed it back on the desk without looking at the contents. He had heard enough.

The dejected critic took a quick mental inventory of acquaintances that he might call friends. He discovered but one possibility: The only man he had ever befriended was Herr Siegfreund, of the Hippolite; and even that was against his will. He had friends among the *dilettanti*, it was true; but they could be of no help to him now. He betook himself to the Hippolite, crushed.

Herr Siegfreund greeted him warmly.

"Just the man I wanted most to see!" he said, grasping Knopps' hand and shaking it warmly; in his voice there was a slight Teutonic tinge, but when careful of his words he spoke perfect English. "My boy," he continued, "you have found my new attraction for me. It will be worth money to me and, maybe"—he looked at Knopps curiously—"maybe to you."

"Listen here, Mr. Siegfreund," said Knopps; "don't joke with me now. I'm in a fine mess—I'm fired!"

"Ah, I am delighted!" exclaimed the old German. "You are no longer in the employ of the Star? Excellent! And I believe you were paid seventy-five dollars the week?"

"Yes; but ——" Knopps caught himself as he saw a new meaning in the kindly face of the theatrical man; this reference to money reminded him that he was broke.

"No hesitation, please," said Herr Siegfreund. "You will come with me for one hundred? Don't shake your head. That brain of yours may be worth more, maybe, and I will be the winner. . . . Sign this!" He shoved toward the critic a contract blank.

"For doing what?" asked Knopps bluntly.

"I want a man who can write—one who knows; one who can find my attractions. And you, my boy, are that man. You agree? Is the sum not enough?"

J. Wilbert Knopps took off his overcoat and hung it on the hall rack. He then affixed his name to the contract.

"All right," he said resignedly. "Where'll I start?"

"Will you wait until I telephone? . . . I say, Miss Gordon," Siegfreund called to his stenographer, "did you get Mr. D'Arcy yet?"

"Yes, sir; he was on the phone a moment ago and I told him that Mr. Knopps was here."

"You should have let me speak to him," the old man mildly reprimanded. "But did he say he was coming? And when?"

"Yes, sir; he's coming round right away—in his new car, he said."

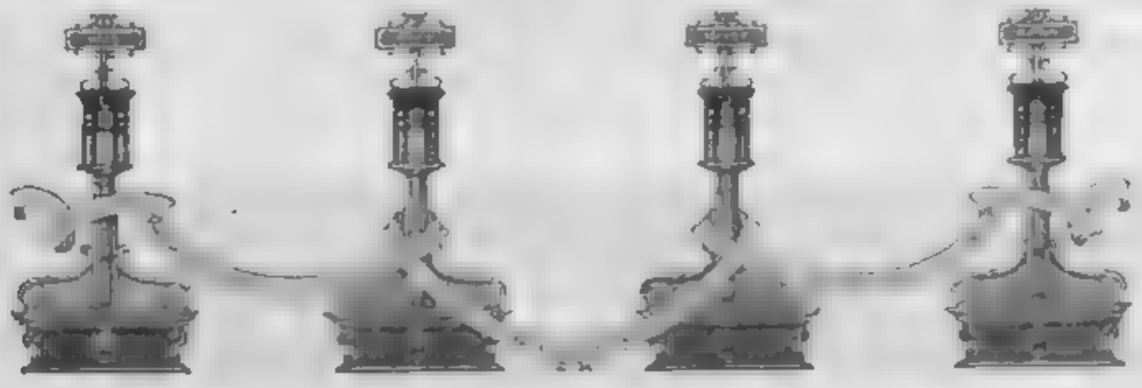
"Wait a minute. What's this?" Knopps demanded to know.

"Ah, it is a great opportunity, my boy, for you to make a name. Mr. D'Arcy, as you know, is not only a great actor but he has proved himself a playwright. I've engaged him to write me a burlesque on the big scene in Romeo and Juliet. And you" he patted Knopps on the shoulder—"are to collaborate. Fine, eh!"

"But—er—er ——"

"Now don't be too modest, my boy. I know you can do it. It is your big chance to get recognition in the show business. Your name, linked with that of D'Arcy, will mean something. Now have I not partially paid you for the many kindnesses you have shown me?"

Mr. Knopps wilted inwardly. Something seemed to stifle him. But, among his few good traits, he was game. The lesson had hit home.



A New Idea—Shoe Service Is It Practical?

[Copy of Letter Sent to Retail Shoe Dealers]

Gentlemen

Shoe retailing is a more difficult proposition than formerly. Many of the shoes now sold are so fantastic in color and material they very soon become [illegible] well dressed appearance. The result is shoe dissatisfaction with the dealer, many customers changing to other stores and a good many shoes being returned, a total loss. The shoe dealer is now beginning to understand that GOODS ARE NOT SOLD UNTIL THEY ARE CONSUMED; that a dealer's work is not completed at the end of a sale; not complete until he has provided a means through which the shoes will be consumed to the entire satisfaction of his customer.

The dealer is frequently asked "How can I clean the shoes? How can I keep them looking well?" He cannot dodge the responsibility of recommending a polish or dressing. Should he recommend the one which stains the shoe or which does not keep the shoe looking as well as the polish recommended by some other dealer he will lose the profit that has come from giving satisfaction to his trade. He will lose customers and money. It is, therefore, time that a shoe retailer should realize that HE MUST KNOW POLISHES. He must know what is the best in order that his customers will not prove him incompetent.

The time has gone by when dealers should keep and sell a polish because it had "the call," and the time has come when a dealer should keep a polish because it is the best. The shoe dealer should be an expert like a doctor. A doctor who gives his patients medicine because that particular medicine had "the call" would not stand well in his profession. It may be argued that a doctor knows his business better than the patient does, but a shoe dealer does not know his business as well as his customers, but if this is true a change must come. In all lines of business the company which gives "service" is the one which is growing. The shoe dealer who gives intelligent service will be the one who will grow.

If you accept our argument you will accept our goods. We do not claim to lead the trade in one, two or three articles which we manufacture. We can truthfully boast that no matter what kind of a shoe it is we make a better polish for it than any competitor. If you will consider the articles on which we have led the trade, BAGOL, RUBRUS, WHITERIGHT-OFF and WHITEHEELEDGE, you will see grounds for our contending that we lead on some articles, but if you will test our entire line you will find that there is not a single shoe polish made on which we are not the leaders.

If you grant the argument that you must in the future give shoe service as well as sell shoes the PRICE at which you buy the polish is a SECONDARY CONSIDERATION compared to the condition in which you keep your customers' shoes. Positively you cannot afford to have your customers using an inferior polish or dressing when it is in your power to provide them a better.

We will be glad of an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of our "very broad claim."

If this letter interests you and you want more letters containing suggestions write and tell us so.

Very truly yours,
GHK,P GEO. J. KELLY CO.

To Consumers of Good Shoes

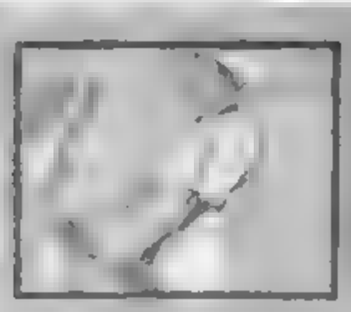
Does the high price for shoes mean that you will buy cheap shoes and put up with your feet not looking so well as formerly? It does not. You look better dressed every year and will continue to progress in the same direction, high prices or low prices. Will you forego colored shoes because they spoil so easily, and instead wear "solemn black"? You will not. You will be cheerful and look cheerful as long as you have the price.

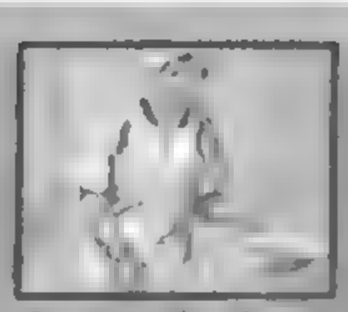
And will the girls wear light colored shoes? Of course. Do you have the faintest notion the girls do not know how attractive their feet look in light colored shoes? The most beautiful thing in the world is life. The action of a pretty foot in walking is extremely attractive, and it requires light colors on the foot to bring out the outlines with distinctness. The girls know it, of course.

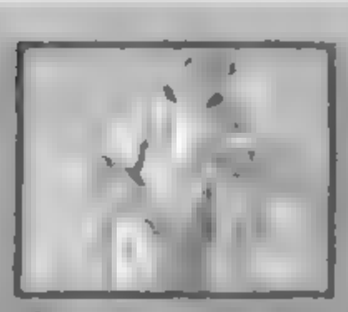
But, ladies and gentlemen, you do wear these fine, light colored shoes a while after they look rather shabby. You naturally hate to throw away things that represent so much good money. *Then why not make it your business to learn who makes the shoe preparations that keep the shoes in good condition the longest?* Buy one of Kelly's shoe preparations and find inside the paper box the pamphlet, "How to care for shoes." Or if you do not readily find a store selling Kelly's polishes, write us direct and we will send you a copy of the pamphlet, no charge. We will be glad to hear from you, anyway, and will answer any question you wish to ask.

We are shoemakers as well as polish makers and when the subject is shoes we know whereof we speak.

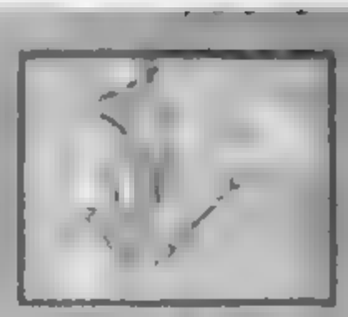
GEO. J. KELLY CO.
535 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.


Moving Furniture


Laying the Dust


Working Hard

Beating Rugs


After the Dust

Setting to Rights

Putting Things Away

Played Out

Which Way Do You Clean?

ARE you still using the wearying, old-fashioned, unclean method?

Your men folks use, in their business, the appliances which do better work in less time.

Why don't you?

Torrington CLEANERS

make it easy to keep the home clean, sanitary, healthful, in an orderly and thorough way.

They don't stir up dust and dirt, they remove it. There's no odor of dust or dusting in a Torrington-cleaned room.

The Electric Torrington
shows in U. S. Government test 28% greater suction power than is actually required.

Used 15 minutes once a week upstairs, and 15 minutes twice a week downstairs, it keeps your house clean and sanitary, and the cost of current will not be over 2 cents.

Price, $30.00
West, $35.00

Lady Torrington
not electric, is tested to clean 12,200 square yards and still remains in excellent condition. Strong suction is developed by pushing easily back and forth over the rug, and the brush which picks up the surface litter is operated by the same motion.

Price, $8.50
West, $9.00

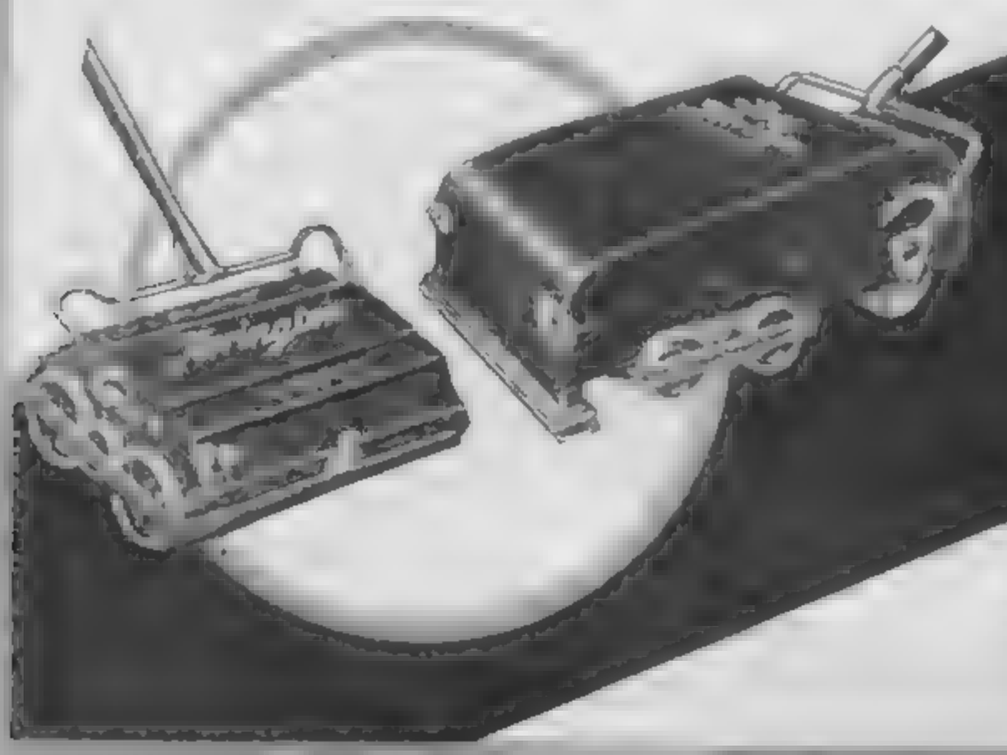
Torrington Sweeper
has no suction, but for brushing up crumbs around the dining table and litter in living or sewing room, it's a great time saver and housewife's comfort.

Prices
$3.50 to $5.50

National Sweeper Company 29 Laurel Street Torrington, Conn.

New York Office: Woolworth Building

Canadian Branch: 52 Bruce Avenue, Westmount, Montreal



To the Dealer You know that the Torrington Company is the world's leader

Let us give you complete information.

Clip Coupon and Mail Today

NATIONAL SWEEPER CO
29 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn.
Please send me detailed information of style checked
Torrington
Electric ____ Lady ____ Sweeper ____
Name _____
Address _____

MAKING BUSINESS MEN

II

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

AT THE hospital the head nurse met me with that cool deliberation of manner so maddening when one is in desperate haste. I told her I had come to see Mr. Bittner.

"What is the trouble with him?" I asked breathlessly.

She consulted a schedule. "Typhoid."

"May I see him at once?"

She would see; and in a few moments I was taken to his room.

"You beat it!" It was Bittner from his blankets addressing his very pretty, very demure little nurse.

"Don't stay long," she whispered to me as she passed out. "He'll be raving in ten minutes."

"That isn't raving," I whispered back, "that's just—Bittner." Then I went to his bedside and sat down, ready to take his instructions. Oh, how I did wish I had a healthy bunch of inquiries to report! I knew that would do more to quiet the fever in his veins than anything else. Of course he was terribly run down, but it was the last six weeks of strain that had worn out his powers of endurance.

"You gotta remember just one thing," he said, "and that is that I ain't sick. I'm out of the office and you can't get me for a while, but I ain't sick—not to no one!"

"I understand, Mr. Bittner."

"Stop the advertisin' with May. Tell the ad men we're not ready to talk further plans, that we're slowin' down, as usual, for summer. Then make the Fifty Principles into a book. We'll sell it by subscription most likely. You'll have to change the form some."

"Yes, Mr. Bittner."

For a long time he stared at his hands as they rested on the white coverlet. They looked so thin and wasted I wondered how I could have been blind to the man's condition, how I could have thought only of nerves.

"I'll be out o' here in a few days," he said at last; "but maybe I ought to 'a' gone into matters more with you. Our advertisin' and cut prices has mowed down my capital. We've just dropped over thirty thousand dollars. I ain't got much of a balance—not more'n enough for summer expenses. We gotta retrench. You and Miss Krog go over the force and weed out close as you can to keep open. Tell Miss Lutkins to hold off on the bills till I get back—not to pay anything but salaries."

"Yes, Mr. Bittner."

"And if I don't get back you'd better close out. What with rivals and one thing and another it'd be a hard business for a woman to handle alone. I ain't got any folks; it'd be all yours."

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't talk that way," I implored.

"Why not?" he asked in a surprised tone. "Didn't you always know that you'd be quittin' sometime. That's one o' the rules o' the game. But, ding it all, I'd like to 'a' made the Fifty Principles go first. I gotta ——"

The Doctor in Doubt

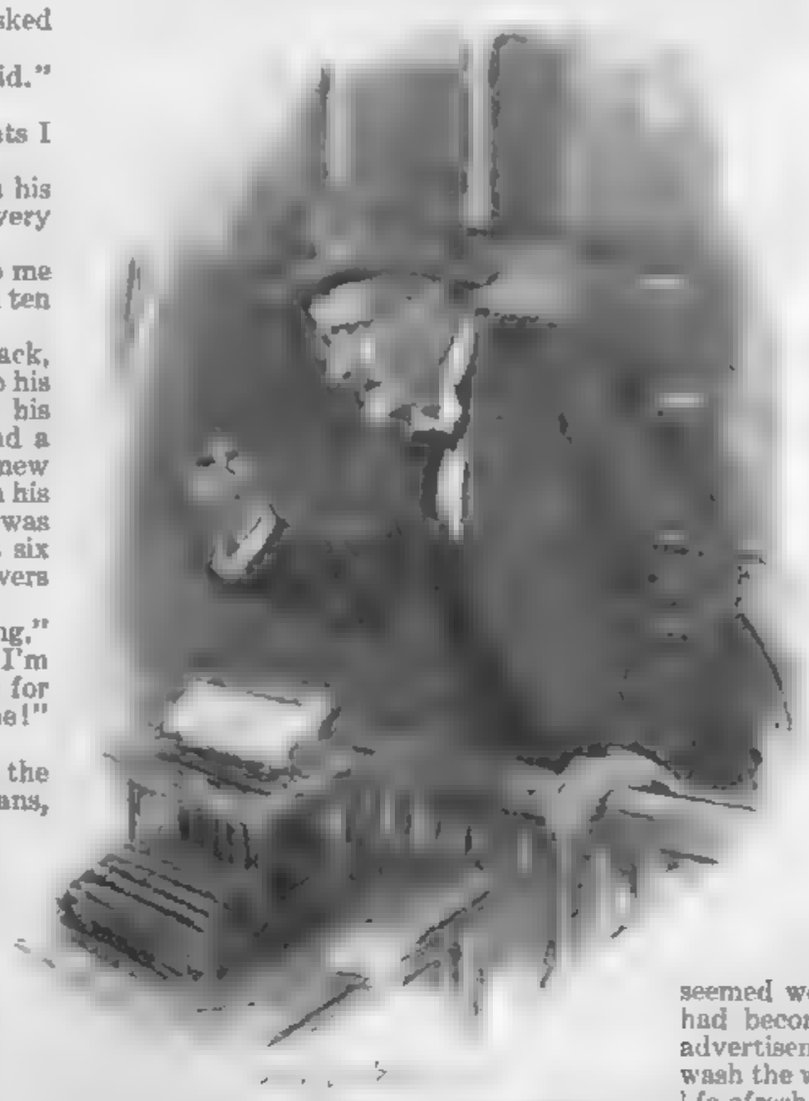
The color had been mounting in his face as he talked, and suddenly he tried to get up. His nurse came to the bed and told me to go.

I found a house physician and asked what he thought of Mr. Bittner's case. "I'm not a relative," I said, "I am his business partner; and I must know for business reasons." I spoke in a coldly brutal tone, for I didn't want any sentimental deception.

"We can't say just yet," he told me. "We must wait for further developments. He's run down—he's had what is known as walking typhoid for weeks—and the fever has got him. His nurse will telephone you each day if you will leave your address."

"I'll leave the address," I said; "but please don't telephone me. If there is a serious change write." Then I explained the necessity for secrecy as to Mr. Bittner's illness.

I went back to the office. Another mail had come in and the letters were on my desk. The stack was smaller than any we had had so far, though it had been decreasing for a month. We were approaching summer, when business always fell off appreciably,



"I Don't Want to be Turned Over to Some Cheap Woman Clerk"

but the slump was caused by our having eliminated the business-books advertising in favor of the Fifty Principles. Borrige & Kemp had used the same amount of advertising space that we had, and of course they were getting the business. But though I could account for it in a very natural way, still that small stack of letters was ominous. It signified to me the beginning of the end.

Miss Krog's Jealousy

I glanced into the operating room at Miss Krog. She would, I knew, resent not being told where Mr. Bittner was; she would resent news of him coming from me. Why couldn't he have left his orders directly with her? she would ask. Had she worked with him nearly a decade just to take orders from a newcomer in the firm? If only she could know that he was ill she would sympathize and be kind. Men don't know what allies they have in women when their sympathies are aroused. I half decided to tell Miss Krog; but the more I thought about it the more I felt that it was up to me to carry out Mr. Bittner's wishes. He had trusted me and I could not fail him.

I went over to her desk with a handful of orders for the business books.

"Just look," I said, giving them to her, "how business is falling off. It's beginning early, don't you think?"

Rather frostily she agreed that it was.

"Mr. Bittner has gone on a long trip," I went on, as casually as I could in spite of the lump that had risen in my throat. "When he gets back he will have new plans. In the meantime he left instructions to cut the force as much as possible. Let me do all the dictating while he is away. I'll have plenty of time."

"Where did he go?"

"He didn't seem sure," I answered, all at once very weary. "Doesn't he generally stop at all the branches? I think he is making a number of changes. How many do you think you can cut?"

We had some further talk and I went back to my desk, but I could not work. It was impossible to start on anything, least of all the Fifty Principles.

The next day I called at the hospital. Mr. Bittner did not know me. The nurse said that he had been very ill all night. He must have felt himself close to serious illness when he sent for me. Some way I could not imagine even illness attacking him without his having sensed it and got ready.

That afternoon I let Miss Douglass go. She was a good stenographer and would readily get another position. I did not really need Miss Carrel, but I told myself she could help on the revision of the Fifty Principles for book form, and on this excuse I kept her. Miss Krog reduced the operating force to thirty girls. Miss Lutkins sniffed the air more militantly than ever while this cutting was going on—and kept her assistant. I think Miss Krog was as much afraid of offending Miss Lutkins as I was of offending Miss Krog. Miss Lutkins never saw anything large but her own work.

To reduce my personal expenses I moved from my hotel suite into a small boarding house, where I had but one room. As the days passed Mr. Bittner's condition remained unchanged. The uncertainty of everything made me restless and unable to apply myself to any definite task. Nothing seemed worth while. The Fifty Principles had become abhorrent to me. The very advertisements were an insult. I wanted to wash the whole thing off the slate and begin life afresh somewhere else.

Saturday I determined to make a tremendous effort to get above the thing, out of and away from it. I needed to get myself assembled and in hand again. I had quite lost my sense of proportion; the Fifty Principles loomed mountainous. I got up abruptly from my desk, unable to stand the office any longer, jerked my hat off its hook and picked up my handbag, intending to try a matinée. Maybe that would take my mind off the unending problem. I felt that if I could get out of the business atmosphere altogether I might be able to make the Fifty Principles shrink back to their normal place in the scheme of living. On my way out I told Miss Krog where I was going. I don't know why I did it, except that I was keeping so much bottled up inside that something just had to escape. Her mouth narrowed to a thin line and her cold blue eyes glittered.

"Miss Krog," I said, "I've just got to get away from things for a while. Please don't think I mean to be unfair in leaving so much to you."

She smiled in a coldly amused manner and bent again to her letter signing.

I went to a vaudeville house and bought a ticket. Maybe something on the program would distract my attention from business problems. If only I could get the office out of my mind for a while I could get the reins of life in my own hands and do the driving once more.

How Vaudeville Helped

A silly dancer with a cracked voice turned the trick for me. I found myself laughing at her antics and applauding furiously. She came back and danced for us again and again, till the house was in an uproar and she was exhausted. For ten full minutes I forgot that there was such a thing in the world as the Fifty Principles. A great weight lifted, my mind rose from its depression, and I breathed rarefied air. When the applause at last died away and the curtain fell, the awful sick sense of failure began to creep back like some horrible pain that has been temporarily deadened by a drug. I exerted all the will power I had and succeeded in thrusting it from me.

All on springs I went out of the theater into the bright day. The Fifty Principles had shrunk. Never again could the thing loom large. Once more I was in command of myself. I went back to the office with quickened step. As I entered the typists were covering their machines and Miss Krog was signing her last letter, while William patiently waited, his arms full of mail to be posted. I came in eager, energetic, alive. Everyone else was weary and drooping. Again I caught that look of lofty disapproval on Miss Krog's face. I did wish I could tell her what the dancer had done for me, but I knew she would not understand. Miss Krog was a plodding, regular, even, day-by-day worker. She was not of a temperament to recognize the relation of a vaudeville show to a large business enterprise. I was tempted to begin new plans for advertising the business books. This was impossible, however, as the janitor would soon be there. So I closed my desk and followed the others out.

I called at the hospital and was told that Mr. Bittner's condition had not changed. I suddenly wished I might get him out and take him to a show. I believed if I could get his sick mind off the Fifty Principles his sick body would have a chance to fight its germs.

Thanks to the dancer with the cracked voice, I had achieved a transient feeling toward our business—it was out of my veins. I decided that I would find some one else to work the Fifty Principles into a book, should this task prove too much for Miss Carrel, and I would merely hold the business together. It would be a good thing for Miss Carrel to get the book in shape, as this would win favor with Mr. Bittner—she might in time succeed me. I believed she could do almost anything that required brains rather than physique and I decided to broach the matter to her Monday morning.

She came in particularly radiant—she always did on Monday—and I wondered if she was a very religious girl. Sunday seemed to do so much for her!

Miss Carrel's Secret

"Do you go to church, Miss Carrel?" I asked, when she came to me for instructions.

"No," she answered. "I'd love to go, but I have too good a time Sunday mornings." Then she explained that she took all the big Sunday papers and read them in bed. She clipped the store advertisements, studied their special appeal to women, and each noon of the succeeding week she visited one of these stores and observed the class of people and the size of the crowds, and thus found out which advertisement made the strongest appeal. At last I had the explanation of her lateness and I was willing that she should be late in such a cause. What our business needed was thinking women.

"I have a great plan for you, Miss Carrel," I said. "I am going to fix things so that you will have a permanent as well as a responsible position in this house. I want you to start work on the Fifty Principles to-day and see how you get along making it into a book."

The blood rushed to her face and she looked hastily away. In a moment she faced me resolutely.

"Miss Gale," she said, "it isn't fair, and I've got to tell you the truth. I am just working here to learn all I can about the mail-order business. I hope to leave next month. My uncle has given me five hundred dollars to start a business of my own, and I can't afford to waste one cent of it or a single day. I must succeed quickly. I have a mother to support, and typing has about ruined my health."

"Have you your commodity?"

"Yes." Her face shone. "I've invented a home workslip for women. It's like a middy blouse, only long, covering the dress completely. I make them in duck in pretty colors, and mother embroiders the tabs where they turn open at the neck, and laces them up the front with cords and tassels. They make a woman look young, and so neat and trim! They're so much more attractive than the ugly wrappers and flapping kimonos that most women wear to do their work in, and they are lovely for students and artists. They will appeal especially to women who like dainty, handmade things."

"It sounds practical."

"You think I'll succeed?"

(Continued on Page 76)

Oakland Sensible Six

"Sturdy as the Oak"

Satisfaction

There's a lot of *solid* satisfaction waiting for you in the purchase of an *Oakland "Sensible Six."*

From the first time you ride in it, you'll find the *Oakland* really "sensible" in power, comfort, ease of handling, and operating cost.

Its valve-in-head motor delivers full 41 h. p. at 2500 r. p. m.—one h. p. for every 53 pounds of car weight.

Its big oversize tires, 32 x 4; long supple springs, 51 inches in rear; wide seats and ample leg room,—mean *comfort* over any roads.

Its *sensible* weight, 2150 pounds, assures fuel and tire economy.

Its excellent finish, real leather upholstery, beauty and high class equipment stamp it a quality car at a *sensible* price—$875.

Oakland Eight—$1585—is a big luxurious 73 h. p., 7-passenger touring car for those who demand the utmost in power, speed and luxury.

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

(52)

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"Yes; at almost anything you attempt."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Gale. I know so little about business."

"Your alertness and your study of the stores are worth more than any other acquired knowledge of business. They make you a business woman, rather than a working girl. Many business colleges turn out merely working girls."

I said no more about the book. If she were not to be a permanent employee I could not take her into my confidence. I must find someone else. As I sat studying over the matter my eyes wandered to her, busy at her desk; and looking on her white face, her thin little body and her feverishly eager eyes, I once more realized how little our physical selves have to do with our success.

My talk with Miss Carrel had further buoyed me up. I could not believe but what Mr. Bittner would get well and start another business. Hope was in the young spring air; it was in my veins. The fresh new green of the parks and Michigan Avenue was inspiring. I called to William to open all the windows. The ventilators, which had been installed at my suggestion, were a success and the air generally fairly pure; but I couldn't get enough of the fresh young growth of things. The breeze from Lake Michigan played with my papers and delighted me. I spoke gayly to Miss Krog when she came in, but she did not respond to my mood or the mood of the day. Miss Krog had no enthusiasms. She was never up or down, just even—and it seemed to me sometimes as though she were going evenly down. On a reckless impulse I went over to her desk.

"Wouldn't you like to take a nice long vacation?" I asked. I felt that I must break the office tension somehow. "I can manage the girls if you will give me a schedule."

She looked up at me in scornful surprise. "We never take vacations till July and August," she recited in an informative tone.

"I know, but you seem so tired, Miss Krog. I think the time for a vacation is when one needs it, not according to the calendar."

She frowned down at her papers for a few moments.

"Go away for a month and get some good country air into your lungs with which to meet the summer," I insisted.

"On pay?" she asked.

"Certainly on pay."

"All right; I'll do it."

Her face lighted up at the prospect of release, and she began to make a schedule for me. I went back to my desk with a light heart. I realized that Bittner would not have approved, but in my judgment it was a wise course. If we were to go into bankruptcy, what difference could a month's salary make? And if Mr. Bittner should get well and manage to hold on to the business, or start a new one, he would need Miss Krog above all people, especially as I was not planning to continue with him and Miss Carrel was clear out of it. Aside from this selfish viewpoint, Miss Krog deserved especial consideration. I believed that it would make for her loyalty to recognize her needs and meet them. Mr. Bittner, like most business men, was inclined to take a woman's loyalty for granted. It had never occurred to him to reward it by pleasant small concessions. But this is usual in business. Men get off to go to a ball game, or take a pleasure trip occasionally, while women have only sick leave. They seldom have a holiday other than the official ones.

Enter Mr. Dumble

I could easily do Miss Krog's work, for the book business had dwindled with the cessation of the advertising; and in the present state of affairs I welcomed her absence. It would be play to give out letters, take them up and do the signing. I would be going back close to where I had begun with the firm. I would find someone else to work on the Fifty Principles—my resolution there didn't waver. The question was, whom should I get? I wondered whether in all the world there was another Miss Carrel, for Miss Carrel was leaving before long and I must have someone to do her work. Then I had a sudden inspiration. Women were really successful when they attained a man's outlook on business and his permanent interest in it. Why not just hire a man and be done with it? I inserted a blind advertisement and heard from thirty men the first day. What had all these men been doing, I wondered, to be out of jobs and seeking them in this fashion? A good man generally had a job. Then I remembered the misfits that the Fifty Principles course was designed to put right, and answered several of the most promising letters, asking the men to call.

Mr. Dumble, the one I selected, had written a book on English that had had but a small sale, and had taught English to foreigners in a night school. Before that he had taught in the country. He was a tall, heavily built man, fair and over thirty. My only fear was that the typists might make him a matinée idol. He was good looking in a big, soft, jellyfish style. I would have said that he lived on pastry. But he was the only eligible applicant who would start on twelve dollars a week.

"I'm Not a Relative," I Said, "I am His Business Partner; and I Must Know for Business Reasons"

A titter of excitement ran through the office as the big man followed me in. I knew the preening and perking would begin, the many small mirrors do double duty, and the luncheon hour become highly enlivened, all on account of the man. And some way I felt sure that the man himself was conscious and proud of his six feet, as he followed me, with straightened spine, down the aisle of furtive eyes. Perhaps that was why, past thirty, he was taking a twelve-dollar-a-week job. I gave him a desk near Miss Carrel's and close to the private office, and put the Fifty Principles course into his hands to read.

The May magazines came in the day Miss Krog left, and they made me glad once more that she had gone. It is easier to face a catastrophe when no one is looking on. I called William and gave him a whole stack of new uncut magazines. "File them," I said. I didn't want them round me to remind me of the Fifty Principles. Usually we kept the current magazines on the reading table.

Each morning I first opened the mail, which dwindled daily, then attended to Miss Krog's work. At twelve I hurried to the hospital, but the word I received there was always the same—"No change." Then I would snatch a sandwich and a cup of tea and be back at the office by one.

Publication representatives called almost daily, but I told them that we were not ready to talk summer plans. One afternoon a man tried to influence me to sign a contract for summer advertising. "Borrige & Kemp now," he informed me in a low tone, with his hand to his mouth and with a cautious glance round, "are considering full pages right through the summer. I'm just tipping it off to you, for Bittner's always mighty square with me."

I felt sure that the same representative would hurry over to Borrige & Kemp's in New York, and in a low tone, hand to mouth and a cautious glance round, whisper: "Bittner's considering full pages right through the summer," with the additional plea: "I'm just tipping it off to you fellows, for you've always been mighty square with me."

I had never known such tactics to produce any appreciable change in Bittner's plans. He watched his rivals, but he did not credit all he heard. So I paid little attention to these arguments for summer advertising. But repeated hammering does make an impression, and I began to wonder after a while whether there really had been a change of tactics; whether Mr. Bittner would do differently were he on the spot and able to raise the money. Often he had talked of the advisability of heavy summer advertising, and I had heard him say repeatedly that he believed trade could be worked up just as lively in July and August as any other time, if the business houses would only keep up steam. In view of the fact that we had let the old cat die, so far as the business books were concerned, I wondered whether it would not be Mr. Bittner's policy now to push the advertising heavily and regain our lost book trade. From his having asked me to make the Fifty Principles into a book, I gathered that his next move would be to raise capital from some source or other and center everything on the old business.

This problem now occupied my mind almost constantly. True, we had no money with which to advertise, and I did not know how to approach a bank on the subject of a loan; but just the same I went about the routine tasks, trying to figure the thing out. I realized that to drop the Fifty Principles from all the prints and reënter the business books would be a tacit admission of the failure of the former; yet, on the other hand, such a course might save the book business. Borrige & Kemp had swung way ahead since we no longer advertised our books in large spaces. But then again it was just possible that there was a limit to their capital too. The game was not yet up.

Bittner's absence became daily harder to explain. Hart, our New York representative, wrote repeatedly, complaining of the falling off of his commissions through the decreased advertising. He wanted to know where he came in on the Fifty Principles scheme. We had used only the home office address, so he was wholly in the dark as to its fate. Several of the publication people insisted on having Bittner's address. One man said he wanted to wire him of conditions concerning which he felt in honor bound to put him wise. I told him I was a partner in the concern, and anything he wished to say to Mr. Bittner he could say to me. I insisted that I was not sure at that moment just where Mr. Bittner was. I assumed an air of offense because he preferred to do business with Bittner.

The representative apologized, drew a contract from his pocket and put it before me. It left no room for further doubt. Borrige & Kemp had contracted to run full pages through the summer. I handed back the contract without a word. The representative said he would see me in the morning, as his paper's forms for June closed within a few days. He would get us in if he had to telegraph the copy. Then he left me alone with the problem.

I sat for a long time, thinking. Borrige & Kemp had worked unremittingly, unflaggingly, to get into our territory, and now they were working just as hard to cover it and crowd us out altogether. We must meet their summer advertising or close down. As business was now going we should not make office rent.

I got up at last and went to the hospital. Perhaps Mr. Bittner was better and might have a suggestion. I slipped past the nurses and into his room. There he lay, mumbling incoherently in delirium. I felt suddenly enraged. How wickedly unfair it all was! While the present Borrige & Kemp people were out in the sunshine, playing ball, Bittner had been shut up in a dingy hole of an office, figuring out his plan. While their business had been handed to them ready-made, with plenty of capital to keep it going, Bittner had created his through the hardest sort of work—it had been a blood-sweating task. And now while he lay there broken and helpless, they were cruelly and willfully pushing him to ruin. He had paid the price of his youth for his business, but the price had not been sufficient.

Gnats After Mosquitoes

Every drop of my fighting blood came to the fore. My uncles had died on Southern battlefields for a lost cause: could I do less than fight to the end of my resources for one? I went swiftly out of the hospital and hunted up a telegraph office. I sent a message to MacGregor, my Western real-estate agent, ordering him to sell my ranch immediately for the highest possible cash price. It should bring at least sixty thousand dollars, and this would carry us through a big summer campaign.

The next day I began signing contracts.

It is expensive to be popular, but it is pleasant. After signing the contracts even Miss Lutkins treated me with respect. I didn't tell her where I got the money, but the ability to raise a large sum in an emergency will command the respect of any bookkeeper. I had no more tiresome questions from solicitors concerning Mr. Bittner, and I was able to write a satisfactory letter to Hart. Very likely the solicitors feared Bittner's return—he might cancel my contracts! They congratulated me on my good judgment and spoke honeyed words supposed to please. Generally they do, no doubt, but in my case I had, on a momentary impulse of sympathy on the one hand and defiance on the other, staked everything I possessed in the world on this last throw, and I was not exactly in a mood to be affected by flattery. I went to work immediately to get up good strong copy for the business books. I cut prices, made bargain offers and otherwise struck deep into our possible profits; but anything was better than having all that dead stock on our hands, and we must get back our lost trade at any price.

I have noticed always that just as one begins to feel in a self-congratulatory mood over the disappearance of mosquitoes, small gnats arrive in swarms. The morning after I had signed the last of the contracts and had written to Hart, our one subscriber, Wagner, entered the office. He was a small, thin, dried-to-the-bone man of uncertain age, with wispy reddish hair and a stubby mustache. He wore large eyeglasses, and as he came in he turned his head this way and that. He gave me his name and asked for Mr. Bittner.

"He is out," I said.

"Then I'll wait." He looked about for a chair.

"He won't be in to-day," I told him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I wanted a personal interview." He looked aggrieved.

"That is the trouble," I said, smiling and trying to speak lightly; "so many do. But you know this is a mail-order course of study."

He waited a few moments, still turning and twisting his head, his nostrils working.

(Concluded on Page 78)

14-in Graton & Knight Quarter-turn Drive in the Donovan Lumber Co., Aberdeen, Wash

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

Graton & Knight bigness insures Graton & Knight uniformity

Graton & Knight Leather Beltings are uniform—

Because Graton & Knight are the largest belt makers, because we purchase and tan 285,000 hides a year, because our brands are selected and graded to the highest degree of uniformity from this enormous supply of raw material.

Uniformity is the most important factor in belting quality. A belt, like a chain, is no better than its poorest piece

* * *

Only a big firm like Graton & Knight could establish and maintain an equal degree of uniformity in its belting.

And Graton & Knight are the largest leather belt makers in America.

This minute control of uniformity is possible only because of our large supply of leather tanned by us for belting use. A smaller supply would prove a constant temptation to put dissimilar pieces of leather into the same belt.

Graton & Knight hides are tanned in the Graton & Knight tannery, especially for belting purposes, by processes perfected in 53 years of belting tannage. It would be impossible for us to maintain equal uniformity if we used several different tannages.

Finally, Graton & Knight use bellies, shoulders and other parts of hides not suited for belting in their by-products—there is no temptation to include these in Graton & Knight Belting.

* * *

This is why Graton & Knight can make a complete and standardized series of leather belting; and maintain so high and so fixed a degree of uniformity in each brand.

It is why Graton & Knight First Quality *means* first quality—absolutely free from any mixture of seconds, shoulders, or worse.

This is no time to experiment

with untried belting. High-speed production and continuous operation demand the *known* quality, the *proved* strength and ruggedness which have been built into Graton & Knight Leather Beltings for three generations.

The Graton & Knight Book on Belting is authority on modern belting practice. Write for a copy today.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company

Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in all Principal Cities

GRATON & KNIGHT

(Concluded from Page 76)

"What I want to know," he said at last, "is this: Does he handle my work personally? I don't want to be turned over to some cheap woman clerk."

I hadn't been rigidly schooled in business tactics for five years just to lose my temper now. I made my face smile.

"Tell me, have you some definite kick to register," I asked, "or is it just a case of wanting to examine the mechanism? For I'll save your time by telling you frankly that Mr. Bittner does not do business in that way.. None of his time is given to face-to-face tutoring. It is all by letter."

"I was told there was a woman in here that stood between him and the public," he returned with an ugly look. "I guess that is right all right."

I wanted to seize his small red neck between fingers that felt suddenly like steel, and squeeze hard; but outwardly I remained calm.

"Every really big man has a number of people between him and the public," I returned carelessly. "Don't you find that so? It is more difficult to meet some men than others. And now won't you please sit down and write your question? I am really very busy."

The man was a little confused. He hesitated a moment, then he sat down. I went back to my desk and pretended to read a daily paper that William had laid there during the conversation. I blessed William for doing it. That boy seemed at times to have the intuition of ten women. He always did a helpful thing just when it was most needed.

Presently the man rose with his question and I went over to take it from him.

"I hope to meet Mr. Bittner soon," he said, and picked up his hat.

"I hope you will," I answered cheerfully, and smiled as pleasantly as I could. He passed out and I went back to my desk.

"Miss Gale," said Mr. Dumble—he had brought his first revised chapter to my desk—"don't you want me to kick that man out the next time he comes bothering round?"

"Thank you, no," I said.

"Little shrimp! Let him face my six-feet-two and he'll have a different idea all of a sudden."

Wagner's Complaint

"It may be bulk that he respects," I answered lightly, "but we don't use it."

Mr. Dumble looked at me queerly, then went on to his own desk.

When I was quite sure Wagner had left the building I opened his note. This is what he had written:

"*Mr. Bittner:* I am paying fifty dollars for your personal criticism, but I have had my suspicions aroused. I have compared corrected problems with those of another of your subscribers, and they are not in the same handwriting. What I want to know is, which one of us is receiving your personal attention and which one that of cheap women clerks. I am afraid I am the victim.

"WAGNER."

I sat twirling the paper in my hand and smiling in real earnest now. The man had proved himself a liar—we had no other subscriber. But that was hardly a proof we could use. I thought quite a while about Wagner. He was evidently one of those chronic kickers who, if nothing presents itself to kick about, start something. How should I answer him? I decided to be conservative. I dictated a letter in Bittner's terse, half-slangy style, telling him that the hand that signed that letter had made every correction issued to every subscriber for the Fifty Principles. I tried to turn the matter off lightly and put the man in a good humor again, when he would be ashamed of his question and his lie. I signed Bittner's name, as was my custom.

The following day a letter came addressed to Mr. Bittner, with the word "Personal" heavily underscored in the corner of the envelope. I carried it to the hospital, but Mr. Bittner was in a high fever. I returned to my desk and opened the letter. It was from the chairman of the program committee of the International Convention of Commercial Colleges then in session in the city. He said that through a misunderstanding the speaker for Friday morning could not be present, and he had been asked to invite Mr. Bittner to fill his place and give a talk on the Fifty Principles. The writer reminded Mr. Bittner that the convention was composed of business college men from all over the United States, Canada and England, and that this would be a fine opportunity to advertise his new course of study. He was confident of the interest the convention would feel in so unique a subject. He requested a prompt acceptance, as the time was short—this was Wednesday.

A Bold Plan

I sat for some time thinking over the matter. If I should decline it would seem queer; if I should accept, and then send a note of regret at the last moment, it would disappoint the program committee and make Bittner unpopular. I had never talked in public in my life—could I do it? The idea grew, and finally I determined to attempt it. I could read from those talks in the Fifty Principles Course which I had found particularly inspiring, and I believed I could inspire these men. I wrote a note accepting the offer and boldly signed Bittner's name.

It was a little late when I arrived at the convention hall, frightfully scared and with hardly enough breath to speak Mr. Bittner's apologies. I explained to the chairman, who met me at the foot of the platform, that it had been impossible for Mr. Bittner to be present, but that he had sent his paper by me, and that either I or some one else would read it. Though the chairman showed keen disappointment, he very courteously insisted that I read the paper. He had evidently counted on Bittner as a unique feature of the program. I went to the platform, sat down and looked out upon several hundred faces. There was not a woman in the entire audience. My heart was beating so fast that it seemed to me every one must hear it. I hoped earnestly that my voice would not tremble. Far over in the right-hand corner I made out our one subscriber, Wagner. His presence did not reassure me. I wondered, too, what he would think when he should get the later talks and find that I had cribbed my material from them. Well, I had done the best I could.

The meeting had already come to order and the audience was waiting for Bittner. At the chairman's signal I rose and stepped to the front of the platform. I looked all about the hall, then over at Wagner, and I caught a "smarty" expression on his face. No other word describes it. It is an expression worn by boys when they have got the upper hand of some one in authority over them. That look on his face fired me to do my best. I began to read.

All the talks were at my tongue's end, for I had worked them over many times, and I read with very few glances at the paper. At first the men were bored—I think men usually are bored at the prospect of listening to a woman—but gradually they forgot me, woke up and began to take an interest. It was good stuff, stimulating and inspiring. It was Bittner at his very best, and I never knew him to fail to arouse interest. Only one face in the audience remained unresponsive—Wagner's. He sat with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his expression didn't change throughout the reading. When I finished there was an instantaneous roar of applause. The chairman stopped me as I started to leave.

"I want to say," he shouted above the din, "that I don't know what we may have missed in not hearing Mr. Bittner read his own paper, but Miss Gale has given us the greatest kind of a treat. I thank her in the name of the convention."

Instantly a dozen men were on their feet. They wanted to ask questions. The chairman asked me if I would answer them.

"I'll do my best," I said, turning back.

And then the questions began. The queries came so rapidly, one after another, that I had no time to think. It was well that my mind was so fully stored with the Fifty Principles and all the imaginary queries that we had propounded and answered in the months of preparation. As fast as a question was hurled, I hurled back an answer. "What were the Fifty Principles?" "What was Bittner's idea of making and placing business men?" "How did he propose to do it?" "Was the plan suited to business colleges?" "Would he consider putting it in the colleges as a regular course of study?" "Would it help students to find their correct vocations?" For an hour this kept up. I felt perfectly at ease and could have stood there the rest of the day, had they demanded it. It was a positive joy to see how interested these men were. I had always believed in the Fifty Principles. The convention was in the best of spirits. One man wanted to know how a business-college teacher could prepare to teach the Fifty Principles.

"Subscribe," I answered, and every one laughed.

I used Mr. Bittner's name with every answer. "Mr. Bittner's idea," I would say; or "Mr. Bittner's plan"; or "Mr. Bittner thinks thus and so." Nothing came from me; I was his mouthpiece.

The big wall clock registered twelve and the city whistles began to blow. A man got the floor and declared that they had no right to tire me further.

"Before we adjourn," he began with jolly good nature, "I move we confer on Mr. Bittner a new degree made to order for him—'Master of Business Principles,' Bittner, M. B. P.! And on Miss Gale ——"

Men sprang to their feet on the spur of the suggestion, and "Bittner, Bittner, M. B. P.!" they called. "Three cheers for Bittner, M. B. P.!"

Some Free Advertising

I left the platform, laughing and enjoying it, having had a very good time. The chairman secured order and adjourned the meeting properly. He hurried after me to shake my hand. Dozens of men crowded about me to speak, but I saw a reporter I happened to know—an Englishman lately come to Chicago—gathering up his papers from the small table near the platform, and I slipped quickly away and followed him.

"That was great, Miss Gale," he began, as I overtook him on the outside stairs. "I'll see that you get all that's coming to you."

"Wait a moment," I begged, for an idea had just come to me. This could be made Bittner's recognition, his label put on by some one in authority. It could be done, if the reporter would only handle it right. "Don't mention me in the paper," I said—"that is, not prominently. Give Bittner all the credit; play him up big."

"Come now, Miss Gale, that is going too far," he protested. "Take fame when you earn it. It was you that did it—firing back such quick, clever answers."

"Please, Mr. Bates," I insisted, "listen. Those answers were all Bittner's. And, besides, I don't care a rap for fame, as you call it, but I do care for success. Every cent I have is tied up in this company—it's my bread and butter for you to boost Bittner. His personality is what makes us. Now I've just given your office a big summer contract, and as a little favor I ask you to play up Bittner strong."

"But how can I when you did it?"

"You can make the headlines: 'Bittner, Master of Business Principles; Fifty Principles make big hit at the International Convention.' Take it seriously, please do. It was conferred humorously, that degree; but it was a tribute too. Americans are always most humorous when they are most serious. Please play up to those headlines."

He looked a little dubious, but he agreed: and as soon as I reached my office, to make doubly sure, I telephoned to his paper's advertisement man and explained the thing. The contract was yet fresh, and he agreed to "see" the headliner.

The next morning I hurried out before breakfast and bought the paper. The report was as satisfactory as if I had read proof on it. I telephoned to the newspaper office for one hundred copies to be delivered at our office, then ate breakfast and went downtown. Of course the thing had small value now, except as general advertising, but Bittner had once wanted something of the kind for his second bar.

William Grows Up

William was interested, and together we read the story and gloried in it. I took a good look at William. Something was happening to the boy. His hands were clean and he wore a white collar and a necktie. Also, more amazing still, his hair was brushed all round, instead of just above his forehead, as usual.

"William," I said sternly, "I do believe you are growing up."

He blushed—William!

"What will Mr. Bittner think when he gets back?" I asked banteringly.

"Is he better?" William gazed up into my face with quick, eager little eyes.

"William," I said severely, "Mr. Bittner is away: don't you know that?"

"Course I do," he answered stanchly.

"There—There isn't any change," I whispered. I had to say it. It was such a relief to find that William knew; that he had always known.

His face became very serious; but he didn't say another word.

I turned to my desk and wondered what I had best do next. Everything seemed so futile. The two bars were now up, but no one wanted to get over. After all the whole convention procedure had been rather a foolish waste of energy. I wondered why I had bothered. Just the spirit of adventure, I concluded; and that painful sense of possibilities ahead, which brought the lump to my throat and made me want to carry out Mr. Bittner's wishes, even though he was never to know about it. I decided that women were after all sentimentalists—even business women. Winning honors for a man at death's door, putting a fortune into a bankrupt business—yes, I was a sentimentalist. I was not emancipated, for all my five years in business.

It was Saturday and I was glad. I went home that night with my mind made up to rest all day Sunday, to get down early on Monday, and to keep before me the fact that business was business. I must plan advertising for our books. Whatever happened, I was in for that.

But Monday morning when I arrived at my office I found that a great change had taken place.' I sank down dumbly into the chair before my desk and wished for Miss Krog.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe. The third will appear in an early issue

Why the Allies' "Great Drive" Was Delayed

Last Summer the whole World was asking: "When will the Great Drive of the Allies get started?" Field Officers and public were equally impatient—equally uncertain. The troops were ready. Transportation systems, food and clothing, hospitals and ambulances—everything was there, *except* Guns and Shells.

Shells were needed by the million; orders were being placed everywhere, but production had hardly begun. Why? Because nothing can be made rapidly and accurately in large quantity without *Gages*. Inspection was too rigid, tolerances too small for old methods. Before manufacturers could start their lathes they must have Gages, which require time and skill to make.

The Men Who Made the Gages Knew Why the Drive Was Delayed

Fig. 1

The War has made momentous changes in manufacturing processes. The nations learned during the awful sacrifice of men that to make shells, Gages were an absolute necessity. Let American manufacturers apply that lesson.

For sixty years American manufacturers led the world in economical, big-volume production of machinery. But the way they fell down on the first war orders, showed that their standards of accuracy were too low. Soon they realized that

Limit Gages

were absolutely necessary for rapid and accurate work. Gages will measure profits in the severe competition certain to follow the war.

Limit Gages are made for a wide variety of work—internal and external screw threads, holes, round bars, and a multitude of special purposes

For example, the illustrations above show a thread limit gage in use—gaging a bolt. If the bolt is too small, it will pass *both* sets of points, as shown at the left. A bolt too large will fail to pass *either* set of points (center). If just right, it will pass the *upper* set and hang on the *lower*, the "touch" being governed entirely by the weight of the bolt.

The two sets of points are set by skilled mechanics to a certain tolerance, or variation above and below the required diameter, and sealed. This variation depends on the type of machine being made; the parts of a road scraper are not nearly so close to standard as are those of an automobile (nor is there any reason why they should be), yet even the scraper must have some limits as to the size of its parts, in order that they may go together at all

Whatever the product, whether it be a single piece, such as an "S" wrench, or a mechanism as complicated as an adding machine, Limit Gages are a prerequisite to accurate, economical production in quantity. *Absolute* accuracy is unattainable and unnecessary; a Limit Gage is made to check dimensions within the variation decided upon as permissible, and with it an inexperienced workman can gage thousands of parts in a day.

The parts that pass this inspection will be interchangeable, and will positively fit into the complete machine. Assembly is made easy and rapid. Moreover, since parts can be gaged so easily and cheaply, more frequent inspection is practicable, errors are quickly discovered and corrected, rejections are minimized. The result is a higher quality product at a lower cost.

Fig. 3

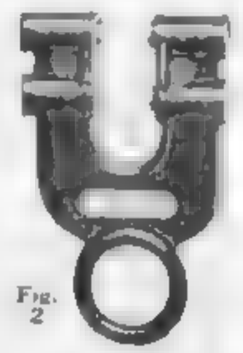


Fig. 2

The plug limit thread gage (Fig. 1) is used for gaging tapped holes. The thread is cut the right size if the "Go" end fits and the "Not Go" end is too big. In Fig. 2 is shown a cylindrical snap gage for outside measurements of smooth surfaces. Fig 3 shows a rapid inspection limit gage, which does the same work as the gage in Fig. 2, but the solid extension jaw guides the work rapidly to the measuring points.

These are only four of a line of Gages made for all kinds of work, sold under the G. T. D. trademark. Then there is a full assortment of taps and dies, with a number of new and improved types, such as the Gun Tap (the tap that does not break until worn out), the Acorn Die and the Wells Self Opening Die.

For further information on any or all of these products, write for General Catalog 37, or the Bulletins on How to Measure Screw Threads and on Gun Taps

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation

Gages-Taps-Dies

Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.

Greenfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Quality slips the "unlimited" sign on P. A. smokes!

You know *that's right* on the hop-skip-jump! For, you can open up on Prince Albert tobacco like you hold five aces; and, smoke lick-a-tee-split without intermission! And, you close the session with your tongue *right side up;* with your taste-apparatus turned to new high-spot-delights, and, your Department of Satisfaction bubbling over with smokesunshine!

Prince Albert sure is the joyjenerator *because it has the quality* that can pass out such tobacco happiness! P. A. is made to do that; made to give men *more tobacco enjoyment* than they ever dreamed could be theirs; made to let *all* men smoke *all* they want without bite or parch or any kind of a comeback *because* bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

PRINCE *the national joy smoke* ALBERT

puts such a spanking-keen-edge on your smokeappetite that you are glad when the next fire up time comes, and, you have a lot of fun all-around-the-clock; and, you pal-it-up-with-P. A. like you were born and raised in the same little old house! For, your tobacco troubles take-to-the-tall-timbers when *you* adopt Prince Albert, which meets the favor of smokers of every civilized nation; men of all tastes and all walks of life! It is the universal tobacco—the quality-taste-satisfaction *standard!* Slip a new cog in your wheel-of-content! Let Prince Albert's friendly flavor and fragrance and coolness blow into your smoke-spirit; for, you'll find it so good, so true, so chummy, that each cheery puff will taste better than the last! And, you'll get a new notion of what *quality* means in jamming *joy in a jimmy pipe!*

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"For my part, I swore that he should never get it. Why, since I was not myself a believer? I wanted to convict that old lady of an atrocious crime. Or so I suppose. I meant to subject that jade to an examination of my own. I wasn't as lenient with spinsters as I am now that she has turned her experience inside out to me. I meant to hound her and harry her with the full head of vengeance which had risen in me while I was sitting on that atoll.

"The first thing was to be rid of Mr. James Smith. But do you think for one moment that I could? No; he clung like the shadow of destiny itself. He made himself into a kind of ironical servitor. Let me go where I would, he was at my elbow, silent, solicitous, a valet with the heavy-lidded intelligence of a demon. We had to live, of course; and it was by his suggestion that we came to work out the Man or Mechanism Act. This was a bad day for me. Smith had mesmeric powers of the highest; and in the interests of the act I allowed myself times without number to come under that influence.

"Day by day it took stricter hold on my faculties, until a time came when he struck through my will like a knife through cheese, and a ray or two of light reflected from the hunting case of his watch was enough to throw me into a trance.

"Finally I thought I had shaken clear of him altogether. I left him in the middle of the night, took what money I could lay my hands on and came to Dockport. Years since I had been here. It was home in every intimate line; unchanged, immortal, in that sort of quaint decay which surrounds it.

"I stole through the little town and came in sight of that house among the dunes. Then when my hand was already closing over the mermaid's head which you have seen doing duty as a knocker on that door, some haunting presence, an elastic and invisible power, if you like, plucked me back. I trembled my whole length. I stood silent on the stone flags, and heard voices within, her voice among the others.

"Then I turned and staggered away like a drunken man, with a premonition at heart which in a little time became terrible conviction. The house loomed behind me white and ghostly; its tall and narrow windows glinted, and expressed a ghostlike and fixed melancholy.

"I fled, stumbling and falling back across the dunes, treading the tips of that subterranean forest like an abandoned sand demon which only a wind from Tartarus could summon.

"As you surmise, at the station in Dockport I found Mr. James Smith sitting on a baggage truck. A wave of helpless anger shook me through and through.

"'So now you know,' I cried fiercely. 'I have betrayed her into your hands!'

"'You have betrayed nothing,' he replied stolidly.

"Then, as I stared at him with fingers twitching, he said in his oiliest tones:

"'Come, come away. Our time is not yet ripe. You shall have the girl when you have helped me to the god.'

"'You mean destruction to us all, you fiend!' I whispered. 'You overtook me with the damnable hold you have over me—don't deny it. I read you like a book. You will be the death of me, I know it.'

"He had moved farther into shadow.

"'You are foolish,' he said. 'If I had wanted to be rid of you I might have done so long ago. You have seen how I got you drunk by suggesting that the water you held in your hand was whisky. You coughed, you choked, your face grew purple, your senses reeled—and all the while it was clear water you were drinking. Wait! This is a simple thing, but it may be extended. I might suggest to you that you climb to the top of an electric-light pole, seize the wires in your hands and fall dead. I might suggest that you fling yourself from some cliff into the sea. Would my hand be visible in this? You have gone to her house. Suppose I had decreed that you should go at midnight, enter her room, and cut the head from her shoulders. You would have a fine awakening, my friend!'

"'No, no!' I cried. I felt myself quivering as if the thing were done already. 'I am yours, heart and soul. I will obey you like a dog if you will give me some assurance. God pity me, pass it over this once, and I will do nothing more to thwart you.'

"'That is better,' said Mr. James Smith suavely. 'I knew, of course, where you had come—but the time is not ripe. In the meanwhile you are valuable to me. You have become my livelihood. Do you realize that we are making a handsome thing? We are booked for the summer season at two hundred dollars a week. We are what the people call a headliner. Our silly act will make us famous, if we go on as we have begun.'

"'How long must this mummery go on?' I moaned.

"'Until my plans are made,' said James Smith. 'I think slowly in this air. Here in this hemisphere my mind is as barren as those heaps of sand. I must take my time.'

"He took his time. He booked the act for six months. We went on circuit through the Eastern states and into Cuba. During this time Smith's hypnotic hold grew stronger with each performance. One night in Havana I received two inches of a stiletto blade in my leg, sunk home by one of that inquisitive Spanish tribe as I was going up the aisle. Yet I did not so much as blink; nor did I have even an inkling of the wound until Smith, back in the dressing room, waved his hand.

"We returned to New York. There, one early summer morning, the power of Smith over his wretched human puppet was manifested to the full. He made his customary pass—one movement of the hand was now enough—and I fell into my professional trance.

"When sight came into my eyes again I was alone with Smith as before, but now oddly dazed, as if I had lived a century in that black sleep. A strange weakness had invaded me. I tried to get out of my chair and sank to my knees. Smith smiled his bland smile.

"'You yellow devil!' I cried despairingly. 'You have put me to the rightabout at last!'

"Without a word then he turned to the wall and tore several sheets from the day calendar that hung there. He flung them lightly into the wastebasket.

"I crawled to the basket and, reaching in, counted the discarded sheets. Eight days had passed.

"'What have you done?' I whispered weakly.

"'I have arranged to show at Silver Glade,' he answered.

"It was, of course, during this period that he had practiced his avocation of ornithologist. I was thus informed that vengeance had not fallen yet; but how long would he delay it. With tears of rage in my eyes, I knew myself impotent to prevent it, let it take what form it would.

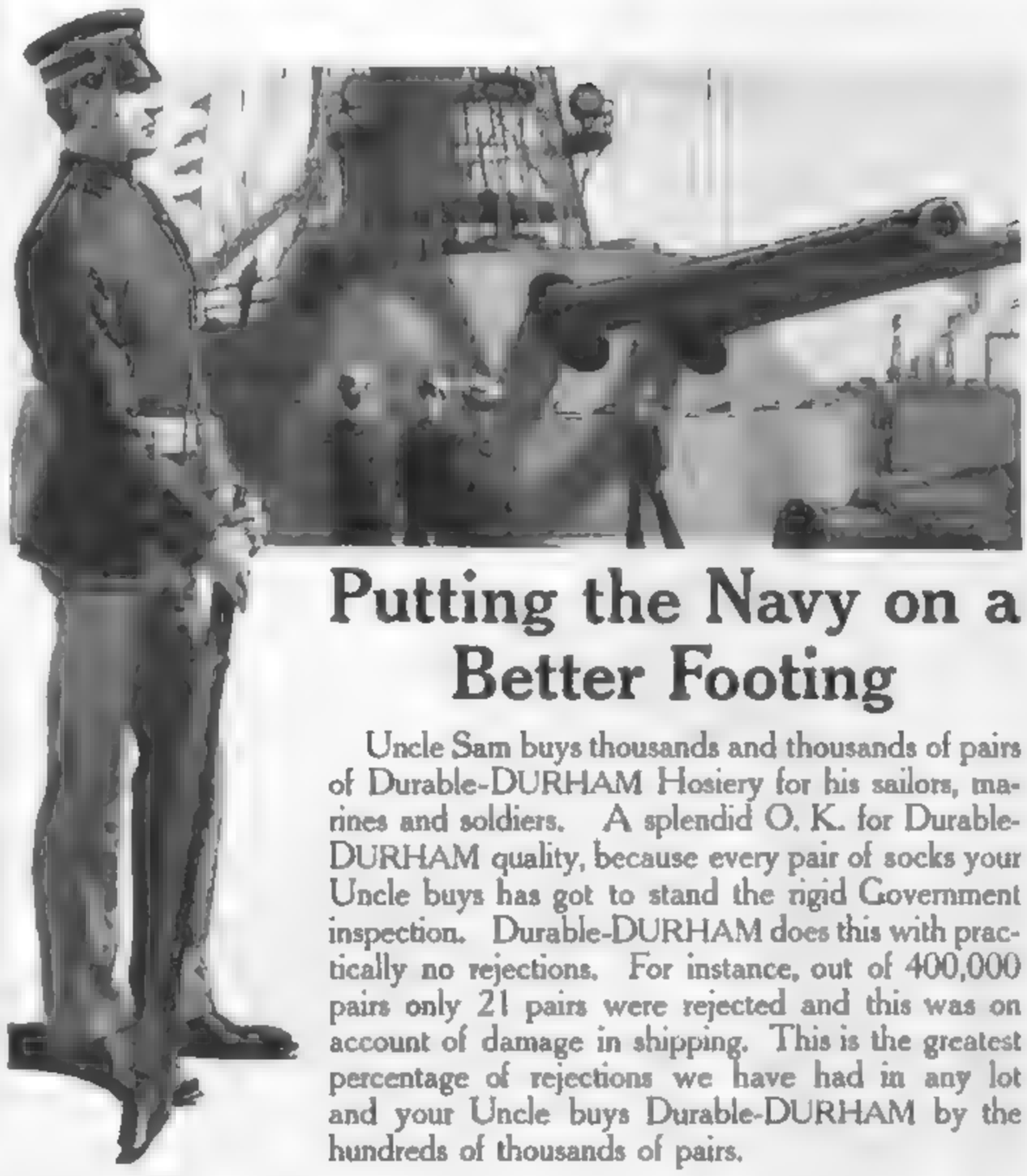
"It was a hot night, that night of Smith's return. The very bed under my fevered body was hot. I hooked my fingers about the brass rod at my head and prayed for sleep to dispatch me from my misery.

"I must have slept at last, to open my eyes again on a sight that was for the second the strangest of my life. James Smith had carried for some time, with the rest of his effects, an iron-bound trunk which, I had supposed, contained his chemicals. The lid to this was now thrown back, and, with a dim yellow light at his elbow, Smith was fiddling with the face and figure of a man, whom, as I stared, I saw to be in my own likeness to a hair.

"You are aware how all sane notions are gone in that moment between sleeping and waking, when you seem to grasp in vain at the shreds and shadowings of another world. My curious thought was that this vengeful priest had made away with me at last. The stealth, the silence, the great trunk yawning to receive the body; the intent, fat, moonlike face of the perpetrator of this crime, all alike bespoke it. I had the spiritualized illusion of floating in a disembodied sort of way, while Smith lowered my corpse secretly into the iron trunk. My astonishment was considerable; but at the same time I felt almost exhilarated, as if the bridge over that black gulf had been crossed without bringing to me the least alarming consequences.

"I was prepared to laugh in my sleeve, and still I stared while Smith arranged the body in a new position. The conclusion was irresistible, of course. The head of the thing rolled on its shoulders; it was as dead as dead, and the face was my own face. What possible alternative lay open?

"All this flashed in my brain in the course of half a second, when suddenly I saw that



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This is only a demonstration of the thorough and careful way in which the entire line of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery for men, women and children is manufactured.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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The sock illustrated here, 1700GS (Government Specification), has the same comfort, the same reinforced heel, sole and toe, the same yarn made in the same way as you will get at your dealer's, except we have made it a little more dressy with them, light uppers. 25c a pair.

sells for 15, 19, 25 and 35 cents and has a lot of special features. The heels, soles and toes are heavily reinforced to stand the toughest wear. The deep, stretchy-garter-pull-proof tops with the anti-run stitch are knit on to *stay*. The quality is uniform throughout—the sizes are correctly marked. Toes are smooth and even. The famous Durham dyes assure permanent colors. Durable-DURHAM Hosiery always holds its shape.

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Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is sold everywhere. Fastened to every pair is an unlimited guarantee ticket that insures absolute satisfaction.

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Durham, N. C.

Let Mr. Punch Do It!

Wherever you're going to use a screw, drill a hole first.

Instead of fussing and stewing with a nail or gimlet, ruining your disposition and getting no results, let Mr. Punch drill that hole. Use a real tool, the proper tool, instead of a makeshift.

Mr. Punch is an automatic drill devised expressly for that purpose. The numbered holes in the handle show the sizes of the drill points kept in the handle. You can pick the right drill, insert it in the tool, place the point where the hole is needed, and push The tool does the work. A spiral twist whirls the drill with great speed —it will cut an inch into solid oak in a few seconds.

This tool costs $1.60 and it's worth the money. Many small repairs will be made, many fixtures will be put up that otherwise would drag along undone for months. The house that has Mr. Punch staying in it will be a better house to live in on account of the tremendous number of little things, each one small in itself, perhaps, but great in the total, that he will attend to.

Another useful tool around the house is the glass cutter, which makes it easy to replace your own broken windows. This turret-head glass cutter, No 1, has six cutter wheels, so you're sure of a sharp cutter for a lifetime. It costs only 35 cents.

Write for the story of "The House That Jack Fixed," an entertaining tale of a man and a house and his tools.

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY
Toolsmiths Greenfield, Mass.

Smith was not putting the body in the trunk at all, he was pulling it out.

"I saw my partner rest the body on his knee, stare critically at it, and then, to my immense surprise, give the nose ever so slight a touch with his little finger. Was he trying to resuscitate me?

"Precisely then I dropped my own eyes, and became aware of a scarlet leg, my own, stretched out below me on the bed.

"You may believe my mind was in a whirl. I experienced an intolerable disappointment to find myself still at my mooring of the flesh. Recalled—and to what? That accursed Eastern genius had modeled the counterpart of my person in wax, and equipped it with the identical gaudy trappings in which I myself had a habit of appearing.

"I closed my eyes without a betraying movement, and at once the significance of what I had seen was plain to me. That ghastly puppet was meant to be substituted in my place.

"You smile; but wait, my friend. You do not know the intense isolation from his kind to which circumstances may condemn a man. What qualities, let me ask, did I display to the world at large which were lacking to this straw puppet? Absolutely none. For the sake of protecting the verisimilitude of the deception, I had long ago consented to being thrown into a trance and carried into the dressing rooms in the box itself. As for myself, with all that history of horror behind me, I was unknown to exist. I was forgotten, a shadow in men's eyes that had passed, unless in one heart an image ——

"Yes, it was plain enough that Smith's one problem would be the disposition of the body. I myself was no more than a stage property, but in that capacity I must be continued. Man or Mechanism? I actually wondered myself which of these things I had a better right to call myself. I lived the life of an automaton. I was an automaton.

"With this conviction came the thought that I was chained, body and soul, to this hideous night worker, the secret modeler in wax. I could not so much as run away again, for Smith had flooded me with neutralizing impulses. The action of my will was stayed, and I swayed like gossamer to the least suggestion of my captor.

"Yet I was still in intellect myself, quite able to reason out the whole of this design upon me, and brood upon the consequences.

"Plainly, at a certain time, perhaps while I slept or was entranced, Smith meant to hurl my soul over that mysterious borderland of red and yellow flame, recollections of which now came back to me, so hot and vivid from my throng of Eastern memories. Then the thought occurred to me that Smith imagined himself undetected. It was perhaps even now not too late. I might dispatch him out of hand.

"I waited until the puppet was replaced in its box and Smith with a vast sigh had blown the light and settled down beside me. Lying wide awake and alert, I knew the very moment when Smith went to sleep. The strong and regular breathing, entered upon all at once, suggesting somehow that the involuntary man within had seized upon the body, intimidated me for the moment. The organism seemed abandoned to its own devices; there was a touch of the grave, of the dark, of the supernatural in that hoarse, strong breathing. The incomprehensible voice of the foreign god seemed manifested in it.

"I was stayed; but then the possibilities of my own predicament were presented to me in the darkness. I rose to my elbow, and leaned over the man beside me with a penknife in my hand. My eyes were now accustomed to the dark, and I sought the fat throat. One of the thick hands stirred on the coverlet, the fleshy web between thumb and finger fading together. He was more hideous than ever when he slept.

"I raised my knife. It was impossible to kill.

"You must have heard of treasonable slaves stealing into the bedchamber of an emperor, only to be struck dumb and to flee from the menace of the will written on that sleeping brow. So it was with me in the presence of that yellow demon. It had become so automatic with me to obey Smith when he was awake that even when the man slept I was helpless still.

"I drew back, that is certain. An iron curtain round the bed of that yellow priest would not have served him better than his sleeping will. He very likely had suggested limits to the sort of action I might take while he was sleeping.

"Then followed the affair at Silver Glade. Why did consciousness suddenly return to me as I was going up that aisle? I would like to suppose that it was the intuitive bond between me and that girl, which tugged at the moment that her heart leaped on recognizing me. For it did leap! Of course the knife blade of Sturgis here may be thought by less prejudiced heads to have had a larger share in that return to consciousness. And yet—and yet—is it so sure? Remember the stiletto which the Spaniard had stuck into my leg in Cuba. I had not felt that.

"Argue it as you will, my trance failed, as you know, most inopportunely for my proprietor. I was aware of a sea of returning faces. Sight, my own sight, not that falsely substituted, came into my eye; and yet the habit of control was strong enough in me to keep my features rigid.

"It was she at last. She saw me there, a figure of fun, rigged out like a scarlet macaw, with the staring eyes of an imbecile or of a thing of wax. I reeled in my tracks. I should have sunk down at her feet, in another second I should have betrayed the act by some sort of demonstrably human action, when I heard Smith's hasty steps and felt those huge pulsating arms wrap round me.

"I was his property, the mechanism which, as he had a custom of telling audiences, he had put together in his idle moments. You remember where he stops to inquire in awe-inspiring tones: 'Has it a soul? Gentlemen, I do not know.' He did not know; and I had been willing to believe him. But that fateful second in the aisle had struck a last spark from the ashes, I believe. I revived as a man in the very moment when I failed ignominiously as a mechanism. The magic circle of my solitariness had been pierced by the eyes of that girl, whose mere presence, whose least movement of appreciation, gave a dramatic quality to my life.

"It was impossible now, don't you see, that I should disappear, and that without a ripple of suspicion. I had been recognized. One person existed who would be resolute to inquire and to scent out foul play.

"The method of procedure which Smith had determined on would seem to be plain enough. He meant to take me, still in a hypnotic state, and plunge me through the trap in the dressing-room floor with a weight tied to me.

"That this was what he had in mind I argued from the presence in his trunk of a heavy iron flywheel. He meant, of course, to choose a moment of hubbub in the other dressing rooms. One faint splash, and the unknown Garnett would be represented to the world by a staring waxwork, a thing which Smith would explain had failed in an important particular and must be returned at once to his laboratory.

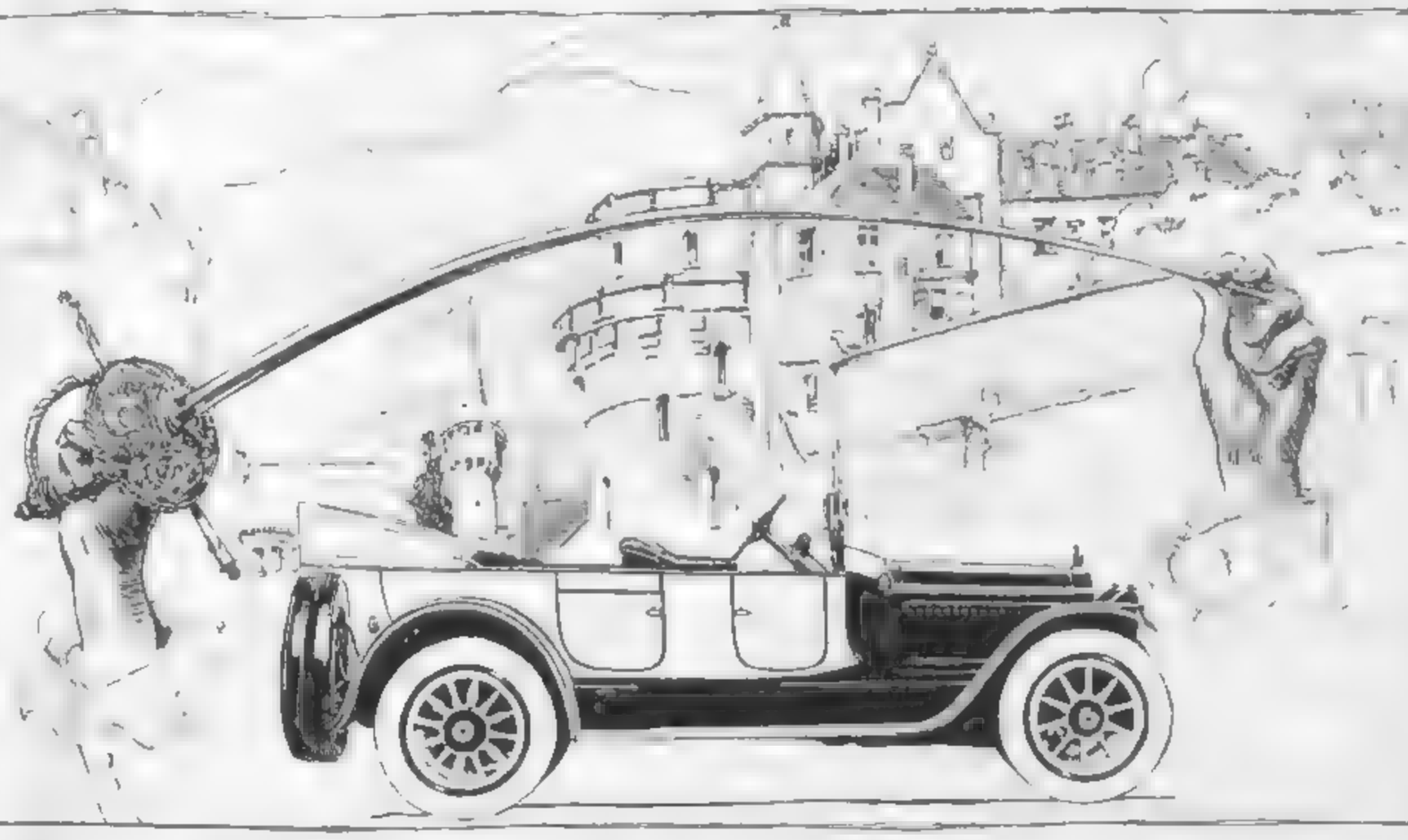
"I believed that if I could wrest myself clear of Smith, even for a short time, the evil power of the man over me would be gone. New energy flowed through my veins with this hope. On being returned to the dressing room, even before the lid was removed from my box, I remembered the trap in the flooring. It must have been some question of the feasibility of this trap to effectuate his plan which had called Smith to that midnight prowling in which you had detected him. I at all events remembered it, and composed my features into a stony stare which caused the mesmerist to suppose that the trance had after all only intermitted, and had now reasserted itself.

"He turned to lock the door of the dressing room; and in that moment I read his mind like a flash. It was the slave's, the coward's instinct of divining and forestalling. This is the secret of the Egyptian diviners; the power of mind-reading had its rise in the oppressions of Rameses. The product of necessity, do you see? The dumb heart of the slave, with its cringing power to intercept invisible currents, to be beforehand in satisfying the wish of a tyrannous master, and so staying the hand of punishment.

"It was not otherwise with me. I had applied myself to the study of that man's moods, dark or bright, until I could intuitively take the content of his mind by a sort of aura about him.

"Yes, it is quite likely that I knew by looking at the man's back that what he had in mind was murder. What time more likely? My curious behavior in the theater actually played into the hand of my enemy, as making more plausible his assertion that

(Continued on Page 85)



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Spring's coming—and there are many Packard styles to select from. Guard against disappointment in your choice—now.

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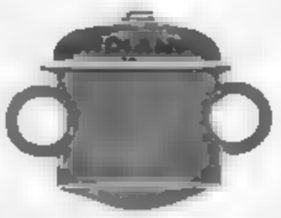

—This Wonderful Worm Drive Truck

JUST $100 down with order brings you a time-proved Indiana Worm Drive Truck. Then pay a moderate sum, at the time of delivery, and spread the balance out over a year's period in twelve equal monthly payments. Get this fine Indiana Truck in any capacity—one to five tons. Prices below. All *buy themselves* on our Installment Plan.

This is a great immediate business opportunity for you! *Motorize now and make the delivery savings pay the installments and leave you a big margin.* Merchants and manufacturers reduce horse haulage costs one-third to one-half with motor trucks, beside serving territory ten to twenty-five times larger. Our plan enables you to *build your business* without the usual tying up of considerable capital.

Indiana Worm Drive Trucks *save on first cost* and *save continuously*. Mr. I. L. Rose, a wholesale meat dealer of Chicago, recently reported that his Indiana Truck (now running) had given 66,000 miles of daily service for 5 years with no repairs and only $70 spent for precautionary overhauling. His garage receipts show more than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Another user, Mr. A. E. Saum, Michigan contractor, gives us this statement: "My two Indiana Trucks *paid for themselves in 65 days.*" Here is proof of both trucks and terms. We'll send more such proof.

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They average 20,000 miles of service while "paying their way". Indiana Trucks are serving a thousand lines of business America's leading industries

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The *strength* and *economy* of Indiana Trucks make possible this Year-to-Pay Plan—backed by our big plants, and the great *success* made by the plan itself. Indiana trucks all have well known standardized parts—100% safety factors—special built heavy duty type motor—25% stronger crankshaft, connecting rods and wrist pins—80,000 mile axle service, by actual test in users' hands—special analysis steel frame—50% more brake surface—velvety clutch, preventing racking—nickel-steel transmission gears—extraordinary gas economy.

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Comparison shows Indiana Worm Drive Trucks to be the greatest values in America: 1-Ton, $1385; 2-Ton, $2100; 3½-Ton, $2750; 5-Ton, $3600. These prices are the same, cash or terms.

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MOTOR—Special built high powered, heavy-duty type, large crankshaft bearings and connecting rod bearings of special babbing metal. SHELDON AXLES—Worm (David Brown type) mounted on over-size bearings with separate bearings for end-thrust, large spindles; wheel bearings tapered roller type. FRAMES—High-grade alloy steel, special heat-treated. STEERING GEARS—Special truck design; all wearing parts alloy steel heat-treated and case hardened. CLUTCHES—Multiple dry disc, Raybestos against steel. IGNITION—Bosch magneto. TRANSMISSION—Special Truck design, nickel steel gears. CARBURETORS—Special Stromberg. SPRINGS—Special alloy spring steel.

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Get the details of *how* this plan will actually buy your trucks for you. Know exactly *how* others are increasing business and cutting delivery costs without capital—for example, making the sale of horses and wagons pay the first installments on Indiana Trucks. Get the actual figures. Let us show you the best truck for your business *at work*—in our big illustrated book "Motor Transportation in 1000 Lines of Business." It gives you a bird's eye view of Indiana Truck owners and an appreciation of Indiana Truck quality and economy. Send now for Plan and Book.

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Dealers: **We need the best dealers in a few unoccupied territories. Get our new plan for putting trucks on your floor for small outlay of cash. Your territory may be open—*Wire!***

(Continued from Page 82)

the act had broken down by reason of a serious mishap to the entrails of his mechanism. It would only be necessary that they should catch a glimpse of those waxen features. There would be nothing strange in his refusal to let them pry into it. A mere eyeshot on the part of some person in authority would allay all suspicion, if indeed it were possible suspicion should arise.

"The only persons who could by any chance recognize the features of the puppet were the three across the river. Mr. James Smith had very likely thought it improbable that any one of these three would be in a playgoing mood. To make assurance doubly certain, he had waited by the gate until the last possible moment. The girl had come only a moment or two after his departure for the stage.

"But for once Smith had miscalculated. He had forgotten the power of a woman to kindle fires anew on the cold altars of the human spirit, if you will. He did not see the girl in the theater pit, and so he did not know that I had looked for that vanishing instant into the compelling face of love, which breaks all molds and melts all chains in forging others of its own.

"For one second, during which Smith was turning back from the door to exhibit that deathlike face with the crimson knoll on the forehead aglow, I displayed a blazing force of retaliation. Smith was leisurely in all his movements. I heard him sigh with satisfaction and turn toward the iron trunk, with a view, it is reasonable to think, of lifting out the flywheel which was to serve as a weight.

"My brain moved with marvelous quickness. I seemed to see all possibilities in a flash—or all but one. If I could once fasten upon that fellow the suspicion of murder I would be free at last, the prison bars solidly between me and my hideous proprietor. The hue and cry would be raised. I had only to remain in hiding to keep Smith in jail, with a charge of murder to his name. And the girl's recognition of me, which Smith had not seen, assured me that the hue and cry would certainly be raised.

"Therefore, uttering a strangled wail, which easily penetrated those slimsy wooden partitions, I precipitated myself, box and all, through the trap, swam out from under the stage, and ran into the almost impenetrable waterside thickets which began just outside the confines of the park.

"What I did not foresee was the lightning flash which illuminated the situation to Smith and resulted in his flinging after the rebellious Man the Mechanism itself. This was a move vastly weaker, it is true, than the one he had contemplated; but still there was a chance that it would work; and, as the sequel proved, it did.

"His great danger was that the manikin should be opened by prying hands, and its impracticability as an operating mechanism made manifest. But he counted, and rightly, as it appears, on the surprise of the police to counterbalance this. It is no discredit to you gentlemen. Who could have foreseen such a concatenation of events? Then, when he found himself still followed, he made for the open sea and sank the evidence of his intended crime, as he hoped, beyond all chance of resurrection. But time pressed; he was hurried; in some way the head got parted from the shoulders, and by great good luck you stumbled upon it.

"His next move must have been to seek sanctuary in the tomb of his own father. You may have passed within a dozen feet of him at that time. As for me, after everything was again quiet I determined to swim the river. In the old days this would have been an easy matter; but I have spent so much of my time lately immured in that black box that my muscles have grown soft. A ship loomed in my path; it was not until I had fairly set foot on her deserted deck that I recognized her for the Asphodel.

"There was no time for hesitation. I drew a belaying pin out of the rail, and went below thinking to find clothes with which to replace my scarlet costume. There were none. Craigenside had taken his ashore, and Goddard, I suppose, boasts only those which cover his body at the moment. They are the separable accidents of the logicians.

"Seized by panic, owing to the conspicuousness of my position on that deserted ship, Flower of Hell, I stripped off my costume, slung it over my shoulders, and again reëntered the water, this time pushing the belaying pin ahead of me when I swam. In ten minutes I was crawling among the dunes, shivering in my wet garments, and still clutching the belaying pin. I didn't know which way to turn. Even supposing my proprietor safe behind steel bars, was I safe from some intangible and monstrous summons? You have heard Craigenside describe it as something which seemed to shoot up from his heels in a warm wave, a sort of indescribable and fatal abandon, as if the atoms which make up the body had lost their faculty of pulling together. The sort of thing which would root you to the spot, as much as if you were nothing but a cast-iron dog in front of a house.

"Then again a sort of restlessness came over me when I reflected that that girl was hardly a biscuit's toss away from me, and that I couldn't very well see her.

"And so I went forward like a headless man, creeping in the shadows, out of the moon, following the tangle of weed and vine into the ravines. The night wore on; your chase had long since died away, and my own resolution had melted, when there came a climax to this night of horrors. I stopped and knelt at the edge of a pool to drink. The moon was rising and a great sweep of purple shadow coming down to my very heels. I myself was in full moonlight, when, raising my head from the water, I saw the fat face of my proprietor mooning at me over the black ridge behind me.

"This fearful image I saw not directly but reflected in the water at my feet. I felt as if a mold of ice had all at once been clamped hard about my body. He was not, then, behind the bars! My ruse had failed, and he was at my very heels again, free, perhaps able at an instant's notice to reassert his old power.

"Without once turning round, I dashed through that calm pool and out upon the other side. I had a nightmarish sense of the futility of speed, and the conviction that I was lost was like a ton weight on me. Still I ran like a madman, thinking with each stride that my legs were going to fail under me, or that I should feel those iron fingers of Mr. James Smith hooked into my shoulder.

"But when at length I turned, my tormentor was not even in sight. He had then other fish to fry. I threw myself down in the sand, and shook like a hysterical woman. What madness!

"Had that ominous face, inflicted with such horrible vividness on the surface of the water, after all been only a hypnagogic vision? I couldn't have told if my life had hung on the answer.

"Then I saw that the white pediment of the house was visible from where I lay. I had been running in circles, dashing through one of those extinguished forests of scrub oak. Now a sweet scent was blown to me. I saw that this proceeded from the wild flowers which had sprung up in the neighborhood of the broken-down stone wall, and the raw breath of the river front was in my nostrils.

"I got up and walked unsteadily toward that wall. I laid my hand on one of the rough stones of the wall, still warm with the day's heat. I fixed my eyes on the shadowy exterior of the house. Its windows were open, but no light appeared.

"I was halted. In what guise, by what right, did I come here, a poor and hunted man, dressed in the livery of a fantastic vaudeville act? I had no longer even a will of my own.

"And yet—I leaped the wall, and began to creep along in the shadow of the second terrace. Midway between the wall and the path to the river a figure appeared in my path. You may guess who it was. I fell on my knees before her, and implored her to hide me.

"She thought me mad at first. Of course. Perhaps a vision too. But I drew her down into the shadows, and explained. Then, gentlemen, her face regained its old expression.

"'Wait here,' she said. 'I must first get you other clothes, and then I will take you to a hiding place.'

"She disappeared. I don't know how long she had been gone. I crouched there, torn by a dozen emotions, when suddenly I heard a crushing step on the gravel walk, followed by the tap of thick soles on the stone steps.

"In another second I saw Craigenside coming toward me, but with a strange motion, I assure you. His face was emptied of all expression. His eyes stared straight in front of him, and his legs swung out with the automatic movements of a puppet. For all the world, it was the Man or Mechanism thing over again, with this exception, that Craigenside breathed strongly and evenly with that hoarse, involuntary sound

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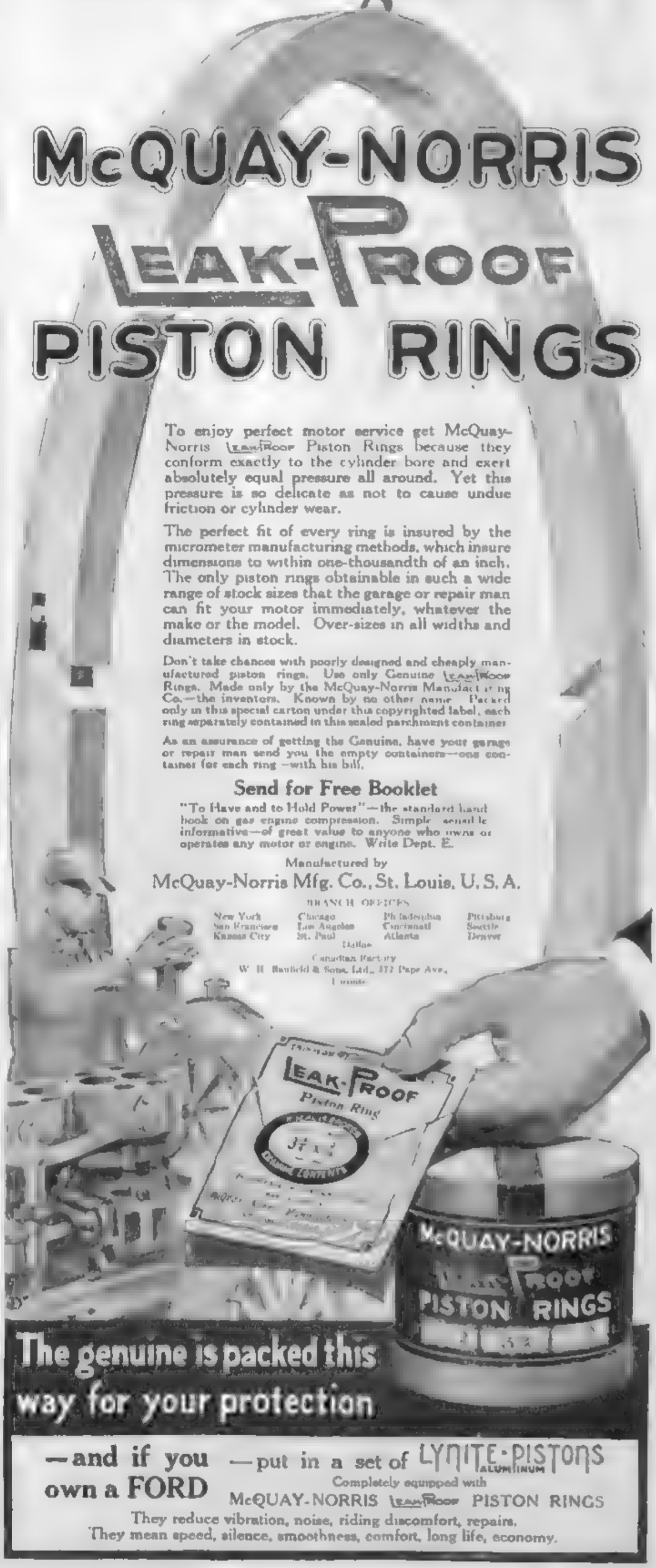

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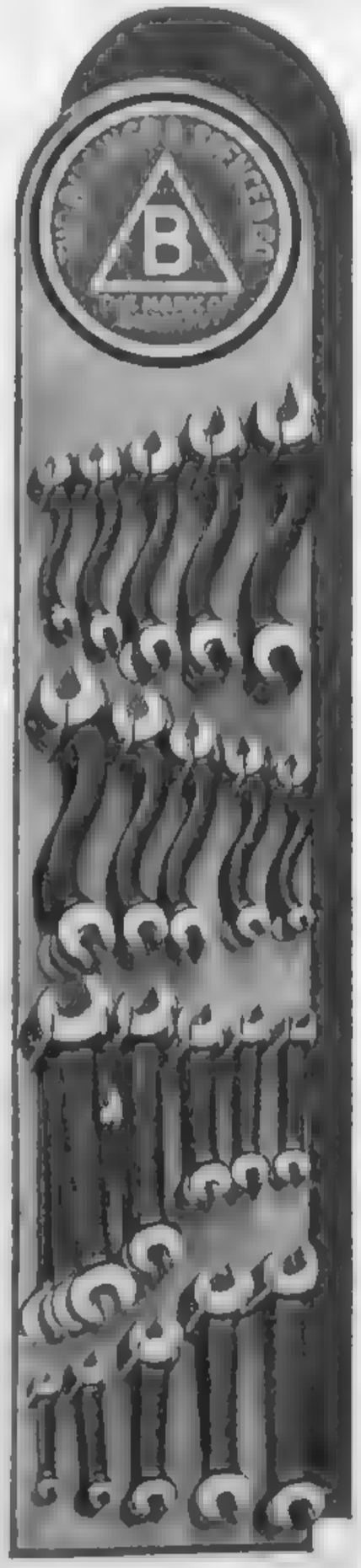

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which, I admit, affects me powerfully very likely because I see reflected there my own involuntary history. My professional trances had, of course, eliminated this useless noise, eliminated everything indeed but an imperceptible action of the lungs.

"Then, gentlemen, I saw that he held against his midriff in both hands——"

"The jade!" cried Hawley and I.

"Exactly," said Garnett.

"Wait," said Hawley at this point, "here is the explanation of that mysterious lens flashing. Here is the solution of the ornithologist, in short. You remember the words of Ruel Craigenside, when you first met him on the bridge of his house? 'The bird catcher he smears his lime.' He must have been conscious even then of the infernal preparations going forward."

"Yes, precisely," said Garnett, bringing his face close to Hawley's. "You speak of flashes. How was that?"

"He sat in a bag at the edge of the dunes, pretending to photograph birds, and casually turned the lens of his camera in the sun."

Garnett brought down the palm of his hand smartly on his knee.

"The very means!" he said.

"Having accustomed him to falling into a trance easily," continued Hawley, "catching him on the bridge or at the edge of the estate, wherever he could, in short, he must have gone into the house, made his way to those attic stairs which lead out upon the bridge, and there commanded him to bring the god to some designated spot—perhaps that part of the stone wall which was broken down. He must have felt that danger lurked in every second of his visit to that house. How he got by under Goddard's nose is more than I can tell as it is."

"Wait," interposed Garnett, "it is easier than that. As you suggest, it is unlikely that he should himself come to the house without being found out. Somebody was always prowling round the environs of the place. But we know that Craigenside had a habit of walking among the dunes. Isn't it easier to assume that this yellow demon suddenly rose up in his path, put him in a trance, after perhaps some sort of conversation which threw him off his guard, and then suggested to him that at a later time, a precise time, he should bring the god to a certain spot? Remember his threat to make me enter the chamber of that girl by night and cut the head from her shoulders. That was not an idle boast. The instigation to involuntary action does not have to be contemporaneous with the trance at all.

"That's the solution. Smith had found the house impregnable—at least against the attack of a single man without weapon of any sort. This was his one chance—and I thwarted him. I, his puppet, put a spoke in his infernal wheel at last. And when the thing was all but in his clutches too.

"Craigenside, then, came forward at that dangling, angular pace; and if I knew one thing better than another in this world, it was that somewhere out among those pallid dunes my proprietor awaited him. I became unreasonably angry, and filled with a strange confidence, which must have been born of my renewed evidence of that girl's loyalty. All at once I decided to snatch the fruits of victory from that fat demon, through sheer wantonness, as like as not. Wrath entirely dominated my fear of him. I saw him through all the successive stages of this burdensome phantasmagoria: sitting on the sands of that remote atoll, watching me at work while he considered how and when to make an end of me, and make certain the security of his god on the top of that volcano of his; hovering by my side through all the days of our vain pilgrimaging through the States; putting my rigid body time after time into that diabolical casket with its rose-colored lining, limp burial shoes on my feet; snatching the sheets from the day calendar which showed me that he could absent himself from me for an indefinite time and still leave me powerless to think or act against him; threatening to make me the active agent in compassing the destruction of what I held most dear; and finally turning from me in that stuffy dressing room with the look of murder written indelibly on his remorseless face. He had no animus against me. He was actuated solely by a determination to let nothing stand in the way of the restoration of that jade to its ancestral temple.

"All this was in my mind, and perhaps a sneaking notion that I might ingratiate myself with the house of Craigenside. Yes, ingratiate myself with a man by knocking him on the head with a wooden belaying pin. For I had clung to that through thick and thin.

"I laid those two men low, Goddard and his master. I snatched the god, stuffed it in my blouse, and appeared on the porch in time to intercept the girl, who came out with an armful of clothes.

"After that my story is that of the slave-room only," said Garnett. "The old lady in some infernal way got it into her head that I was there staring at her—pure delirium, and yet it was literally so. She made a hard end, in my opinion. Better for her if she had dropped the thing overboard herself, instead of obeying Amos' last injunction. But—she did obey. It must have been remorse that dictated her solicitousness for the well-being of that god. She felt herself not guiltless of complicity in that old fellow's death. I don't know whether she knew all that might be known about that venomous jade, but this much is certain—something had been whispered in her ear by that yellow devil. Perhaps he had deceived her as to the far-reaching effects of tampering with its uprightness."

"But, God bless me," said Hawley, "do you mean to say that you indorse the view of this god which was held by its own communicants?"

"Scarcely that," said Garnett. "There is a simpler explanation. This, you see, was not my first experience with a god of this character. Of course the possibility of proof is gone, since Smith has made off with the head; but the head of the god which I was privileged to examine—in the East—had a mechanism for delivering poisoned barbs through a tiny hole in its head. This mechanism was tripped by bringing the idol into a horizontal position. In practice you see this was very effective. The communicant kneeling before the god was struck dead, as if by a stray shot from that malignant eye. An instrument unexcelled, I should think, for its effect upon the other worshipers. And I have no doubt a death now and then would be useful—*pour encourager les autres!* A hidden spring at its base could be touched, causing it to totter and fall at the appropriate moment."

We drew breath all round; and Garnett rose gently to his feet. Our eyes were turned, as if by a common impulse, toward the spot among the dunes where the house of Craigenside had risen. It was there no longer. We saw no more than the black maw of the great fireplace rising at the top of the terraces—an extinguished hearth. But farther to the left the house of Mercy Cobb was visible as before, flattened like a gray moth on the tawny sands. And while we stared the fat gulls went wheeling in the sunshine over that ruin of a noble house.

"Let them wrangle," muttered Garnett. "They were doomed—doomed from within. It needs no trampled-on spinster to explain their fate. The virtues of a whole family had to be concentrated in one fair person, the last of her race, and"—his eye lighted—"unless I am vastly mistaken, she is about to exchange the family name—for another."

"One last word," interposed Hawley hastily, seeing that Garnett was on the point of withdrawing; "you do not explain the phenomenon of the bells—the bells which you heard on that island, which tormented Ruel Craigenside on the return voyage of the Asphodel. How do you explain those?"

"I do not explain them," said the sailor somberly. "I can get no farther than to say I heard them."

"Here is my residual mystery then," said Hawley, twinkling. "The bells solace me. They at least are not to be accounted for."

"No, there is no getting literally to the bottom of the thing," answered the sailor. "They sounded, that is certain. I heard them as I hear your voices now. But this much I will say: I have heard that grisly clock strike, and I affirm to you that the sound was identical with that. Remember, the Tartar had placed the god on a shelf behind the pendulum, and draw your own deductions. Did the Christian curse go in aid of the Celestial? Or perhaps it was a sort of telepathy, the echo of a sound transported to the ends of the earth from the shivering solitude of that old lady's brain. I don't know."

"You leave us as you found us," commented Hawley, "with a salutary touch of the mysterious, the inexplicable."

"Inexplicable, yes, to a Western," returned Garnett.

And he favored us with his most reserved, his most Oriental smile.

(THE END)

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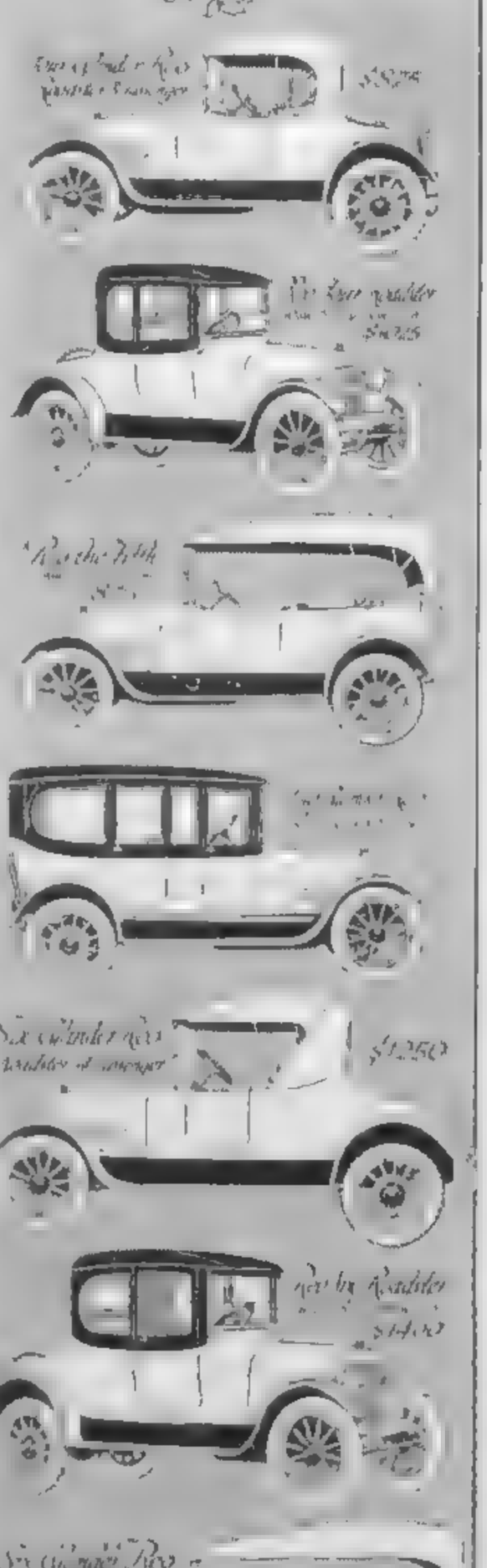

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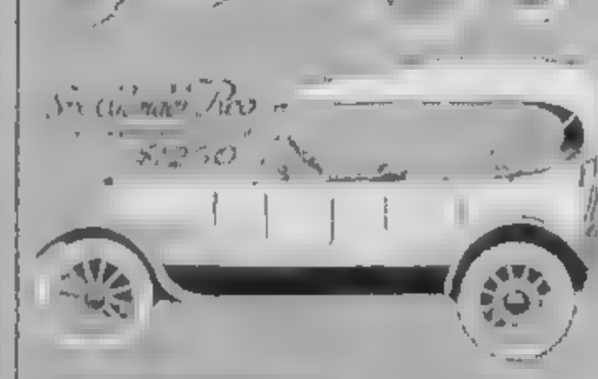

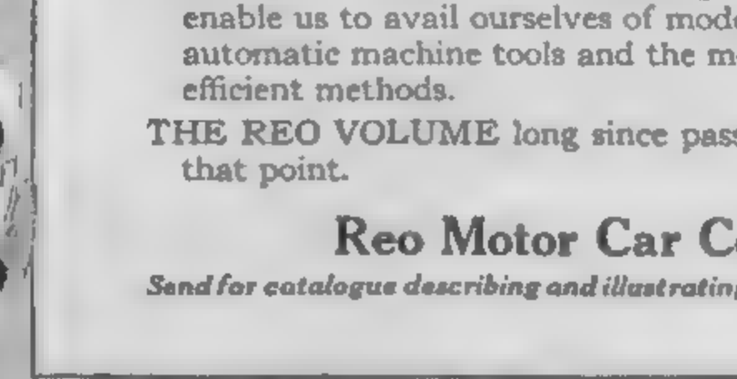

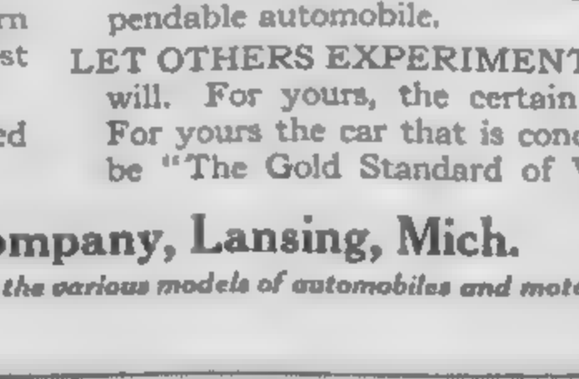

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 5)

"You haven't told me yet who's coming," I said in the drawing-room. "How many are there?"

"Ten in all," mother answered: "Mrs. Apthorp-Brown; the Glynn Rollinses, who are motoring in from Westbury; Miss Bolles, a most charming woman; Mr. Emery Winship, an old friend of ours; another man who is staying with him, whose name I forget; and Allan Denning."

From her omission of data concerning them, no less than from a certain slight accentuation of tone upon their names, I inferred that the Alpha and Omega of the evening were Mrs. Apthorp-Brown and Allan Denning. Of Mr. Winship's privilege I was jealous; mother accepted his friend—why had she not accepted mine?

"Tell me about the nameless man," I demanded. "What's he like? Old or young?"

"I don't remember," she replied. "He does something, I believe."

"Stocks?" I suggested, out of sheer hostility.

"No; not stocks," she returned. "Writing or painting something of that sort."

"Oh!" I cried, mollified. "I'm so glad it isn't stocks. I don't think I should like stockbrokers. What does Mr. Denning do?"

Mother drew back.

"Nothing!" she hastened to answer, as though she were denying a malicious allegation. "I've put you beside him, Barbara, and I do hope you won't ask impertinent questions or use slang. Let him do the talking. He's a man of the world and can talk to anybody. It's just luck that he happens to be in town. In the season he's almost impossible to get. I wonder where your father is?"

No sooner had she spoken than my father came in.

How faultlessly erect was his bearing, notwithstanding his height, and how aquiline his nose! Somehow I felt responsible for his entertainment; impelled to rise from my chair and engage him in conversation. He seemed so much more guest than host, so much less father than acquaintance.

"Mrs. Apthorp-Brown!" announced the butler at this point, and I saw him licking his lips as he withdrew.

The old woman who entered did not look the part assigned her. I wanted to cover up her poor neck with a little woolly shawl. There was nothing on it but jewels—not even flesh.

"How do you do?" she said, with no question in her voice, when mother presented me.

Perhaps she thought I ought not to be there. At any rate, she did not notice me further. The Glynn Rollinses came in next; and, mother having left them to me, I attempted conversation with diminished confidence, which they took no steps to restore. On the advent of Miss Bolles, a dried-up spinster with dyed hair and an enameled neck, whom they greeted effusively, they turned their backs upon me altogether; and I retreated, to stand propped against the paneling, examining my slippers and feeling very small.

"Mr. Winship!" I heard; and then: "Mr. R-m-m——"

Oh, that butler! He had botched the name on purpose. The appellations of those who, according to his standards, were something, he rolled as sweet morsels under his tongue; but with that of him who merely did something he gave himself no concern.

Yet it was only the attitude of his employers that was reflected in the cloudy mirror of his mind.

Then and there I resolved that, as I had wished Miss Wier to be welcomed, so henceforth should every man, woman or child who set foot upon our threshold be welcomed here. Eager to act upon this determination, I noticed that the young man, having been briefly greeted by his hostess, was now standing by himself, perceptibly ill at ease. He was of medium height, lithe of body, alert of glance, and his awkwardness at the moment was due, I felt, not to any lack of poise but to a peculiar sensitiveness to the atmosphere of this gathering.

I crossed the room and went up to him.

"We were delighted that you could come," I said, holding out my hand.

He took it warmly and his every muscle relaxed.

"That's awfully good of you," he responded. "I was afraid my coming was rather an imposition. But it's all right if you say so."

Further standing about ensued. Presently mother rang a bell and I heard her say to the butler:

"We won't wait any longer for Mr. Denning, Parker. Telephone to his rooms and bring the cocktails at once."

Because this guest had not come, everybody save Mrs. Apthorp-Brown, who was duly escorted by father, had to walk in "informally." Mr. Denning had not forgotten, it appeared. He was merely half an hour late and came in entirely unruffled before we had finished our soup.

How graciously mother accepted the apologies of this drawing-room favorite! He was distinctly handsome, with crisp, backward-curling hair, white forehead and regular features, marred only by a slight puffiness under the eyes and an incipient heaviness just above the collar.

"Mr. Denning," said mother as the butler pulled out the vacant chair on my right, "this is my little daughter, just back from boarding school. She's come down to dinner for a great treat, because it's her first evening at home."

Such an introduction would have caused me inexpressible embarrassment an hour ago; but I had taken the initiative once since then and felt capable of doing so again.

"We came near not having anything to eat on your account," I told him.

"How's that?" he asked, smiling and sitting down.

"The Bible says," I explained: "'Give a portion to seven, and also to eight.' Mother is willing to give it to eight, but not to seven. Did you forget? Oh, never mind—don't answer."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I was not to ask you impertinent questions," was my reply. "You were to introduce the subjects of conversation. You're a man of the world and can talk to anybody—even me."

"Ask me anything you like," he invited, bending his well-shaped head quite close, "and I'll give you a straight answer."

"How were the races on Saturday?" broke in Mrs. Glynn Rollins in her high, strained voice.

"Dull," he replied laconically, and turned again to me. "I've had one dinner already," he confided. "This one went clean out of my head. I had to lie out of it, didn't I? Of course you won't give me away."

Thus, at the outset of our acquaintance, by just being myself, as mother had warned me against doing, I had "hit it off" with this overrated but, I thought, essentially unpretentious young man. And, of course, it was amusing to note the icy regard of Mrs. Glynn Rollins at the shoulder he kept persistently turned in her direction.

"Who's that chap on your left?" he asked, *sotto voce*, with a full stare at Mr. Winship's protégé. "I don't remember having seen him anywhere before."

"Is that any reason for looking at him as though he were some strange species of animal?" I demanded. "What are dinners for, if not to meet new people? I should think just seeing the old ones over and over would be an awful bore."

He smiled, refusing to take up my challenge. His complacence rather nettled me.

"You haven't answered my question," he said.

"I don't know yet who he is," I replied. "All I know is that Mr. Winship brought him, and that he does something. When he's finished talking with Miss Bolles I'm going to ask him what. I don't think it'll be long; he doesn't seem to be getting on particularly well."

My neighbor was, in fact, playing with his bread between pauses of unconscionable length, crumbing it up shockingly with the most nervous, delicate hand I had ever seen.

"What do you do?" I finally came to his rescue by asking.

"Paint," he replied, turning upon me that alert glance. "What do you?"

"What do I look like a girl that could do?" I retorted.

"That's a wonderful sentence!" he laughed. "Let's translate it into English."

The play of expression on his face as he talked was astounding. In three minutes it had passed from seriousness to inquiry, and now it was all broken up into fun.

"What," I complied, "does a girl who looks as I do look as though she could do?"

He paused, and I felt myself flushing under a scrutiny that was yet in no sense a stare.

Intelligent Smokers
don't apologize to themselves

"I want to be known as a modern man, and abreast of a modern age. So I keep *fit*—and I find health, fun, profit—in business, in pleasure, in life.

"I smoke intelligently, too. I smoke *more moderate* cigars—that please my palate, yet leave my efficiency at par!

"I puff happily, in fact, my ROBERT BURNS. Never does he fuddle, never does he dull or blunt my edge. For all his fragrance, his sheer smoke-satisfaction, he leaves me as he finds me—*fit*.

"And he gives me, too, the feeling that I've *done well*. For I'm smoking—as today we're working and playing—*right*."

* * * * *

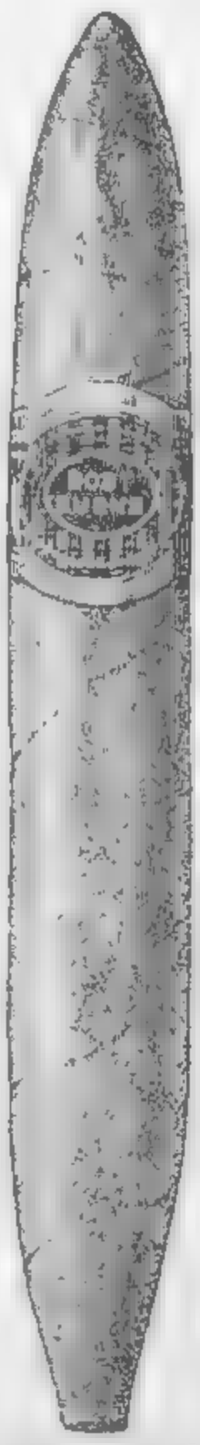
There's no mystery about the ROBERT BURNS "efficiency Quality" of "fine palate appeal that won't fuddle." The blend and the curing explain it. Its Havana filler gives it fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

The result? A fully satisfying, ripe cigar, easy and pleasant in its effects.

And a cigar which—moving forward with the times—is better than ever today.

Have you tried one lately?

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.



ROBT BURNS
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

STRAITON & STORM BRANCH,
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Grow Younger As You Grow Older

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure Obtaining Power and Greater Health Promoting Power

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

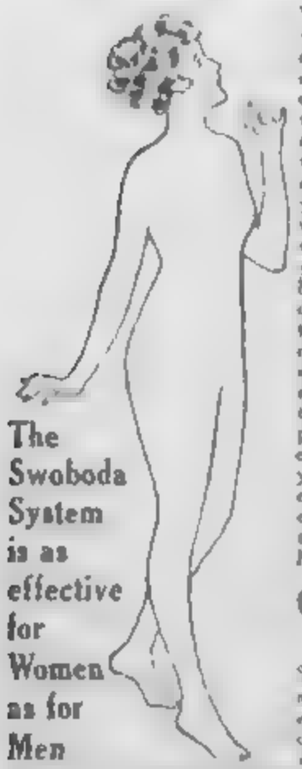
Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. *We* are only as young and as great and as powerful as *they* are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception



The Swoboda System is as effective for Women as for Men

You may think you are young, strong, brave, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—you younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution —the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, nerve resistance to spare and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great *reserve* health, great *reserve* energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of *time*, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Swoboda himself is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years he is growing younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health, or is he living stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant, more alive by capitalizing his reserve powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself you can accomplish, for every individual can accomplish for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles and every individual can make use of the same laws and principles. His mind and body are so acted and acted on that in the process one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact, yet Swoboda is real, there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows exactly what he is, what he is capable of, what he ought to be. He is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he is honestly—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, there are individuals who seek work only when that sentiment is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly.

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, exercising, exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book, not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that has not at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudahys, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being, regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say "I'll do it later", but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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"Anything," he affirmed quietly. "Everything."

"I'd like to paint," I was moved to confess.

"Have you studied drawing?" he asked.

"We had it," I replied connotatively.

"That's a different matter," he smiled.

I smiled back. He looked altogether boyish when he smiled.

"I've finished now," I enlightened him.

"Finished what?" he cried. "Not drawing!"

"No," I returned. "School."

"What next?" he continued.

"Oh, next? The world, the flesh and the devil. But I'm not ready for those yet. It's going to take a year to break me in."

"By what means?" he demanded.

I hesitated. Following my eyes, he noticed their stare at the platter which was at that moment being brought in. Upon it was offered salmon, counterfeiting lobster—popeyes, feelers and all.

"See that wolf in sheep's clothing?" I said, nodding toward the triumph of culinary skill. "That's what they intend to do with me."

"What an outrage!" he said in a voice that was capable of as many gradations of expression as his face. It deepened by several tones as he added: "Don't let them! Please don't!"

"That's curious," I returned gravely. "Yours is the second warning I've had today. The first was from another friend of mine—my teacher, Miss Wier. 'I hope nothing will spoil you,' she said. I didn't understand what she meant, but I think I'm beginning to——"

As I spoke my gaze swept the table, and his followed mine as he said, very low:

"I'm glad you include me among your friends."

The night was stifling. In spite of the size of the room it smelt sickeningly of rich, heavy food. After a varied and exciting day I grew suddenly dizzy; and for several seconds the buzz of strident talk and shrill laughter sounded alternately far off and ear-splittingly near. The faintness passed, leaving me with a frown between my brows and a splitting headache. I felt that I could not endure another moment of this confusion of sound.

The hubbub amid which we ate at school had never bothered me. It was as spontaneous as the twittering of birds in an aviary. This was of a different quality—noise without gayety; laughter without mirth; mechanical, self-conscious and forced. When at last we got up, the only thing that kept me from making my escape to bed was the prospect of seeing my new friend for a few moments more at the end of the evening.

The men stayed out a long time. In their absence mother "took on" Mrs. Apthorp-Brown, who, I had observed, neither listened to what was said to her nor said anything herself. Miss Bolles and Mrs. Glynn Rollins went off together to sit on a sofa in a remote corner, where they conversed in tones inaudible to the rest.

The only book in the drawing-room was an unwieldy one with a parchment cover, marked Roma; so I settled myself in a fairly comfortable bergère with that, and was soon absorbed in the photographs of art treasures it contained. They roused my yearning to travel, to learn, to absorb.

"Yes," I heard mother saying as I turned over a page; "it came near being a bad accident. His horse refused, and he went off, striking the back of his head. Luckily he was only stunned."

I returned to my photographs, puzzled. Couldn't they—who had traveled and had countless other opportunities—find anything better to talk about than the spill of an acquaintance during a game of polo, the merest incident, a thing of no consequence to anybody? When I heard the men approaching to rejoin us my heart thumped agreeably.

To my disappointment it was Allan Denning who sought me out. He was very nice and said a good deal about seeing me at Newport, but I could not forgive him for not being somebody else. That somebody else was valiantly talking to mother; out of the corners of my eyes I could see how embarrassed he was.

Presently Mrs. Apthorp-Brown arose majestically; there was no clock in the room, but she apparently knew by instinct that it was half past ten.

At the door we found each other again—I and my new-made friend—and stood without speaking for several seconds, he looking down, I looking up; my hand in his.

"Won't you come to my studio," he asked eagerly then, "and see some of my work? I'm just moving—that's why Mr. Winship's taken me in."

"I'd love to!" I replied with enthusiasm.

"When will you come?" he went on.

"I'll come on Thursday," I specified, "at three. We're going away next week."

"Bully!" he cried, and gave the address.

"You've forgotten one thing," I reminded him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"To tell me your name," I smiled. "It might be convenient for me to know it."

He laughed.

"Randall," he said; "John Randall. Don't forget. Thursday, at three! Good night."

"Oh, mother!" I cried, when everybody had gone. "Isn't he wonderful!"

She regarded me curiously; and I detected an increase of consideration in her manner when she said:

"You got on with him surprisingly well."

"Anyone could get on with him," I replied.

"Most people do," she assented. "He knows everybody and goes everywhere. He's at every performance of the opera, every dance, every musicale. He's engaged months ahead for week-ends. Still, I hope to get him to spend a Sunday with us at Westbury in September."

During the foregoing my eyes had widened in dismay.

"Mother," I said solemnly when she paused, "I hate to tell you, but we're not talking about the same man."

Instantly she stiffened.

"To whom did you refer?" she asked coldly.

"To Mr. Randall," I replied, wondering. "I'm going to his studio on Thursday."

"Girls of seventeen don't go to artists' studios," she said in an icy tone. "You're a child and can't be expected to understand such things; but that he should ask it proves conclusively that he's not a gentleman. He was taking advantage of your inexperience—that's all. I shall never ask him inside this house again."

I felt myself turning still and white.

"He didn't know you'd feel that way about it," I said slowly, "any more than I did. Perhaps he isn't a gentleman—in your sense. But I don't care, because I'm not a lady. Good night!"

Half an hour later I was lying in my bed in the dark, limbs still rigid, eyes staring at nothingness. Little by little I relaxed—first my fists, then my legs and arms, then my eyelids; finally I was all a little limp heap, and then I began to sob as though my heart would break.

Nothing mattered if only your mother was real. What was the use of living if she wasn't? What joy would there be in loving if you couldn't confess your love with your face hidden on her breast?

From the day of my birth to this day I had had a succession of mothers, but no mother! The trained nurse had been the first to mother me; then, oh, happy years! had come my Irish Jane, with all the motherhood of all the ages reflected in the blue pools of her eyes. Then, because poor Jane had only the halting vehicle of her own brogue in which to give broken expression to the wealth of her soul, foreign governesses had succeeded; and finally, their variety of motherhood not being entirely adapted to the requirements of the situation—imagine Uncle Remus rendered with French or German accent!—had ensued the varied angularities of the patient, reserved, devoted mothers at school.

It was too much to expect of these unworldly women, spinster school-teachers from small towns, to turn me out a finished product, fitted to shine in metropolitan drawing-rooms! No one could have made a society woman of me but mother herself. Was it my fault that I had come back to her with ideals opposed to hers—that our standards were as wide apart as the poles?

Only love could have wrought the miracle—bridged the chasm. Did my mother love me? It was a terrible question to arise in a young heart.

Oh, how I wanted her love! It was my natural right! I must have it, for I was bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh!

Far away, in a room as safe from intrusion as a fortress, she little guessed into what depths of anguished longing my resentment was breaking up. The starvation of the starved years was as nothing to the starvation of to-night.

My mother was in the same house with me—and yet I was alone!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Designers of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

IN ONE corner of the huge Paige factory there is a room that looks more like an art studio than anything else.

Here there is no bustle or confusion. The drone of machinery comes but faintly through the thickly padded walls. Even the street clamor is muffled and vague.

To the visitor this is always the most interesting spot in the entire Paige plant. For here Paige cars are designed. Here you find the little group of men who are responsible for a long line of Paiges—and that supreme masterpiece, "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

In a broad sense, these men are designers for the entire automobile industry. For *their* creations are invariably the happy creations. *Their* models are the accepted fashion plates for practically every quality car in the country.

If you will glance back over the past seven years in automobile history, you will agree that this is a temperate statement of fact. In motor car design, Paige has led the way—is *still* leading the way.

"The Most Beautiful Car in America" speaks for itself.

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger	-	$1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Fairfield "Six-46" 7-passenger	-	$1375 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger	-	$1175 f. o. b. Detroit

Complete Line of Enclosed Cars

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

FRIENDS, Mother Nature is a woman, so mere man might as well let her have the last word. Velvet is Nature's last word in tobacco. Let's put *that* in our pipes an' smoke it.

Velvet Joe.

Nature Has Done Her Best in VELVET—

Only Nature Could Have Done So Well

IF your taste is anything like that of most pipe smokers we know, you won't *want* a better tobacco than Velvet.

To get a better—someone must invent a better variety of pipe tobacco than Kentucky Burley. That hasn't been done. Someone must beat Nature at Nature's own method—mellowing this tobacco by two years' patient ageing in wooden hogsheads. That's not likely to happen.

Put Velvet to any test *you* think will prove its quality. And make the test *today*.

10c Tins, 5c Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

JEEVES AND THE HARD-BOILED EGG

(Continued from Page 13)

his lordship's using the expression on the occasion—he was then a business gentleman and had not yet received his title—when a patent hair restorer which he chanced to be promoting failed to attract the public. He put it on the market under another name as a depilatory, and amassed a substantial fortune. I have generally found his lordship's aphorism based on sound foundations. No doubt we shall be able to discover some solution of Mr. Bickersteth's difficulty, sir."

"Well, have a stab at it, Jeeves!"

"I will spare no pains, sir."

I went and dressed sadly. It will show you pretty well how pipped I was when I tell you that I as near as a toucher put on a white tie with a dinner jacket. I sallied out for a bit of food more to pass the time than because I wanted it. It seemed brutal to be wading into the bill of fare with poor old Bicky headed for the bread line.

When I got back old Chiswick had gone to bed, but Bicky was there, hunched up in an armchair, brooding pretty tensely, with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth and a more or less glassy stare in his eyes. He had the aspect of one who had been soaked with what the newspaper chappies call "some blunt instrument."

"This is a bit thick, old thing—what!" I said.

He picked up his glass and drained it feverishly, overlooking the fact that it hadn't anything in it.

"I'm done, Bertie!" he said.

He had another go at the glass. It didn't seem to do him any good.

"If only this had happened a week later, Bertie! My next month's money was due to roll in on Saturday. I could have worked a wheeze I've been reading about in the magazine advertisements. It seems that you can make a dashed amount of money if you can only collect a few dollars and start a chicken farm. Jolly sound scheme, Bertie! Say you buy a hen—call it one hen for the sake of argument. It lays an egg every day of the week. You sell the eggs seven for a quarter. Keep of hen costs nothing. Profit practically twenty-five cents on every seven eggs. Or look at it in another way: Suppose you have a dozen hens. Each of the hens has a dozen chickens. The chickens grow up and have more chickens. Why, in no time you'd have the place covered knee-deep in hens, all laying eggs at twenty-five cents for every seven. You'd make a fortune. Jolly life, too, keeping hens!" He had begun to get quite worked up at the thought of it, but he slopped back in his chair at this juncture with a good deal of gloom. "But, of course, it's no good," he said, "because I haven't the cash."

"You've only to say the word, you know, Bicky, old top."

"Thanks awfully, Bertie, but I'm not going to sponge on you."

That's always the way in this world. The chappies you'd like to lend money to won't let you, whereas the chappies you don't want to lend it to will do everything except actually stand you on your head and lift the specie out of your pockets. As a lad who has always rolled tolerably freely in the right stuff, I've had lots of experience of the second class. Many's the time, back in London, I've hurried along Piccadilly and felt the hot breath of the toucher on the back of my neck and heard his sharp, excited yapping as he closed in on me. I've simply spent my life scattering largesse to blighters I didn't care a hang for; yet here was I now, dripping doubloons and pieces of eight and longing to hand them over, and Bicky, poor fish, absolutely on his uppers, not taking any at any price.

"Well, there's only one hope then."

"What's that?"

"Jeeves."

"Sir?"

There was Jeeves, standing behind me, full of zeal. In this matter of shimmering into rooms the chappie is rummy to a degree. You're sitting in the old armchair, thinking of this and that, and then suddenly you look up and there he is. He moves from point to point with as little uproar as a jellyfish. The thing startled poor old Bicky considerably. He rose from his seat like a rocketing pheasant. I'm used to Jeeves now, but often in the days when he first came to me I've bitten my tongue freely on finding him unexpectedly in my midst.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Oh, there you are, Jeeves!"

"Precisely, sir."

"Jeeves, Mr. Bickersteth is still up the pole. Any ideas?"

"Why, yes, sir. Since we had our recent conversation I fancy I have found what may prove a solution. I do not wish to appear to be taking a liberty, sir, but I think that we have overlooked his grace's potentialities as a source of revenue."

Bicky laughed what I have sometimes seen described as a hollow, mocking laugh, a sort of bitter cackle from the back of the throat, rather like a gargle.

"I do not allude, sir," explained Jeeves, "to the possibility of inducing his grace to part with money. I am taking the liberty of regarding his grace in the light of an at present—if I may say so—useless property, which is capable of being developed."

Bicky looked at me in a helpless kind of way. I'm bound to say I didn't get it myself.

"Couldn't you make it a bit easier, Jeeves?"

"In a nutshell, sir, what I mean is this: His grace is in a sense a prominent personage. The inhabitants of this country, as no doubt you are aware, sir, are peculiarly addicted to shaking hands with prominent personages. It occurred to me that Mr. Bickersteth or yourself might know of persons who would be willing to pay a small fee—let us say two dollars or three—for the privilege of an introduction, including handshake, to his grace."

Bicky didn't seem to think much of it.

"Do you mean to say that anyone would be mug enough to part with solid cash just to shake hands with my uncle?"

"I have an aunt, sir, who paid five shillings to a young fellow for bringing a moving-picture actor to tea at her house one Sunday. It gave her social standing among the neighbors."

Bicky wavered.

"If you think it could be done ——"

"I feel convinced of it, sir."

"What do you think, Bertie?"

"I'm for it, old boy, absolutely. A very brainy wheeze."

"Thank you, sir. Will there be anything further? Good night, sir."

And he floated out, leaving us to discuss details.

Until we started this business of floating old Chiswick as a money-making proposition I had never realized what a perfectly foul time those stock-exchange chappies must have when the public isn't biting freely. Nowadays I read that bit they put in the financial reports about "The market opened quietly" with a sympathetic eye, for, by Jove, it certainly opened quietly for us! You'd hardly believe how difficult it was to interest the public and make them take a flutter on the old boy. By the end of a week the only name we had on our list was a delicatessen-store keeper down in Bicky's part of the town, and as he wanted us to take it out in sliced ham instead of cash that didn't help much. There was a gleam of light when the brother of Bicky's pawnbroker offered ten dollars, money down, for an introduction to old Chiswick, but the deal fell through, owing to its turning out that the chap was an anarchist and intended to kick the old boy instead of shaking hands with him. At that, it took me the deuce of a time to persuade Bicky not to grab the cash and let things take their course. He seemed to regard the pawnbroker's brother rather as a sportsman and benefactor of his species than otherwise.

The whole thing, I'm inclined to think, would have been off if it hadn't been for Jeeves. There is no doubt that Jeeves is in a class of his own. In the matter of brain and resource I don't think I have ever met a chappie so supremely like mother made. He trickled into my room one morning with the good old cup of tea, and intimated that there was something doing.

"Might I speak to you with regard to that matter of his grace, sir?"

"It's all off. We've decided to chuck it."

"Sir?"

"My coal costs 40% less than yours, because I use a Spencer Heater"

"WHAT are you doing with all that small coal?" Perkins asked me as the coal wagon stopped at my house.

"That's the small coal I burn in my Spencer," I told him. "It costs about 40% less than your big coal costs you."

"How's that?" Perkins demanded, "I'm paying an awful price this year, but it's perfectly good coal. Is yours?"

"As perfectly good as yours and no more tons required," I explained. "But it's the small stuff that falls through the screen, and it costs a lot less because the Spencer is the only domestic heater that can burn it successfully

A Self-feeding Heater

"You see," I went on, "the Spencer has a magazine-feed and sloping grates. The magazine is filled up in the morning with enough to last all day, even in cold weather, or 24 hours in mild weather. The coal just feeds down on the fire as it is needed. The sloping grates do the rest—they automatically distribute the coal at an even depth. That's why the coal is *all afire all the time.*

"The Spencer is made that way on purpose to burn this low-priced coal without loss of heat, and with only half the labor your boiler requires."

"You mean to say," said Perkins, "not only that your coal costs you 40% less than mine, but that your heater requires 50% less attentionthanmine?"

"Just about that," I answered. "You have to coal at least four times a day. Now, my Spencer needs just *half* that amount of attention, even in coldest weather."

Spencer Heaters
Super-Standard
Steam Vapor Hot Water

Pays For Itself Quickly

"Well, if your Spencer is that much more efficient, it must cost more," remarked Perkins.

"As to that," I told him, "what I saved in coal cost the first year nearly paid the extra cost of the Spencer. Pretty quick it will pay the *entire* cost. After that I'll be having a dividend.

"Besides, I have the mighty comfort of perfectly even heat—never too hot—never too cold That's another Spencer asset, because it feeds itself like clockwork."

The kinds of low-priced coal usable in a Spencer may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea in the East; Semi-Anthracite or Lignite in the West; Buckwheat and Pea-Coke anywhere. These coals cost from *one-third* to *two-thirds* less than the domestic sizes required for the ordinary heating-boiler.

Write for the interesting Spencer Super-Standard Booklet describing the construction and giving the pictures. Take it to your architect and heating contractor for consultation.

THE SPENCER HEATER CO., 200 People's Natl. Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

New York, 101 Park Ave., Chicago, Railway Exch., Philadelphia, [illegible] St., St. Louis, Chemical Bldg., Detroit, Ford Bldg., Buffalo, [illegible] Minneapolis, Plymouth Bldg., Des Moines, Observatory Bldg., [illegible] Winnipeg, The Walden Co., Main & Portage Ave., Toronto, The Walden Co., 68 Adelaide [illegible]

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TRADE MARK
IMPORTED
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BRISTLE
SHAVING
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Every bristle everlastingly gripped in hard rubber!

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RACHTO BRISTLE
NATURALLY and PERMANENTLY
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with all the rich, everlasting lustre of the raven's wing or a bit of rare silk. It is the finest *genuine bristle* used in shaving brushes to retail at such moderate prices. As dressed by us especially for these brushes it is *supremely sanitary and unusually durable*, retaining all its original strength and elasticity, and is most pleasing to the face. Sold under the absolute RUBBERSET guarantee that the brush must make good—or WE WILL.

UNLESS THE FERRULE SAYS
RUBBERSET
IT ISN'T RACHTO BRISTLE
or OUR brush!
RUBBERSET COMPANY
(RACHT Co., Props.)
NEWARK, N. J.

"It won't work. We can't get anybody to come."

"I fancy I can arrange that aspect of the matter, sir."

"Do you mean to say you've managed to get anybody?"

"Yes, sir. Eighty-seven gentlemen from Birdsburg, sir!"

I sat up in bed and spilt the tea.

"Birdsburg?"

"Birdsburg, Missouri, sir."

"How did you get them?"

"I happened last night, sir, as you had intimated that you would be absent from home, to attend a theatrical performance, and entered into conversation between the acts with the occupant of the adjoining seat. I had observed that he was wearing a somewhat ornate decoration in his buttonhole, sir—a large blue button with the words 'Boost for Birdsburg' upon it in red letters—scarcely a judicious addition to a gentleman's evening costume. To my surprise I noticed that the auditorium was full of persons similarly decorated. I ventured to inquire the explanation, and was informed that these gentlemen, forming a party of eighty-seven, are a convention from a town of the name of Birdsburg in the state of Missouri. Their visit, I gathered, was purely of a social and pleasurable nature, and my Informant spoke at some length of the entertainments arranged for their stay in the city. It was when he related with a considerable amount of satisfaction and pride that a deputation of their number had been introduced to and had shaken hands with a well-known prize fighter that it occurred to me to broach the subject of his grace. To make a long story short, sir, I have arranged, subject to your approval, that the entire convention shall be presented to his grace to-morrow afternoon."

I was amazed. This chappie was a Napoleon.

"Eighty-seven, Jeeves! At how much a head?"

"I was obliged to agree to a reduction for quantity, sir. The terms finally arrived at were one hundred and fifty dollars for the party."

I thought a bit.

"Payable in advance?"

"No, sir. I endeavored to obtain payment in advance, but was not successful."

"Well, anyway, when we get it I'll make it up to five hundred. Bicky'll never know. Do you suppose Mr. Bickersteth would suspect anything, Jeeves, if I made it up to five hundred?"

"I fancy not, sir. Mr. Bickersteth is an agreeable gentleman, but not bright."

"All right then. After breakfast run down to the bank and get me some money."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, you're a bit of a marvel, Jeeves."

"Thank you, sir."

"Right-o!"

"Very good, sir."

When I took dear old Bicky aside in the course of the morning and told him what had happened he nearly broke down. He tottered into the sitting room and buttonholed old Chiswick, who was reading the comic section of the morning paper with a kind of grim resolution.

"Uncle," he said, "are you doing anything special to-morrow afternoon? I mean to say I've asked a few of my pals in to meet you, don't you know."

The old boy cocked a speculative eye at him.

"There will be no reporters among them?"

"Reporters? Rather not! Why?"

"I refuse to be badgered by reporters. There were a number of adhesive young men who endeavored to elicit from me my views on America while the boat was approaching the dock. I will not be subjected to this persecution again."

"That'll be absolutely all right, uncle. There won't be a newspaper man in the place."

"In that case I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of your friends."

"You'll shake hands with them, and so forth?"

"I shall naturally order my behavior according to the accepted rules of civilized intercourse."

Bicky thanked him heartily and came off to lunch with me at the club, where he babbled freely of hens, incubators and other rotten things.

After mature consideration we had decided to unleash the Birdsburg contingent on the old boy ten at a time. Jeeves brought his theater pal round to see us, and we arranged the whole thing with him. A very decent chappie, but rather inclined to collar the conversation and turn it in the direction of his home town's new water-supply system. We settled that, as an hour was about all he would be likely to stand, each gang should consider itself entitled to seven minutes of the duke's society by Jeeves' stop watch, and that when their time was up Jeeves should slide into the room and cough meaningly. Then we parted with what I believe are called mutual expressions of good will, the Birdsburg chappie extending a cordial invitation to us all to pop out some day and take a look at the new water-supply system, for which we thanked him.

Next day the deputation rolled in. The first shift consisted of the cove we had met and nine others almost exactly like him in every respect. They all looked deuced keen and businesslike, as if from youth up they had been working in the office and catching the boss' eye and what not. They shook hands with the old boy with a good deal of apparent satisfaction—all except one chappie who seemed to be brooding about something—and then they stood off and became chatty.

"What message have you for Birdsburg, duke?" asked our pal.

The old boy seemed a bit rattled.

"I have never been to Birdsburg."

The chappie seemed pained.

"You should pay it a visit," he said. "The most rapidly growing city in the country. Boost for Birdsburg!"

"Boost for Birdsburg!" said the other chappies reverently.

The chappie who had been brooding suddenly gave tongue.

"Say!"

He was a stout sort of well-fed cove with one of those determined chins and a cold eye.

The assemblage looked at him.

"As a matter of business," said the chappie—"mind you, I'm not questioning anybody's good faith, but, as a matter of strict business—I think this gentleman here ought to put himself on record before witnesses as stating that he really is a duke."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the old boy, getting purple.

"No offense, simply business. I'm not saying anything, mind you, but there's one thing that seems kind of funny to me. This gentleman here says his name's Mr. Bickersteth, as I understand it. Well, if you're the Duke of Chiswick, why isn't he Lord Percy Something? I've read English novels, and I know all about it."

"This is monstrous!"

"Now don't get hot under the collar. I'm only asking. I've a right to know. You're going to take our money, so it's only fair that we should see that we get our money's worth."

The water-supply cove chipped in:

"You're quite right, Simms. I overlooked that when making the agreement. You see, gentlemen, as business men we've a right to reasonable guarantees of good faith. We are paying Mr. Bickersteth here a hundred and fifty dollars for this reception, and we naturally want to know ——"

Old Chiswick gave Bicky the keen double-o, then he turned to the water-supply chappie. He was frightfully calm.

"I can assure you that I know nothing of this," he said quite politely. "I should be grateful if you would explain."

"Well, we arranged with Mr. Bickersteth that eighty-seven citizens of Birdsburg should have the privilege of meeting and shaking hands with you for a financial consideration mutually arranged, and what my friend Simms here means—and I'm with him—is that we have only Mr. Bickersteth's word for it—and he is a stranger to us—that you are the Duke of Chiswick at all."

Old Chiswick gulped.

"Allow me to assure you, sir," he said in a rummy kind of voice, "that I am the Duke of Chiswick."

"Then that's all right," said the chappie heartily. "That was all we wanted to know. Let the thing go on."

"I am sorry to say," said old Chiswick, "that it cannot go on. I am feeling a little tired. I fear I must ask to be excused."

"But there are seventy-seven of the boys waiting round the corner at this moment, duke, to be introduced to you."

"I fear I must disappoint them."

"But in that case the deal would have to be off."

"That is a matter for you and my nephew to discuss."

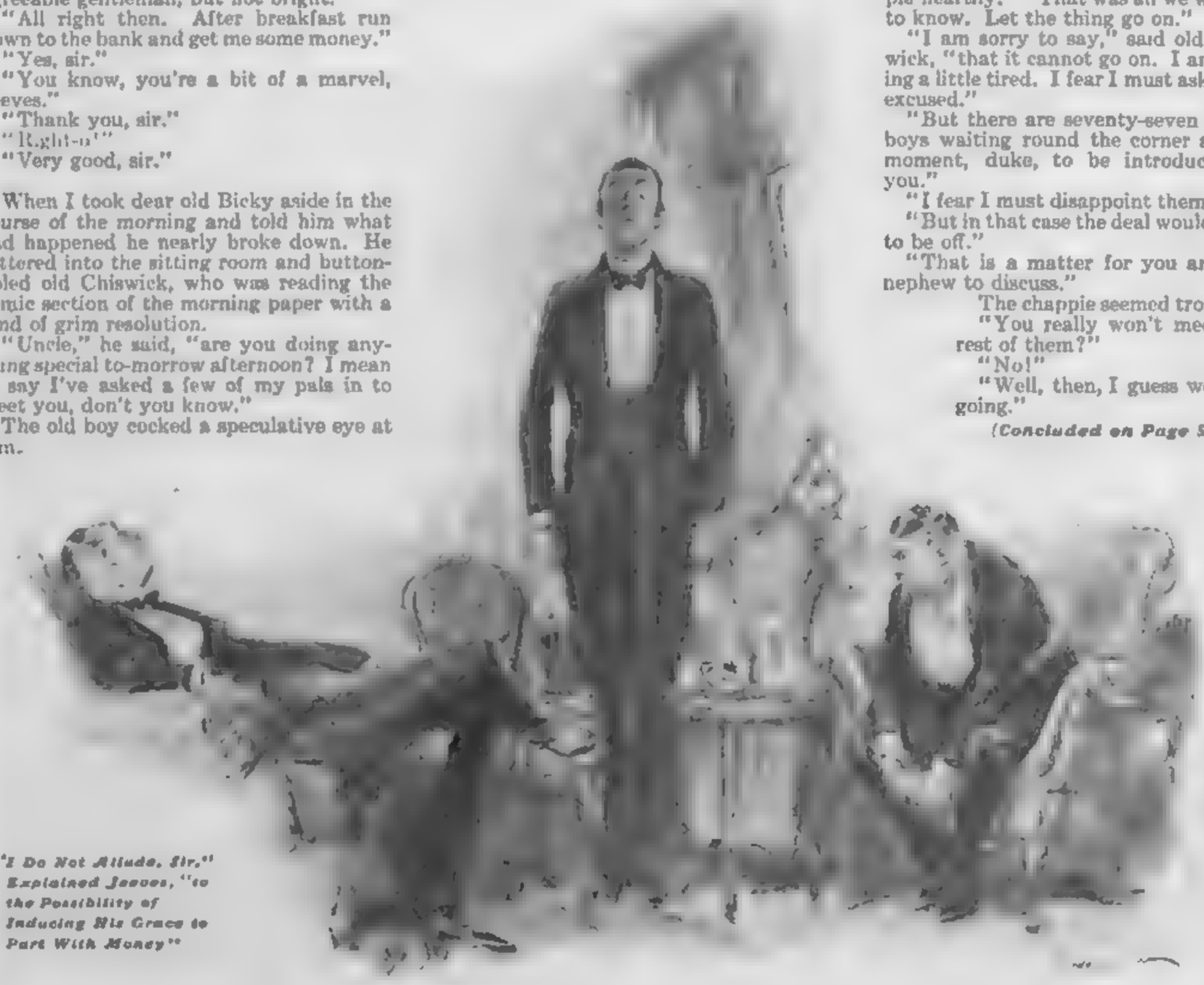
The chappie seemed troubled.

"You really won't meet the rest of them?"

"No!"

"Well, then, I guess we'll be going."

(Concluded on Page 57)



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Established 1852

The 1917 Market Itself is the Best Proof of Studebaker's GREAT Value!

Facts and figures on the 179 cars made in America show that the whole motor industry endorses the Studebaker design —but dollar for dollar of the price, does not equal it in VALUE.

THIS last month has brought to light facts so unusual yet so convincing that no man who is even thinking of buying a car can dare to overlook them.

You have always thought that a $1,000 car was merely "a $1,000 car." You have read or listened to the story of Studebaker's wonderful increase in sales and manufacturing volume and the economies they produce—and passed it by because so many others said the same things. You have casually dismissed from mind the tremendous advantages given Studebaker by the fact that it is the world's largest maker of fine cars. You have sought to measure Studebaker QUALITY by Studebaker PRICE.

And now the National Shows and the entire industry itself present a series of facts that must be as unexpected as they will be enlightening in your effort to get the most for the price you pay.

Including all new cars announced and exhibited at the shows in New York, Chicago and San Francisco such leading motor journals as "Motor," "Motor World" and "Automobile" have completed a thorough study of the 179 makes of cars on the 1917 market. Comparisons of the figures demonstrate Studebaker VALUE in a way that has never been equalled. They show for example that

—to match what Studebaker offers in its FOUR at $940

- **—in POWER,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2753**
- **—in CAPACITY,** you must pay on the average . **$1802**
- **—in WHEELBASE,** you must pay on the average **$1812**
- **—in REAR AXLE Design,** you must pay on the average **$1742**
- **—in TIRE SIZE,** you must pay on the average . . **$2872**
- **—in FINISH,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2009**

More than this, they show that only in 5 cars on the market, of the 4-cylinder type, can you get ALL of these characteristics of this Studebaker FOUR—and they are all expensive cars, averaging $3687 as against Studebaker's price of $940.

In the case of the Studebaker SIX, study of the comparisons shows that

—to match what Studebaker offers in its SIX at . . $1180

- **—in POWER,** you must pay on the average . . . **$4078**
- **—in CAPACITY,** you must pay on the average . **$2254**
- **—in WHEELBASE,** you must pay on the average **$2536**
- **—in REAR AXLE Design,** you must pay on the average **$1908**
- **—in TIRE SIZE,** you must pay on the average . . **$2308**
- **—in FINISH,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2031**

And what is even more demonstrative of Studebaker VALUE is the fact that the industry's own figures show only nine Sixes on the 1917 market that give ALL of these characteristics of the Studebaker SIX, and they are such high-priced cars that the average price of the nine cars is $3769.

Endorsed by the Majority of the Industry

Comparison of the chassis features shows that

- —71.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use, the L-HEAD TYPE OF CYLINDER as Studebaker does;
- —63.6% of the cars on the market endorse by USE the FORCE PUMP COOLING SYSTEM as Studebaker does;
- —55.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use the FORCE PUMP and SPLASH SYSTEM OF OILING as Studebaker does;
- —72.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use the BATTERY IGNITION as Studebaker does;
- —62.9% of the cars on the market endorse by use the FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE as Studebaker does;
- —28.1% (representing the most expensive cars on the market) endorse by use the ¾-ELLIPTIC REAR SPRINGS as Studebaker does;
- —74.6% of the cars on the market endorse by use the VACUUM FUEL FEED as Studebaker does;
- —85.9% of the cars on the market endorse by use the TWO-UNIT STARTING AND LIGHTING SYSTEM as Studebaker does.

—but not Equalled in Value

What better proof can any man want of Studebaker VALUE? The industry's own figures demonstrate beyond the slightest doubt that Studebaker quality can NOT be judged by Studebaker large production price. They prove that any man who wants ALL the essentials that a Studebaker offers can get them ALL in any other car only by paying many hundreds of dollars more. They show that Studebaker design is in thorough accord not only with what the buying public wants but also with what the whole industry approves as GOOD engineering practice. And they prove indisputably that the day of high prices for fine cars has passed.

See your nearest Studebaker dealer and have him show you the car and the features that the whole industry *endorses but does not equal* in VALUE, dollar for dollar of the price.

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(Concluded from Page 94)

They went out, and there was a pretty solid silence. Then old Chiswick turned to Bicky:

"Well?"

Bicky didn't seem to have anything to say.

"Was it true what that man said?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What do you mean by playing this trick?"

Bicky seemed pretty well knocked out, so I put in a word:

"I think you'd better explain the whole thing, Bicky, old top."

Bicky's Adam's-apple jumped about a bit; then he started:

"You see, you had cut off my allowance, uncle, and I wanted a bit of money to start a chicken farm. I mean to say it's an absolute cert. if you once get a bit of capital. You buy a hen, and it lays an egg every day of the week, and you sell the eggs, say, seven for a quarter.

"Keep of hen costs nothing. Profit practically ——"

"What is all this nonsense about hens? You led me to suppose you were a substantial business man."

"Old Bicky rather exaggerated, sir," I said, helping the chappie out. "The fact is, the poor old lad is absolutely dependent on that remittance of yours, and when you cut it off, don't you know, he was pretty solidly in the soup and had to think of some way of closing in on a bit of the ready pretty quick. That's why we thought of this hand-shaking scheme."

Old Chiswick foamed at the mouth.

"So you have lied to me! You have deliberately deceived me as to your financial status!"

"Poor old Bicky didn't want to go to that ranch," I explained. "He doesn't like cows and horses, but he rather thinks he would be hot stuff among the hens. All he wants is a bit of capital. Don't you think it would be rather a wheeze if you were to ——"

"After what has happened? After this—this deceit and foolery? Not a penny!"

"But ——"

"Not a penny!"

There was a respectful cough in the background.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir?"

Jeeves was standing on the horizon, looking devilish brainy.

"Go ahead, Jeeves!" I said.

"I would merely suggest, sir, that if Mr. Bickersteth is in need of a little ready money, and is at a loss to obtain it elsewhere, he might secure the sum he requires by describing the occurrences of this afternoon for the Sunday issue of one of the more spirited and enterprising newspapers."

"By Jove!" I said.

"By George!" said Bicky.

"Great heavens!" said old Chiswick.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

Bicky turned to old Chiswick with a gleaming eye.

"Jeeves is right! I'll do it. The Chronicle would jump at it. They eat that sort of stuff."

Old Chiswick gave a kind of moaning howl.

"I absolutely forbid you, Francis, to do this thing!"

"That's all very well," said Bicky, wonderfully braced, "but if I can't get the money any other way ——"

"Wait! Er—wait, my boy! You are so impetuous! We might arrange something."

"I won't go to that bally ranch."

"No, no! No, no, my boy! I would not suggest it. I would not for a moment suggest it. I—I think ——" He seemed to have a bit of a struggle with himself. "I I think that, on the whole, it would be best if you returned with me to England. I—I might—in fact, I think I see my way to doing—to—I might be able to utilize your services in some secretarial position."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"I should not be able to offer you a salary, but, as you know, in English political life the unpaid secretary is a recognized figure ——"

"The only figure I'll recognize," said Bicky firmly, "is five hundred quid a year, paid quarterly."

"My dear boy!"

"Absolutely!"

"But your recompense, my dear Francis, would consist in the unrivaled opportunities you would have, as my secretary, to gain experience, to accustom yourself to the intricacies of political life, to—in fact, you would be in an exceedingly advantageous position."

"Five hundred a year!" said Bicky, rolling it round his tongue. "Why, that would be nothing to what I could make if I started a chicken farm. It stands to reason. Suppose you have a dozen hens. Each of the hens has a dozen chickens. After a bit the chickens grow up and have a dozen chickens each themselves, and then they all start laying eggs! There's a fortune in it. You can get anything you like for eggs in America. Chappies keep them on ice for years and years, and don't sell them till they fetch about a dollar a whirl. You don't think I'm going to chuck a future like this for anything under five hundred o' goblins a year—what?"

A look of anguish passed over old Chiswick's face, then he seemed to be resigned to it. "Very well, my boy," he said.

"What ho!" said Bicky. "All right, then."

"Jeeves," I said. Bicky had taken the old boy off to dinner to celebrate, and we were alone. "Jeeves, this has been one of your best efforts."

"Thank you, sir."

"It beats me how you do it."

"Yes, sir."

"The only trouble is you haven't got much out of it—what!"

"I fancy Mr. Bickersteth intends—I judge from his remarks—to signify his appreciation of anything I have been fortunate enough to do to assist him, at some later date when he is in a more favorable position to do so."

"It isn't enough. Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

It was a wrench, but I felt it was the only possible thing to be done.

"Bring my shaving things."

A gleam of hope shone in the chappie's eye, mixed with doubt.

"You mean, sir?"

"And shave off my mustache."

There was a moment's silence. I could see the fellow was deeply moved.

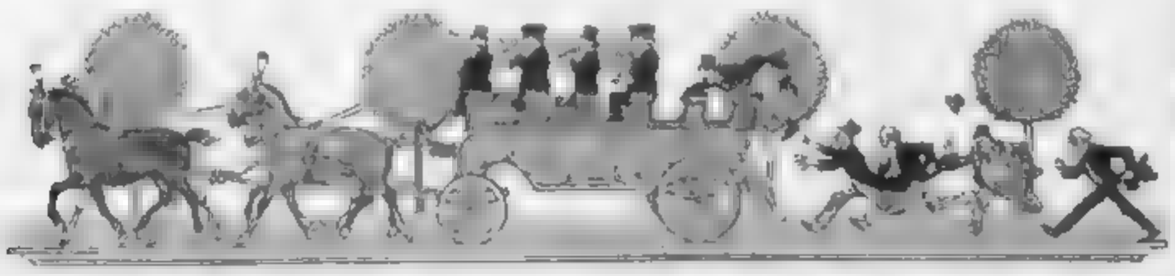
"Thank you very much indeed, sir," he said in a low voice, and popped off.

The Ghost

SOME day when willow buds are green
against a windy sky—
Some sweet-lipped April morning when the
clouds are white and high—
When the gray dew's rough as velvet where the
deepest shadows lie,
And the mocking birds would break your
heart a-grieving—
I'll find the little path that leads across the
years again,
Through uplands while with clematis and
lowlands sweet with rain,
And tap with fingers wistful-light against
Your windowpane,
As ghosts come back who had no heart for
leaving.

And I shall find them wondrous small, those
great remembered things,
Adown the little Path o' Dream that leads to
Other Springs—
The clover bloom less honey-sweet, less rare
the bird that sings,
Less magical the spells that used to bind me—
Until I come to stand again outside Your
open door,
A-looking in as ghosts must look where they
have dwelt before—
And knowing that the heart o' me and all the
world, and more,
Between Your two warm hands I'd left
behind me!

—*Dorothy Paul.*



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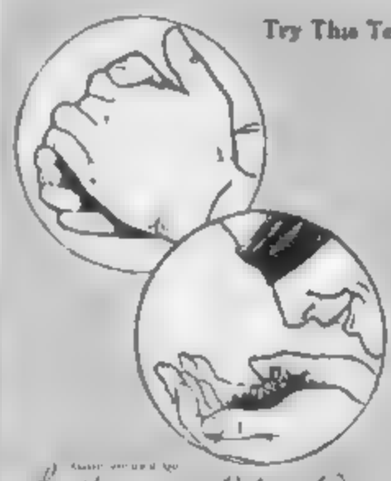

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Your answer is here. You can get more money—for less work. When a corporation wants to make more money without increasing its plant it calls in a great Efficiency Engineer—like Harrington Emerson. Now—**you** can do the same for yourself; for Harrington Emerson has applied the principles which he has already given to 200 corporations to you, as an individual, in the

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Through this course already 12,000 men are on the way to get what they want in the quickest, [illegible]. The Treasurer of the big[illegible]—an author in [illegible] work and has more time to sell that work—a State official saves his State $3,000 on one job.

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[illegible] work longer [illegible] work less. You [illegible] one-fifth of the [illegible] A [illegible] in New York [illegible] but give him a [illegible] which will keep [illegible] and he will get ten times [illegible] It will attune you to a new gait—a new zest and snap—and things will leap along where now they crawl.

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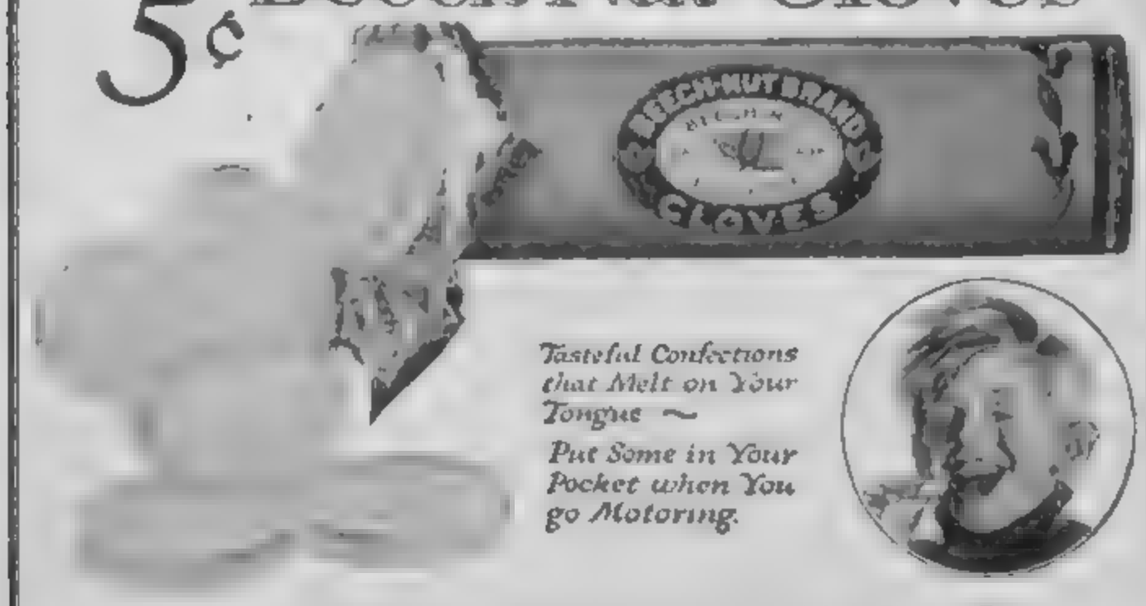

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THE PHANTOM CIRCUIT

(Continued from Page 11)

You catch a glimpse of the vista she opened to me for an instant? Major Forsythe was going to die—before my camera. How? I dared not ask.

We duly landed on the shores of the little harbor of Bismarck Island. I had somewhat regained confidence. The officers on the transport steamer either had had no inkling of what was behind our expedition or were respectfully silent. They took the major at his own valuation, though he horrified me by continually hinting at his former services and his present close relations with high-up personages in the British Empire.

"He will ruin us all!" I warned Aileen. "You forget that I am still a representative of an American film company and intrusted openly with charge of a big feature. They don't know that you are my wife, it seems. They appear to be ignorant that your father is an impostor. We must step softly."

She heard me with indifference. From the moment she saw the flag flying above the smooth ramparts of the fortifications, saw the lines of soldiery drilling on the smooth sand and heard the music of the band, she was quite a different woman. She paid no attention to me.

So far as my work went, it was made easy. Officers and men put themselves out to make plain all the details of the engagement I was to reproduce, and the colonel in command said I might employ his men as I liked. He didn't even balk at my introduction of a feminine interest. My plan, as worked out by Aileen, was adopted. She was to represent an English girl held captive by the enemy, but managing to communicate valuable information to the attackers. She was to be caught in the act; condemned to die. The final assault was to be a desperate one, which would top the ramparts just in time to save her life.

The old colonel pursed his lips and remarked:

"My boy, I can't object. Real war is grim business. This will relieve the picture." He looked at me in a musing manner. "After all, a woman is at the bottom of all warfare."

The various episodes worked in well with the genuine stuff, which included having again the sudden arrival of the little flotilla from New Zealand, a sea fight ending in the retreat of the enemy under the protection of the fortress' guns, and at last the landing of the troops who were to make the final assault on the fortifications.

I found myself shortly in possession of a thousand feet of the best film ever made. My camera men—no novices—were enthusiastic. The colonel sat in the projecting room and grew husky with gratification at the way the picturing of his expedition was coming out. And I myself began to see that Aileen was the most wonderful actress I had ever handled. What picture values she had! Old as some of the stuff was that I had arranged, and indifferent as she had seemed when she acted it out, the film showed up with startling vividness; with a quality I had never seen before.

"The girl is a picture!" one of my camera men remarked. "Somehow she makes all this seem kind of big and important—as if it were true, and something big and important was to come."

The man was right. In every scene her splendid eyes looked out and beyond you, full of mystery. And in some subtle and obscure manner she gave color to every movement, as if her impetuous and regal spirit were indomitable by the limits of the camera. Her whole soul seemed burning toward a dénouement that was in the dark.

I must mention here that the colonel had strictly forbidden the use of any European enemy prisoners.

"Hardly fair," he growled. "Poor devils! You'll have to do the best you can with the natives."

So, when I came to stage the last episodes Aileen had been fully established as an admired and feared prisoner, and especially as holding a strange and uncanny influence over the natives who were her guards. Even the colonel observed that on the film our dark-skinned South Sea islanders were under her spell.

"Queer!" he muttered to me one evening as we sat before the screen while my men ran some of the stuff. "The picture gets something into it that a chap doesn't notice outside. Those black boys! I never noticed before how they watch Miss Forsythe. One would suppose, from looking at your film, that they—that she was a witch. Queer!"

Aileen listened to my instructions for the last scenes and offered no suggestions till I was through. Then she said:

"You forget that this picture is real! The film mustn't merely satisfy your picture sense. It must leave absolutely no doubt in the mind of the spectator that the thing happened. And father must be there—leading the final charge."

"I've already worked him into several scenes and a still," I urged her warmly. "I've done all I can. Offend these officers, and they'll simply take the film and destroy it. We may blind ourselves to some things, but to put your father at the head of the charge the colonel himself led and actually expects to lead this time will merely throw the fat into the fire."

"You promised," she said stoutly. "You promised me!"

"Listen," I said at last: "They know all about your father. They've been too polite to say a word. But they were informed by the Auckland people under what circumstances we came down here. Be wise!"

She prevailed on me to lay my camera lines and arrange my plans so that, in case anything occurred which would make it possible for the major to come into the picture, we should be ready. My last argument was spent. What she intended to do, I didn't know. But I received a curt intimation from the colonel on the evening before the taking of the assault that he himself would direct it. He quietly but firmly insisted that every disposition of the troops, the giving of the signals, and the timing of the scene must be in his hands.

I understood perfectly that the end was come. We had been permitted to pretend and play as long as was possible. The picture of the assault was to be out of our control. I realized that everything was spoiled when he remarked that we should have to do without a reproduction of the blowing up of a bastion, which I had arranged.

"But my wires are laid and the smoke bombs and pasteboard all set," I protested. "It will be harmless and effective."

The colonel was obdurate.

"The affair will be a fizzle," I told Aileen later, standing outside that room of hers, which I had never entered. "The picture will look like a drill! Better forget your notions about managing to put your father into it."

For the first time she grew violently agitated. She said nothing for a moment; but when she began to speak I found myself listening to such a voice as—the voice of a woman praying. You understand? All her heart was wrapped up in this foolish, futile justification of that old impostor, her father. What was it to me what an old colonel ordered, when the setting off of a few smoke pots and a few feet of film of her old father running, with a sword, through the smoke, would make the girl happy?

I surrendered, consigning the colonel to perdition and myself—I knew—to a cell. I quietly took her out and indicated the switch, which I had buried in the sand, that would connect up my forbidden explosion; agreed to give her a signal in time to let her shove her father into the action at the close.

"Now run away!" I told her. "I've sealed my doom as a motion-picture man and an honorable gentleman. Whatever you do, don't break into this action till you get my signal. If I'm not mistaken, your father's appearance will close the performance."

She held two hands out to me in the starlit dusk.

"Kiss me!" she whispered.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a couple of officers watching us. I drew back. I lost the only kiss she ever offered me. She swept away, waving her white hand.

The next morning I impressed a single thing on the minds of my camera men; they were to keep on turning, no matter what orders were given by others. Everything was ready.

You see? I had already filmed the action taking place behind the gray ramparts—the trial of Aileen; the sentence to death; the sudden call to arms breaking in on the grim court-martial; the hurry and tumult of men rushing to defend their walls.

(Continued on Page 101)

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* * *

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* * *

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You would go to San Juan and visit the RICORO factory, peopled by over a thousand skilled Spanish craftsmen, where the highest art in cigar-making is carried on in *the very climate that Nature has decreed to yield the finest cigars*—the atmosphere in which tobacco, bananas and oranges are grown and ripened as in the plan of Nature they should be.

You would see the cigars so produced take passage from their native soil direct to the docks of our warehouse. No ripening or seasoning on the voyage as tropical green fruits are ripened. *The cigars are perfect when shipped.*

If you came on the same ship, you would see that no Custom House officer levies tribute on them on arrival in New York—*for RICORO pays no duty*—an imported cigar to the cost of which nothing is added as a customs tax.

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Name

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(Continued from Page 98)

Aileen had been left, under guard of a couple of natives, staring down at her manacled wrists. That was the scene I was going to cut into the assault picture. See? It was already taken; and now Aileen was waiting on one side of the bastion to make her appearance at the last minute, seize a machine gun, and turn it on her captors.

The British flag had been run down and an enemy flag hoisted in preparation for the picture. The colonel overlooked the last details and shot me a warning glance. Then he gave the signal. The cameras clicked.

At first I was most concerned in watching Aileen. Then gradually the grip of the scene seized me. Something in the dull and continuous boom of the big guns and the smart crackle of the small arms set my blood to throbbing. Moment by moment the action became more lifelike, more vivid, more real. Scarlet uniforms wove themselves in and out of the gray battle fumes; raucous cries pierced my ears; there poured back from the mimic field the slow, sluggish odor of human sweat. Foot by foot the film ran over the reels, taking the scene inch by inch. I forgot that this was all a show. I was oblivious to the fact that the up-pouring smoke was dimming the light from the sky. I forgot everything but that a battle was raging before me. I crept over to the switch hidden in the sand. No thought of orders now! I had but a single thought -to see the surging troops reach the blazing rampart and sweep over its wild defenders in one resistless flood.

Even the feel of that switch key, which would set off the paper mine, against the colonel's orders, did not recall Aileen to my mind distinctly. I saw the colonel advancing at the head of his men. They were twenty yards from the wall. A hundred dark and yelling natives held it, pointing their harmless weapons downward and blazing away like madmen.

Suddenly I saw the assault falter. The colonel halted and stared about him. He shouted an order. The fool was spoiling the picture! I bellowed a curse at him. His men looked suddenly disconcerted and mildly bewildered. I lost my head. I leaped up and waved my cap. How was I to remember that had been my agreed signal to Aileen? The picture was being ruined. Hell! I kicked the switch to.

Ha! I jumped up and down. I had done the trick. From below the wall my puny mine exploded the paper counterfeit and belched up a huge billow of yellowish smoke. I saw the colonel lift himself up and yell, waving his sword. His men, who had caught themselves in their rush, leaned far forward, trying to get started again. Here and there a man tossed his arms into the air and fell. Good acting, I thought. Then I heard a bitter, screaming cry that bored right down into my vitals:

"Treason! Treason!"

I rose to my toes to bellow out: "That's only my mine, you idiots!" But something had happened beyond my reckoning. The British officers were driving their men back, hustling them into formation. The men were horribly disturbed; they plucked at their cartridge clips and raised a shrill, sullen hum.

"The devil!" panted an officer, running up behind me. "Say, you damned traitor, do you know what happened? Didn't you know the enemy had a big mine under that wall that never got let off? And now it's fired! It will blow this whole place to hell! And those natives in the fort have shot-cartridges and are using them. Treason!"

He ran off in a long, swift arc, was hit, and tumbled asprawl.

I saw clearly what I had unwittingly done. No wonder the colonel had balked at my having that fake explosion, when the real thing was hidden somewhere under the trampled soil! But would it catch—that other mine? My throat tightened as if a steel cord had slipped about it. Where was Aileen? Behind that wall that would be blown into fragments in another second? I started forward.

I hadn't taken ten steps before I saw her—my wife!—rise suddenly, with a leap, upon the wall, her skirts blowing among the bobbing heads of the amazed natives who were representing the defenders of the fortress. Their shouts rang out; but above them I heard Aileen's clear cry:

"Father! Father!"

As a man sees things in an indistinct dream I saw the old impostor run out from his hiding place. He was in a blazing uniform and he waved a sword. . . . The smoke cleared away before a gust of breeze, and the major stood out there, waving his sword. The mine didn't explode. The fiasco was over. The picture was done! I heard the colonel harshly order the arrest of the old impostor, who still flourished his sword; and a squad of men marched out from the ranks briskly. But——

Just before they reached the old man a native rose to the top of the wall, beside Aileen, uttered a shrill yell, and discharged his piece directly at Aileen's father. He crumpled up abjectly. The fellow, crazed with excitement, yelled once more and turned on Aileen. I caught the ferocious glare in his eyes and my heart burst with terror for my wife.

I bellowed something and leaped forward. The native heard my cry, spun about, and let me have it. I felt a tremendous cold sting right in my palate—it was exactly as though somebody had stopped the camera. The native had turned, dropped his rifle and snatched up a knife, which he held above Aileen's head for an interminable moment. I could neither move nor utter a sound. . . . The flashing weapon in that wild maniac's hand began to descend swiftly, and a huge darkness enveloped me . . . darkness!

Two weeks later I struggled into wakefulness in an Auckland hospital. Nobody said a word to my muttered queries, though they gave me to understand by curt headshakings that I was—that I was alone. A week later they shoved me out on the street, without a word. I made my way to the American Consulate, where they stared at me oddly.

"A steamer sails for the States this afternoon," the consul told me.

"I should like to ask ——" I began.

"Nothing!" he said decisively. "The affair is hushed up. You will find your stuff with the purser. You may thank the courtesy of the government. . . . Lucky man!"

Lucky? I was stung with the memory of what I had lost—of my wife, Aileen! As a man will, among the ruins of his life, I laughed long and loud, while the consul stared at me with a shocked face.

When I embarked on this ship I found my luggage in the room and a note from the purser, stating that he had in his safe a package of films, which he was authorized to deliver to me on my arrival in America—not before. I am waiting till I get ashore—to burn them!

VI

TURNER'S voice ceased. Presently I heard myself saying:

"Of course you will destroy them. But, first, you will look at them. You will have to know—what happened."

"I'm trying to see my way clear to it," he answered in a strangled voice. "I owe ten thousand dollars. I promised her I would justify her father by that picture. I'm ruined! I might make a little money out of what I could cut and splice. But"—he turned his agonized face to me—"Aileen was my wife!"

"Didn't you make sure she—she that the native finished that—that stroke?" I asked.

There was no answer at all.

The next morning, in the customs sheds, Turner approached me diffidently.

"I got the films," he said thickly. "Someone developed the negatives and made a print—one of the camera men, likely. Good souls! You are right. I must see them—make what I can out of the stuff." Suddenly he cried out: "I must know! Would you go with me?"

That afternoon I found myself, with Turner, in an empty theater that Turner had got the use of for an hour. An unknown operator was fussing over the reels. It seemed that something was unusual about the way they were wound.

The screen flashed into view at last; and, with the suddenness of a shot, a woman's face occupied the white sheet in front of us. It could be none other than Aileen Forsythe, I knew. For a moment she looked out at me, a splendid and living face, with luminous eyes, the mysterious self-possession of beauty, and the imperious pride of purpose. The operator murmured a homely sibilant of admiration. Turner groaned.

During the next half hour I saw Bismarckshafen before my eyes, with the people he had talked of. There was the bright beach and the compact mass of the fortress guarding it, with its two guns. I saw the competent and thoughtful colonel; young officers smiling at Aileen; grinning natives; the moveless bulk of a shattered cruiser

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tilted in the waters of the bay. Flags flew and pennants fluttered. A lively and adventurous sight!

And always the girl—lovely, dominant and inscrutable.

Two long, incoherent reels it ran, shifting back and forth as it told the story of a beleaguered town; of brave assaults; of woman's wiles and the grim reality of a drumhead court-martial. The last foot flashed out into a close-up—the girl, seated bound amid her native jailers, looking out under shadowed brows at death . . . still and mysterious!

"Still another reel here," said the operator.

This time the trampled sand before the fortress appeared. Troops rushed to the assault of the wall thronged with savage defenders.

The scene grew tumultuous; officers rushed to and fro, and it seemed as though strange gallantries took place in every corner of the field.

Then the action stopped. Something false and flimsy exploded, sending up clouds of thin smoke. We caught sight of the faces of men turned toward us, backward from the field, peering at something invisible and ominous. Then, dimly on the parapet, a woman reared herself and called from out the smoke . . . vainly. Into the foreground stumbled an elderly man—the major—waving a small sword. A soldier stepped forward toward him. Then darkness!

"You see?" Turner muttered. "A fiasco! And I shall never know!"

In a cracked voice the operator spoke out of the dusk:

"More film yet, sir—spliced on."

And at the word the screen again boiled with hot smoke, which poured upward in ever denser clouds, only to be wiped away and leave the picture distinct, clear and marvelously detailed.

I think the only thing I first saw was the girl on the parapet, poised above the swaying heads of the dark defenders. She held maimed hands, manacled at the wrist, to the ominous sky, opening her lips, calling full-throated, demanding something of God!

"Aileen!" cried Turner in irrepressible anguish.

As if in response to that cry, while the great hands of brutes clutched at her to seize her and drag her down, she cried again.

Out of the still throng of the attackers I saw a dozen men rush forth; but a crumpled figure on the sand first stirred, rose—and the major leaped again to his feet, sword in hand. Then a native reared himself above Aileen, a flashing knife in his uplifted hand. The two men—the father to the rescue and the savage bent on his prey—for an instant shot defiance across the wide stretch. Then the knife descended; and in its fall I saw the old soldier top the crest and receive its edge.

As he fell, a swarm of brightly clad men leaped upward and cleared the parapet with clubbed rifles. In the mêlée I lost sight of the girl.

The film stopped.

"A bad splice here," mumbled the operator, and busied himself with his apparatus for a moment.

Then the reel started off once more, and I found myself staring down at Turner himself, lying face upward on the field, his sightless eyes fixed on the sky. He was quite alone. . . . Alone? What shadowy form was that dimly shining above him?

"Aileen!" Turner whispered from beside me in the darkness.

Bismarckshafen faded. The battlefield was gone. The machine behind us stopped. On the screen I saw only the great, gleaming, misty figure of Aileen Turner, her splendid and passionate face looking into the unseen; her hands outstretched for the unknown; still magnificent! In the silence she seemed to pierce the distance of a world across; to look into the eyes of the man beside me—her husband—as much as to say:

"We have won!"

Did those fair and lovely lips move? Did they softly call? The man beside me stirred.

"Half a mo'," whispered the operator, and resumed his cranking.

And, as if the curtain had rolled up, I saw a cortège, with military banda, marching slowly along an unfamiliar street, streamers flying, a huge British flag floating from about the casket, which soldiers guarded as it passed between silent-thronged pavements; and just behind the rumbling car a woman walked, alone.

The cortège passed; the screen dimmed into darkness. A last flash! Turner rose. I stared at the figure that faced us from the great doors of a building over which floated a flag—the Stars and Stripes—and saw the face of the woman whom Turner loved.

I leaned forward, rubbing my eyes.

"Wouldn't that beat you?" demanded the operator in my ear. "Your side partner didn't wait for the end of the film. Now where do you suppose he's gone to?"

"He? Turner? Gone to meet his wife," I said brusquely.

"By the way, do you know what that last location was?"

"San Francisco Post Office," the operator answered briefly. "Where did you say your partner had gone to?"

"To the post office," I told him.

A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Hey, yous!" the policeman bawled. "What do you think you are? A pair of statues?"

"Is Hester with you?"

"She's not, lad. She's at home, waiting for you."

"Cut it out, kid!" the driver called. "Get into the van. For the love of Mike, get into the van!"

"Boy, I only wanted to marry her for your sake—to have a woman in the house. That was all."

"Do you want to get pinched?" The policeman came over to them. "Come through with the idea! Where do you get this statue stuff?"

"I'll have to get on the van, father, and deliver the furniture. I'll call down to-night and talk."

"No, you won't!" Sir Patrick said. "I'll get on the van and deliver the furniture too."

They had talked long into the night, and three o'clock was ringing as Sir Patrick left his son in his room at the hotel.

"So that's settled," the baronet said. "You go home to-morrow and get married as soon as she'll let you."

"But why won't you come along, father?" the boy asked.

"Now listen to me, my lad," Sir Patrick said with mock solemnity. "I've been taking care of you for twenty-three years, and I'm through with it. You've got somebody else to look after you now. I'm going to take three or four years to look round this country. I like it. Good night."

"Good night, father." He watched Sir Patrick move toward the door. "Listen, sir," he said. "Tell me honestly: Was that the only reason you had for wanting to marry Hester—for my sake—to have a woman in the house?"

"The only reason."

"On the one unbreakable oath?"

"On the honor of an Irish gentleman!" The baronet bowed.

"Oh, then that's all right!" his son said.

The elder man walked down the corridor and, pausing for a minute at a window, he looked out on the sleeping city. Very cold and lonely it appeared to him, for all its electric bulbs and humming traffic and lighted windows—a place he could never be at home in; a place that cared nothing for him or his people or his old traditions.

And in contrast to it, in his mind's eye there arose the yellow hills of Oriel, with the sun glinting on the gorse, and the sparkle of the frosty roads. He could see the hunt in the morning, the fine horses and the gallant riders, and the cunning dog fox streaking redly away.

"Never again!" he murmured heartbrokenly. "Never again!"

And then, following on that splendid picture, the face of Hester O'Donnell flashed before him—the sparkling gray eyes; the dusky hair; the knotted brows.

"Little Heart of Corn!" he whispered hoarsely. "Oh, little Heart of Corn!"

He straightened himself up suddenly and went down the corridor, his head high and his shoulders square, as a great man should march off into exile for a lost cause.

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(Continued from Page 38)

battleship wrap himself round the inflated remnants o' that hog, aim straight for the center o' the opposition and go through it like a whole armament works, and the battle o' Gettysburg won't be in it with the racket made by ten thousand onlookers as they take the grand stand to pieces to throw in the air in approval!"

Jerry got up at that and commenced to pace the ground. Suddenly he faced me, his face trying as hard as it could to register fight and resolution.

"Yes, but how?" he cried. "How am I to educate myself? How am I to recover my lost nerve and this fear of physical and moral battle? How am I to acquire pluck and courage? Come down to something concrete. Give me some practical help!" He turned up the table and back again. "Man, I need it!" he groaned. "I need it and want it, but I don't know how to go about it'"

"It's my contention," said I, "that bullets and spine and pep is a habit that can be acquired same as chewin' tobacco or standin' for a wife with a harelip because she's got oceans o' coin. What you need is a good smashin' battle with your fists where you win. That'll prove to you that you're as good as any man. One or two o' these will begin to put some self-confidence into you, and then you won't be afraid to tackle larger propositions. As you go on from one success to another aggressiveness and mastery will become a habit. You're probably wantin' to have somethin' happen that'll give you back your gimp all at once. But that's where your regeneration would smack o' a miracle. What you want to do is assert yourself in little things first, sort o' grow up with your backbone."

"Dammit, man!" he cried. "Be concrete!"

"Well," said I, "there's the little episode o' the grub top. Suppose to-morrow you come underneath for your noon feed and find another man in a seat you want. Go up to him, get him by the slack o' the trousers, and haul him into the North American atmosphere. Havin' got him there, drop him—bein' sure there's a fairly sharp-pointed rock underneath him. If he objects haul off and baste him. I'll interfere and save you if he carries you too close to death. But make it known in that cook tent that you want to be known as Jerry Out-o'-My-Way instead o' 'Out o' My Way, Jerry!' Then when you've established a prestige as a small unexploded explosion, try it outside the cook tent. For instance, there's Big Sheehan. The next time he begins to cuss and boot you, order him to stop. If he shouldn't, walk up to him and stand him on his neck. If you survive the battle—well, you'll be quite fit for anything, even to goin' over to the capital o' that rotten state and rescuin' Joe."

"Do you stop to realize that this would mean for me an entire making over of myself—that I'd be doing something I've longed to do ever since I was a boy in school? I've taken orders for so long that it's a second nature to agree with my adversary quickly, and I've got to create within me a new mentality."

"Rats!" said I. "All you lack is self-confidence, and if something could happen to show you that you're as good as other men your self-assertion would return all in a lump. And you'd make a discovery, man, same as all ascertive folks have: Ninety-nine out o' every hundred men will concede you the argument the moment they see you on the warpath, and grab wildly for the nearest telephone pole to raise themselves out o' your way. There's the hundredth man, and maybe he'd stand his ground. But the courage you'd generated from seein' ninety-nine flee would carry you through the scrimmage with the other. Just stand your ground and let folks know that if they mean to have a war it'll begin just where your feet at the moment may be trackin'."

He smiled grimly. In fact, he sort o' laughed desperately.

"I couldn't be much worse off than I am," said he. "Morally I'm a failure, anyhow. I'll think it over. If there should be a mix-up under the cook top to-morrow you'll know I've at least screwed up my courage to try your advice—somewhat as an experiment. But if I pick a fight at all it will be with one of the strongest characters in the show, not with women."

"Go to it!" said I. "I'm yours till Niagara falls."

The next noon we were eating dinner forty-three miles away. I was studying aëronautics touching on and appertaining to a wing of fried chicken, when out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerry coming. In the ninth hour of his side-tracked life he'd set his jaw like a paving block, and with a face as white as pottery was about to try out my rudiments of success on the show in foodfest assembled.

"Good for him!" said I to myself. "For once in my life I've been o' use to my fellerman. I wouldn't miss this for a month's salary." And I swallowed a hunk of the fowl. That morsel of hen hadn't gone down four inches before the Hand of Destiny screwed in my neck and the Wrath of Judgment took a strangle hold on my trousers. The table flew away from me; the world turned upside down—in fact, the surface of this planet and myself rolled over and over in misunderstanding for a considerable spell, and that mouthful of chicken was stopped from coming up by three mouthfuls of sand that met it on their way down.

It took me just two seconds to realize what had happened and four more to use my feet for the purposes for which Nature made them.

Plainly and distinctly I saw Jerry's two legs climbing over my bench one after the other and depositing themselves under my portion of table.

"You concentrated essence of undiluted gall!" I roared at his ingratitude. "I'll make so many holes in your personality it won't even hold your principles!"

When he turned round his face to view me coming at him, it was chalky. His lips were working wordlessly and running blood where he was biting them to rally his quaking nerves.

"Out of my way!" he replied, his voice breaking as he said it in absolute terror, but trying to make his bluff and prestige good with the gang. "I've—I've been made the goat of this show long enough. I'm tired of always getting out of someone else's way. Now someone can get out of mine!"

As I persisted in approaching him he gave one last clutch at his stampeding feelings and managed to slip me the wink. I realized in that instant that he'd chosen me because I might not kill him so thoroughly dead as others round that table. I'd have forgiven him if he hadn't overdone it. Because when he saw I was still intent on making him and me an assorted package of humanity, he climbed on the seat, grabbed my plate of victuals and hove it at me.

"Look here, you!" I cried. "When I spilled you that advice last night I didn't intend to play the goat for you! I didn't suppose you'd be such a practical joker as to try it on your best friend."

I reached up for his shoulders to pull him down and shake some sense into him; but somehow things failed to connect. Maybe it was accidental, him being considerably excited; maybe it was the intent of desperation. Anyhow, I ran into the granite corner of his knee and heard some of the castings snap in my interior. I don't recollect much more of that encounter. They laid me on a cot a few minutes later and sent for a doctor that dabbled in masonry on the side. He boxed me in Portland cement and left me to my religion. That misplaced college professor had kicked in two of my personal ribs!

That afternoon, when the scaffolding had been removed from my upper stories, Big Sheehan came in to view the remains.

"Gun," said he, "you know that quiet, superior sort o' bum that's been taggin' along for his grub and keep. Well, I want to know what's come over him."

"Why?" said I.

"Because since he laid you out in the come-and-get-it booth, the boys have been speakin' easy when he approaches and the sudden attention seems gone to his nut. Oh, he don't say any more than he has said for some time past, but he acts sort of funny, with an air to him that I don't like. What I want to know is, is he some particular friend o' yourn, or have I your permission to shunt him into our side show as a horrible example o' human mutilation if he should give me any of his superior sass and compel me to chastise him before firin'?"

"I m sayin' nothin'," said I. "Only men that have been walked on all their lives sometimes turn out terrible exhibits o' a battle in full action when they discover how much scrap and destruction is really permitted by law before the state takes hold. If you see him ask him to come here."

"If he tries any of the funny work on me that he tried on you this noon he'll come here on a door," announced the big canvasman.

It was two hours before my protégé came. He'd had an ear horribly chewed and there was an ugly bruise over one eye. Even in my carefully preserved condition it did me good to see him.

"How come you all desecrated like that?" said I.

He was still very quiet in his speech and behavior. Excepting the extension of the war from Europe onto his face, the only change I saw in him was a half-baleful glint in his off eye and a trifle more compression to his lips.

"Do you know, I'm really beginning to like this," said he very academically. "I want to extend you my apology, however—I really didn't mean to stave in your ribs. I wanted to test out your theory of psychology as to how the rest of the men in this outfit would conduct themselves toward me if I should thrash one who held such a dynamic reputation as yourself. I thought you'd catch on to why I singled you out instead of some one who might have waded into me and knocked all my incipient determination in eight directions. The kicking you was an accident for which my excitement was responsible. As for the psychology of it—you were more than correct. They've scattered before me since noon as if I were a plague."

"Answer my question!" said I.

"Oh," said he, "I've had to throw that man Sheehan off the lot. I figured it out, after thinking over what you said, that I couldn't be of much less use dead than I have been alive, and so I resented a remark he made to me and we went to it."

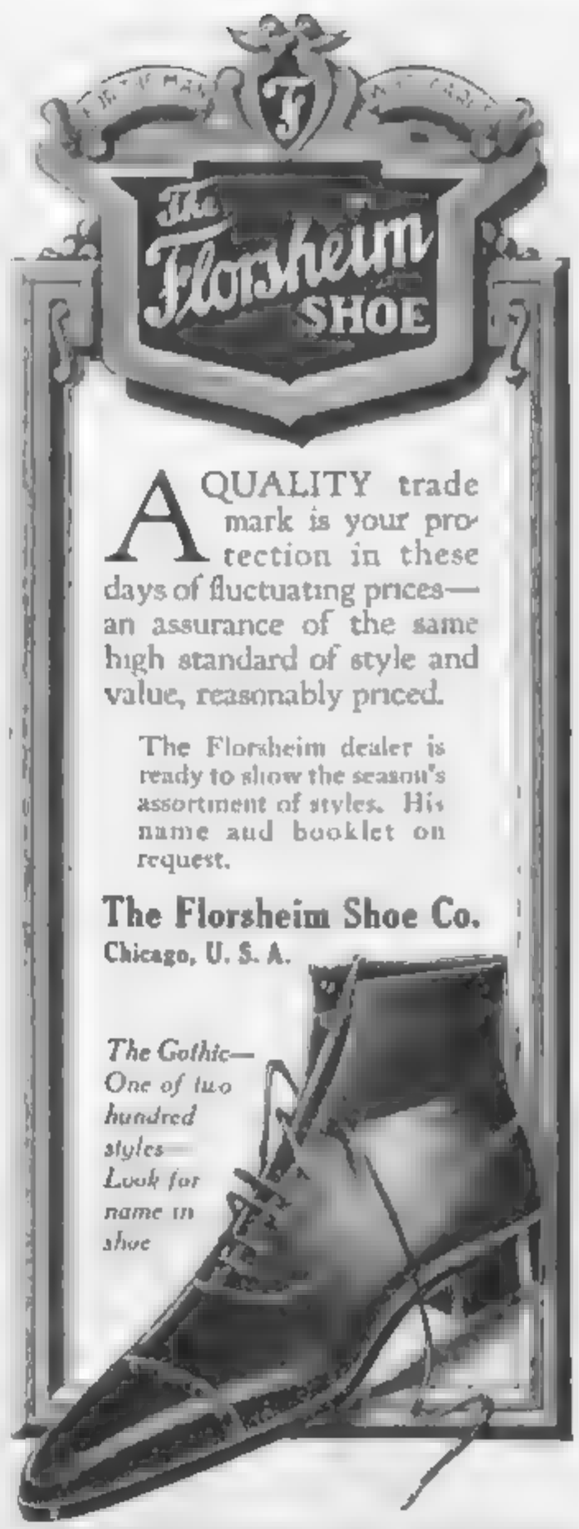
"Go out!" I ordered. "Bring in some one to corroborate this. I was goin' to stay in bed a week. Such news will have me in the saddle again in two days."

He smiled

"Success in Life hinges on such little things," said he. "My breaking your ribs was an accident, and it gave me a prestige among these rough-and-ready cowmen that I determined to cultivate. That's why I stood up, tempting Fate, against that man Sheehan's brutality. I happened to hit him a stomach punch, when my underclothes were wringing wet with the fright of it. Now I'm worse off than ever because I've suddenly got the reputation of being a holy terror."

"Son, that last statement sent one of my ribs back into place with a bang.

Bleazeley Was Seized Suddenly With Lack of Breath



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"Jerry Out-o'-My-Way" he became from that night forward. He wasn't a troublesome cuss, and he never went out of his way to pick a fight; but day after day while my ribs were mending I noted that the deference the boys showed him for his self-assertion was having its work. He sure was a peculiar chap. I never could quite make him out. I'd have given much to know his history. Anyhow, he took to slicking himself up, holding his head higher and being readier and more peppery in retaliation when any of the outfit crossed him. He came to me one night. As though it was some sort of disappointment, he said to me:

"Look here, Gun, this is the best joke ever. No one even makes a pretense of standing up to me. I haven't had a really good scrap since that bout with Sheehan. What's the reason?"

"Your reputation is the reason, Jerry. After a man has established a reputation, whether it's as a leader of men or a cracker o' safes, all that's necessary is to patch it up once in a while, like a political fence. Ninety-nine per cent of the world is actin' anyhow, Jerry. That's the thing meant by livin' up to one's reputation. It means livin' up to the thing the world supposes you to be. If half the men in the United States had their hands called to-night, Jerry, there'd be some mighty queer surprises sprung and a readjustin' o' individual values, believe me'"

"Man," said he, "this life with this Wild-West show is just what I've been longing for all my days without knowing it. It's an eye opener, my friend. I never supposed before that so many people that are supposed to represent so much, either in physical force or social position, could be downed so easily when it came to a real test."

"You're right, Jerry," said I, "and you're learnin' fast. If thousands o' men in this country to-night that think they're failures only knew what a little needle would puncture their supposedly impregnable opposition, the common people would be mighty scarce because there'd be mighty few folks left to act in that capacity. Keep it up, man! You got more brains than we show fellers. If you can overcome this fear o' combat that's held you down, you're slated for somethin' better than your new job o' bossin' the canvas gang, take it from me."

"Speaking of other worlds to conquer, Gun, what's the story about this man Dermott, that's one of this firm?"

"More's the pity, Jerry," said I, "that we don't know. As near as we-all can make out, Joe went up to this Bleaseley's house and had a fight with him over the show licenses. There's a bunch o' reformers down in the south end o' the state that have been tryin' to get somethin' on the political gang, and they've tried every way they knew how to get an affidavit out o' Joe to use to expose the methods o' Bleaseley's crowd. Because o' that and the fear that Joe's freedom would bring on an investigation, the bunch has kept a closer watch over him than they would over a rattler. They're exterminatin' Joe, from what meager information we-all have got, simply so the real story of Bleaseley's murder will stop with Joe's breath. There's revenge mixed up with it, which is bad; but the fear o' Joe shootin' off his mouth has frightened 'em more. You can see that if they gave him a regular trial, with the public admitted and all, there's bound to come out facts the machine don't want brought out. We ain't got on to the fine points o' it yet; but we know that from a lawyer's standpoint we're helpless to save him."

"But the governor," says Jerry. "What about him?"

"They tell me," I said, "that you can't nail him any more than you can tack jelly to the wall. Some say he don't know the ins and outs o' Joe's side o' the story, and is content to take what them crooks tell him; others tell us that he just simply lacks the pep to act in this matter accordin' to a white man's conscience. I'm inclined to the last view. Some o' the Bleaseley crowd told him to get out o' the state until the croakin' was over—and he obeyed. But he's a rotten prop in our present predicament, and some o' the boys is debatin' goin' up to the capital and creatin' conditions where martial law is advisable. We can't find a lawyer in the state who'll fight Joe's case against the machine—even the reformers' crowd can't generate a man with brains and weight enough to make an impression. And an out o' the state lawyer won't do because the laws o' different states is different, and, besides, what good would it do anyway, when the machine could put in a loaded jury? I tell you, man, it's the damndest condition o' affairs I ever heard of in all my born days. And Joe's attitude don't help any. We ain't been allowed to see him but once, because they make Joe out a desperate Western criminal that needs a constant double guard. And Joe wrote us, like the dogged old roughneck he is, that he's glad he shot the cuss after the language he used to him, and he won't back down, not even to save his neck. Oh, the whole business is a tangled mess, and so long as the courts are in the control o' Bleaseley's men, and they've got the idea that Joe's dangerous to 'em alive, the man's headed straight for the rope."

Jerry was silent for a long time. Finally he said:

"Gun, I'm going to tell you something."

He didn't tell it to me for a long time, though. He seemed to sit there thinking and weighing his words.

"Gun," he finally declared, "you got me right that night several weeks ago when you lectured me in the commissary department of this show—I have seen better days. I'm going to tell you something about myself—I've been a lawyer."

"It's no news," said I. "Where?"

"In the state in which you said just now that you can't find an attorney fearless enough to jump into the center of this fight and stir things up," he replied.

"No!"

"Yes! Before I descended to tagging round with an open-air show, my nerve gone, my clothes seedy, my face needing a shave, I was a lawyer, and I flatter myself that I was among the best of them. But it was my lack of backbone that did for me, Gun. I let myself go crooked, and you know where that course inevitably leads. Either it's the penitentiary, or it's the condition in which I was when I joined this show."

"Did you ever have experience with this Bleaseley gang?"

"I never opposed them," he acknowledged. "I just didn't dare. It—well, I wouldn't have had the physical courage. I can't talk much about myself or my career, Gun; and I'm not proud of my record. But it occurs to me that maybe I'd have the chance to make up for my record if I could do something to save this man. It's true that he's been made out a man-killing desperado—but since this raw deal has been handed him some different stories of his character have come out. He couldn't have been such a terribly bad man if the boys thought as much of him as you fellows in this outfit do."

Well, I launched forth right there with fifteen minutes of personal reminiscence about Joe Dermott, one of the best old-timers that ever wore spurred leather. And all the time Jerry sat cross-legged on the sod and poked holes in the earth with a stick.

I ended by saying:

"Do you remember enough o' your law, Jerry, to get under the skin o' these crooks with your needle o' vitriol?"

"It isn't my lack of law that stops me," said he; "it's the wonder whether my grit will desert me when I find myself face to face with some of the men I once knew. If my record was lily-white it would be different. But it might be a case of the pot calling the kettle black."

"Jerry," said I solemnly, "a man's life hangs in the balance here, and if ever there was a time when a chap ought to take risks, now's it!"

"There's some things, Gun, that you don't know about this deal, or they wouldn't keep Dermott as closely guarded as they do," Jerry replied. "I know just enough about this gang to appreciate there's some mighty deep reason why they want to get this thing hushed up, Joe out of the way, and the whole rotten circumstances of Bleaseley's death forgotten. I realize that it means more than merely the saving of Joe Dermott. It means that if a man gets into this scrap strong enough to create an influence to save Dermott's life, he's got to dig till he unearths the whole political rottenness of Bleaseley's machine. That's the real reason why no lawyer in the state will take up the case for the reformers and save Dermott. It means a shakedown that the rest of the country may mistake for an earthquake."

"Jerry," I said, "could a man devote his life and his abilities to a better pandemonium?"

I saw the chap's lips were tight and his forehead was wet.

"Do you know what it may mean for me? It may mean jail too!"

"Possibly!"

"But it isn't the thought of bars I'm afraid of mostly; it's losing my nerve at the size of the opposition after I'm started. I haven't had much practice at self-assertion and self-mastery—all I've done is lick a few burly showmen. This is another kind of fight, and it'll be terrific."

"Jerry," said I, "do you recollect how the boys respected you for doin' nothin' more than swipin' at Big Sheehan and kickin' me in the slats? Don't it prove what I said, that it isn't the size o' things against you that counts, but the spirit you assail 'em with? And you did those two stunts almost on bluff—mostly accidental. Who knows but what those fat crooks may cut and run from no more demonstration than you've given here! They look big as a mountain to fight simply because everybody's thought them unlickable. Suppose you call their bluff—see whether they're really that, or just a crowd o' chicken-hearted four-flushers, lookin' fierce and terrible!"

He threw the stick from him into the night and covered his face with his hands. I groaned.

"Oh, Jerry, why didn't you tell me all this earlier," said I. "Poor Joe's got only two more days alive. It's a mighty short time to save him; at the best it'll be a close shave."

"It isn't the saving of him!" cried Jerry. "It's the consequences."

He got up after a while. As he was going off to where the stock was being loaded for the night run down to Springfield, he said:

"The only redeeming feature, if I should succeed, would be that even if it took me to jail I'd feel that I'd played the man."

He went away into the shadows. Next morning he was missing.

It was on Saturday night we had the above talk. Joe's sentence had been reported to us as going into execution sometime during the week commencing the following Sunday night at sunset. We knew that in this case there wouldn't be any time wasted—Joe would probably swing round six o'clock of Monday morning.

I never want to spend another such Sunday. We were staying in a little burg about seventy miles from the capital, and just over the state line because we'd never got the license to play in the state since the murder. The artistic temperament of the outfit was more strung up than usual with the suspense, and we had six more fights between the boys than was usual for the Sabbath.

Joe didn't have any folks excepting show-folks, so Bill was going up to the capital the following day to claim the body. We sat up all Sunday night awaiting the sickening items of the morning papers. In trying to cheer up old Bill I told him about Jerry. Old Bill laughed at me, and I didn't blame him. It was a piece of nonsense to expect that a man that rolled from a box car in the condition Jerry had, that followed circuses for his grub, should be able to stay the wheels of injustice within two days of a man's day, and save him.

I hoped against hope that some word would come from Jerry up to the last thing Sunday night; but nothing came. We telephoned to one of the newspapers up to the capital during the night, and they said that so far as they knew Joe was to hang round dawn.

Well, the dawn came at last. It was cold and clammy, and got you like a dead man's hand. The bunch of us were sitting in the office tent with old Bill. We could imagine the scene that Joe was going through at the moment. Joe had sent us word that he didn't want to go through the hell of bidding us good-by; that he would die with his boots on and no confounded palavering. So none of us went up for any till-we-meet-beyond-the-river stuff, even if they'd let us pull it. Joe was going to the noose like a man, and persisting to the last he was glad he shot Bleaseley and he'd do the same thing again. We sat there till the sun came up.

(Continued on Page 109)

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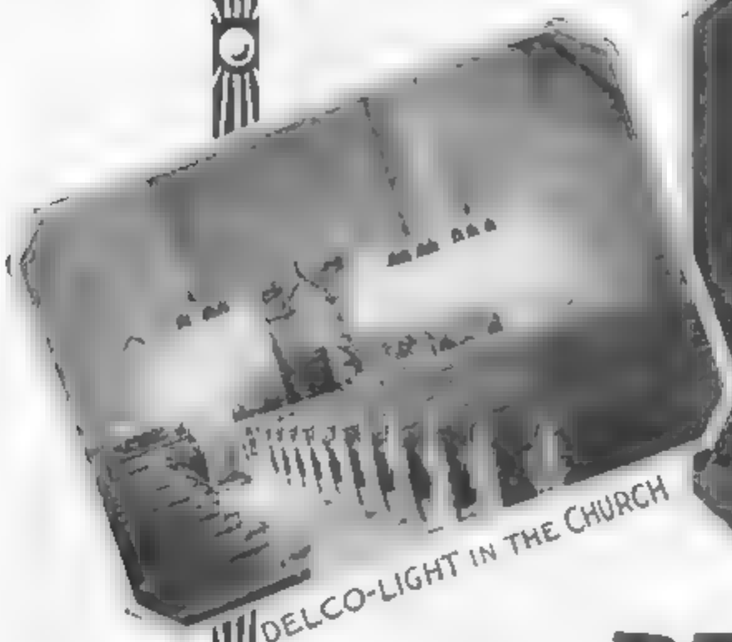

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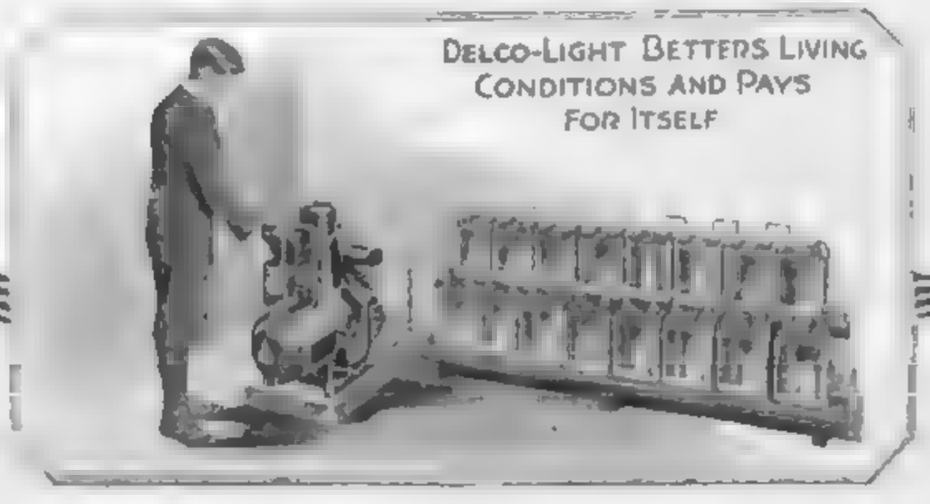

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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 106)

"Waal," said Bill, "I don't know as we can do any good sittin' here any longer. It's all over by now. Let's walk up to town, get the mornin' papers, and see how he took his medicine."

We went uptown. And talk of dragging out the agony! There wasn't one line in them about Joe's hanging!

"Then he ain't been hung!" said Bill.

"Either that or the papers left the capital before the hangin' was concluded," said I. "Then there's two other explanations: The biggest one is that the editors got instructions not to notice the official murder any more than they had the trial. Then way down in the corner of my reasonin', hid in small type and parentheses, is the suggestion that maybe grim, silent, college-professor Jerry Out-o'-My-Way may have had somethin' to do with stayin' the execution."

"Well," said old Bill, "I'm goin' to know for sure." And he tackled a telephone booth and got the newspaper office on the long-distance wire. He came out looking queer.

"It ain't much satisfaction I got," said he, "but the newspaper chap said that near as they could make out a stay o' execution had been ordered. The chap said that pressure had come from somewhere, and probably through the efforts o' Joe's counsel the governor had been brought back in a hurry from his accommodatin' vacation. Must be Lovett's got busy at the eleventh hour!"

"Lovett nothin'!" said I. "Lovett's a machine man or I'll eat my cow rope. The chap that's done it is our ex-canvasman Jerry Out-o'-My-Way. Hoorah for the bantam! He's all wool and a yard wide!"

"Hang on to your celebration," said old Bill. "We'll go back to the lot, change our clothes, and catch the first train for the capital."

Bill had arranged the routing some weeks previous so that on Monday and Tuesday we wouldn't play. It cost him cash to let the show lay idle, but out of respect to his unfortunate partner he did it. Four hours later our train pulled in to the capital.

"Where do you think we'll find him?" said Gridley.

"We'll go to the capitol," said I. "That's where the big show is comin' off, if anywhere. If he ain't there he must be stoppin' at some hotel, and we'll search every register in the place until we find the name Jerry Smith."

We got a taxi and was spun out to the big state tops on the hill, and the very first person we bumped into as we put human feet onto the walk was none other than Jerry. He was just turning to go up the thousand steps of the building, same as us. I hailed him and he looked round.

Jerry in the habiliments of civilization was considerably changed. He'd soaked in a little culture of a barber shop and gents' furnishing department, and powdered the tint of his nose, and he looked more than ever like a college professor. His face was so cold and hard that it looked almost expressionless; and he wore a pair of those heavy bone spectacles that make a human being resemble an owl. I noticed he didn't greet us very cordially. Then I saw that his lips were white and bloodless.

"Man," I cried, "what's the matter?"

But I knew what was the matter. He was scared purple. He started to tell us that nothing was the matter, when gruff old Bill broke in:

"Is this straight stuff about Joe gettin' a stay o' execution?"

"Yes," said Jerry.

"Was you responsible for it?"

"Yes."

It was funny to see them two stare at each other that a week before had been boss and bossed. Bill got sort of blubbery round the eyes like a kid, and he flopped Jerry's strengthless hand up and down and tried to say something. Jerry got his hand loose.

"Don't," said he; "the man isn't saved yet. The governor meets his council in this building on the dot of noon. I've got the chance to appear before them and"—here Jerry smiled a ghastly smile—"impress on them that I'm now Jerry Out-o'-My-Way and that they've got to stand aside. But I wish, Gun, that I'd had three years training thrashing roughnecks in your show instead of what I have. It'd come in handy now."

Bill reached in his hip.

"Have a drink, son," he said.

Jerry pushed the flask away with an effort.

"That stuff don't supply what I need for this scrap," he said. "It only takes away the remaining nerve that I have got."

"Can't we help you any, Jerry?" said I.

"No, thanks," said he.

"If the council should turn down this pardon, which they probably will, bein' machine men, what's next?" I asked, hoping against hope he had more behind him than his quaking determination to shove the ship of state by pushing against the stern.

"That remains to be seen," said he. "I must hurry. It's three minutes to twelve now."

"Can't we go with you, Jerry?"

"No, it's impossible. You wait here till I come out. We'll know Joe's fate by then—and perhaps a great deal more."

I think he swayed as he mounted the steps. We watched him in the distance till he climbed to the top and disappeared between the great pillars.

"Son," said Bill, "they can arrest me and shove me in alongside Joe, but if it's humanly possible I'm goin' up into that there edifice, find the governor's council room, and shove my ear against the door to hear what's said."

We agreed that it was worth a try and we went up. The executive chambers were on the northeast corner of the second floor. They lay at the end of a far corridor, and being noon the capitol was somewhat deserted. At least no one seemed to mind us as we found our way up and saw Jerry standing in the marble-floored distance with his hand on a doorknob. I knew he was summoning all the pep that was in him before going in to be torn to pieces by the bunch that had gathered round the governor.

"Come on, Gun," said old Bill. "If that door ain't too darned thick, let's you and me see if we can't attend on the festive butchery."

The door was thick and the latch was snapped; but there wasn't much fear to old Bill. Silently as a thief and so slowly that no one would notice unless they came out and discovered us, his steady old hand undid that knob and shoved the door open a half-inch crack.

Apparently Jerry hadn't got into action. We knew that because the only sounds we heard were the scraping of chairs, coughing, and the rattling of papers. My heart went into my mouth as someone said suddenly:

"Shut that door! It's been left open!"

Bill and me flattened ourselves against the wall. A party on the other side walked up and snapped the lock closed again. Bill was a gritty old cuss. He waited till he thought they might have forgotten to watch such a thing as the door, and he had it open again. This time Jerry was speaking. It was a hard, unemotional voice he was using.

I knew from the tone of it exactly how his face looked at the moment.

". . . the time was when I was one of Bleaseley's tools like the rest of you," he was saying. "I had brains, but I lacked backbone. Bleaseley got me to do some of his dirty work. Then he used my fall from honesty to bind me tighter to him. Without any astounding amount of brains himself, but with a chunk of aggressiveness that filled the whole inside of him, he used the brains of other men—including yours and mine—to lift himself to his place of power that he held when shot by this showman. Lower and lower I sank, more and more I submitted to Bleaseley's control, until finally it came to the point where for my own good I had to leave. Like a hunted man I went from one place to another. I hated myself for my subservience. If I'd had the grit of the ordinary man I'd have committed suicide. The day came when I found myself as a common canvas bum with a Wild-West show."

"Gridley & Dermott's?" someone demanded.

"Yes!" declared Jerry.

Bill and I could sense the commotion this declaration caused. There were a couple of cuss words; then followed an ominous silence. But evidently Jerry was warmed up. He didn't seem to mind.

"For once in my life I found myself among men who live on the square, ride hard and shoot straight. I was in an atmosphere where nothing counts excepting whether or not a man is a man. I had my eyes opened. I found the spirit of those Western boys slowly filtering into me. I found that there's two kinds of justice—the justice Joe Dermott meted out to Mike Bleaseley and the kind of justice that this state has meted out to Joe Dermott. To make a long tale brief, I passed through experiences that showed me how foolish it was to be afraid of a thing because of its size—for instance, the Bleaseley political machine!"

A big voice boomed out:

"Oh, you did? Well ——"

"You keep your mouth closed, Tracey!" came the sudden sharp order from Jerry's tongue. "I've got this floor and I'm not through talking."

There was more commotion at this, but evidently the chap Tracey was suppressed until Jerry had shot his bolt. He proceeded to do it, and from his tone, momentarily growing deadlier as Jerry gathered courage to proceed, all indications had it a thunderbolt.

"I've been years trying to rally my courage to hold up my head, act as my conscience dictated, and be a man," said he. "It only needed a few experiences of physical combat, combined with a knowledge of the rough deal this state was handing Dermott, to bring me to my senses and make me ask if I had such an awful lot to fear from this crowd of crooks, after all. That's why I'm before you this noon. I'm here to make some statements, and you can like them or not according to your preference.

"First, understand that I don't give a tinker's dam for any of you. Individually and collectively you're the rottenest bunch of grafters out of jail. Your courage is the courage of sneaks; your power is the variety that must be wielded in the dark; your strength is the hidden weapon and the crime that requires protection. You think you're big and strong and all-powerful, because of the numbers of men you've balled up in your political filth. Your enemies think you're a hopeless proposition, because your deeds are shrouded in mystery, and the public conception of you has arisen from a diseased fright of your vague, indefinite, far-reaching proportions.

"Now then, here's the way I've sized this thing up: Political machines, like all other earthly organizations of either men or materials, are man-made. Frequently the worst of them are one-man affairs. What men have done equally competent men can undo. Bleaseley built his machine, not by brains, but by nerve. All that is required to demolish his work is nerve equal to its creator's. Since the last time I had anything to do with the Bleaseley machine I've been out and acquired that nerve. Now I'm going to undo that machine piece by piece, exactly as Bleaseley built it.

"I am here primarily to get a pardon for this man Dermott, and I am going to have that pardon. But to save this man's life means more than your consent to his going free—for that is not absolutely necessary if the governor sees fit to sign it over your advice. It means going against the dictates of the Bleaseley machine, or what now remains of it since its creator passed away. And that means the disintegration of the whole machine. It means that this corrupt organization in control of the affairs of this state must cease to exist, since its existence stands in the way of the better order of things which the pardoning of Dermott stands for."

"Well, and how are you going to exterminate it?" snapped a venomous voice.

"Gentlemen, I have compiled a list of the crooked acts of Bleaseley's agents covering a period of ten years. I have made an affidavit asserting that these practices took place, whom they concerned, and have given names of principals and agents, time, places and figures. To this I have put my signature. Forty copies of this affidavit—any one of which will send both principals and agents to the penitentiary—have been struck off. They constitute the greatest literary and political bombshell that will ever have exploded in these United States of America since the first shot was fired on Lexington Common. There is a certain room in a certain hotel where a young lady this moment sits watching the clock. The moment the hands reach one o'clock this young lady will rise, take up forty envelopes containing these forty affidavits duly sealed and addressed to forty of the leading daily papers of the United States, and proceeding to the railroad station she will journey to a certain town and drop them into the United States mails.

"This last has been arranged so that you shall not use your influence to interfere with those envelopes in the local post office. Most of those affidavits will reach the newspapers in the morning, and appear in print to be scattered over the nation—in

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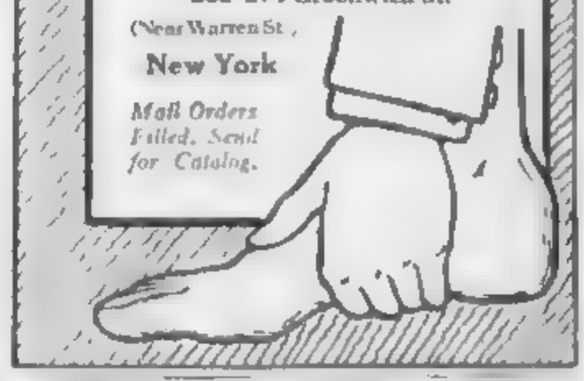

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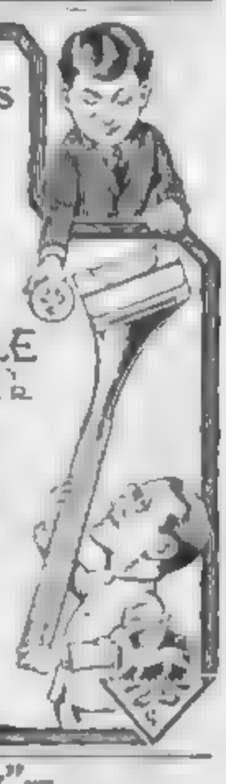

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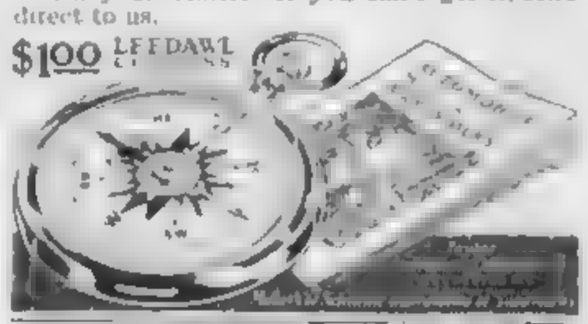

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journals over which you have no control and which, like myself, do not give a tinker's hoot for any of you. In the affidavit I have mentioned that the reason the copies have been forwarded to out of the state papers is because the state journals are afraid to antagonize the capitol gang, naming specific publications. I have told what I have discovered of the truth concerning Joseph Dermott's crime, what he heard in Bleaseley's home, how it came about that the governor was sent away so no appeal could be made to his conscience, how Dermott is being railroaded.

"I have given the names of his lawyers, the judge who favored you, have even gone so far as to record the verbatim conversation between the governor and one of your men when he gave the former his orders to get out of the state until the thing blew over. I have made affidavit of your part, Tracey, in the state roads steal, the Rogers Dock Bill and the Willowby milk inspection. Of you, Sullimann, I have told what I have learned in the matter of the charter for Springfield & Western Gas, the Three Rivers town coalition and the automobile-license graft. To you, Redding, I have charged up the gambling graft at Meadowrun, the rake-off from show licenses, and the building of the Brightside Insane Asylum. Then there are various other things in which the public will be interested. There's the Boughton & Boughton Railroad stock issue; there's the matter of the addition to the west wing of the capitol; there's the conduct of the Thomaston State Prison, and the death of Jim McPhale a few days prior to his intended appearance in the Mathers slander suit. Oh, it'll make one warm page for the newspapers. And the public will not be any too pleased to learn these things through out-of-the-state newspapers."

Jerry stopped. The silence in the room was terrific. I could picture those grafters seated round that table like waxworks. When he continued his voice had lost all its nervousness. His tone was the bark of a fighter:

"I'm no fly-by-night reformer. I've no ax to grind beyond saving the life of this man Dermott. I've bearded this 'honorable' board here this noon to call its hand in this matter of state control and dare you to a showdown. Never mind how I found out all these things. I'm daring you now to come out and fight me. We'll get out in front of the people in the light of day and battle to a finish.

"Ah, I see that some of you gentlemen look scared. In fact, I may say that judging from your faces three of you are either debating suicide or planning how to get out of this state before those affidavits reach the newspapers. And this is the high and mighty civic inquisition that has kept honest men in terror, bluffed earnest reformers into believing the Bleaseley organization invulnerable, influenced legislation, and ruled this state with a high and mighty hand! You're a powerful looking crowd, the lot of you!"

"You damned squealer!" one man contrived to whisper.

Jerry paid him no attention.

"Time is passing, gentlemen. It will soon be one o'clock. It lies in my power to stop that young lady from taking the train. Whether those affidavits ever see publication rests entirely with you. If you will assent to this pardon, come to my terms, on one condition I'll see they never reach a post office."

"What is the condition?" a hoarse voice demanded.

"The Bleaseley machine, represented mostly in this room, right here and now must cease to be. Mike Bleaseley is dead. In trying to railroad Dermott you are making a bad matter worse. The thing for you to do is to resign from your various places of influence and quietly leave this state. Let enough time elapse between your separate resignations so that the public will never suspect, and let honest men be honestly elected to your places. Let the Bleaseley machine simply disintegrate. And to prove that I have no ax to grind personally, and that I want none of the reformer's glory which would make me a traitor to men that in the distant past I was connected with, I will agree to do the same. We will all clear out. No one will ever be the wiser for what has gone on within our state's affairs.

"Gentlemen, it will take me half an hour to reach that hotel and stop this young lady. But"—and here his voice was deadly with venom—"don't flatter yourselves that if you assent to Dermott's pardon those affidavits will go out of existence. If you consent to my terms I simply agree to stop those letters from reaching the mails. Instead, the young woman will travel to a certain bank in this state and put them in the hands of a trustworthy official. He will lock them in his bank vault. If I should ever come to my death by violence, and there is the least reason to suspect that the wrath of the Bleaseley crowd for my action of this day was responsible, that bank official is to open that safe-deposit box and hand over that bunch of mail to Uncle Sam. Do I make myself clear?"

"You're givin' us no alternative!" cried another voice.

"I am not! All your dirty lives you've been giving no alternatives to other folks, and for once you can all swallow your own medicine. I don't give a rap what you do after you get out of this state. You're simply to get out and stay out, and some day when a historian writes the record of this state he will have been saved the trouble of including for future preservation an account of the disease that once ate at the vitals of her government and contributed such a dark and shameful page to her story."

"Have a care!" roared a voice.

"Have a care?" repeated Jerry. "For what? There isn't a man in this room I'm afraid of—I've licked men that would eat any one of you at a bite. If any man present doubts it, I'm ready to accommodate him right here behind these closed doors."

"Kill him!" cried a voice.

But nobody seemed particularly anxious to do the killing. Jerry stood there in a silence you could cut like cheese.

In sixteen minutes he joined us at the foot of the capitol steps. There was no greeting as he came up to us. He merely said:

"I've learned something, boys. I wish every man on earth who was the failure I was could know it too. There's many a wall of opposition in front of him that looks impregnable; but it's only manufactured by a lot of human folks just like you and me. In the case of a great influence for evil, those folks who built it were only good people like us gone wrong. There's many a chap in this world who would be astounded how easily he could drive his personality through the thickness of the obstruction in his path to success if he'd only get over being afraid of a thing on account of its size and look at its quality."

He passed a heavy scroll of paper to Bill. Both of us knew it was Joe's pardon.

"Without a whimper!" commented Jerry, jerking his head at the building rearing above us. "Without a whimper!"

"But you had the goods on 'em," said Bill.

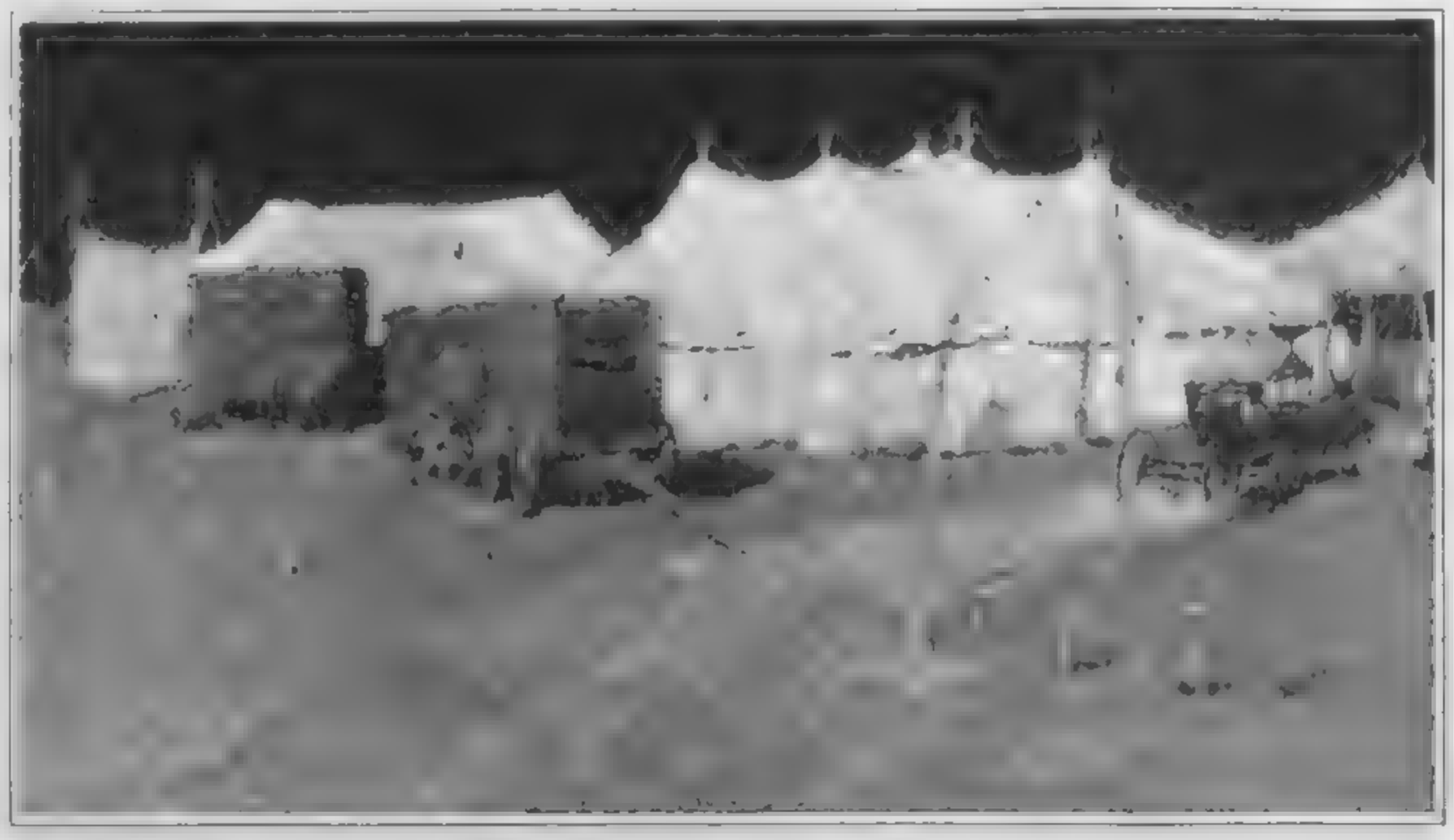
"No," said Jerry, "I had their consciences on them. I simply collected all the data I could learn about questionable deals in this state, which the reform crowd was eager to give me. I took the chance that the reform crowd was right. I charged them all up to the grafters—there wasn't detail enough to those charges to hang a cat. But what can't you do with a man who knows he's done wrong? All that was required was the nerve to make the charges. I made them. Thank God that I'm a man again!"

"A four-flush!" gasped Gridley.

Jerry smiled grimly. Then he dismissed the whole thing with a wave of his hand.

"Perhaps after the first of the new year I can join you boys with your show again. I like the atmosphere. I'm doubly glad that I can associate with you without making up like a rummy or disguising my identity; but I really had to investigate this man Dermott's case personally before signing away his life as that bunch of crooks insisted."

The thing hit me with a smash! Nothing had happened up to that moment to disclose what I have since been proud of. I am probably the only showman in the business who has enjoyed the unique experience of having two of his slats kicked in by a governor of what is now one of the most law-abiding of the United States.



Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RAYNSTER is the newest name in the clothing world. It covers a line of weatherproof garments that is as broad as human needs, and as varied as the whims of Dame Fashion. There is a Raynster for everybody, for any kind of wear or weather.

Briefly, the line includes rubber surfaced service coats for policemen, firemen, watchmen, teamsters, in black rubber, red rubber, tan rubber, single and double texture; it includes the popular single and double texture models for men, women, boys and girls, in a great array of styles.

It includes fine, thin, dressy, rubberized fabrics for smartly dressed women; it includes an almost endless choice in cravenette fabrics that range in patterns from quiet tones to the most charming heather mixtures.

No single page of space permits the telling of the many, many styles and fabrics and patterns and colors.

There are three big things for everyone to remember. First, is the name, Raynster. The next, that these garments are made by the foremost organization in the world employed in making things in rubber—the United States Rubber Company. Third, that the Raynster in your kind, style and fit can be had from a dealer in your neighborhood.

Take no other at any price, for the Raynster is priced exactly right to give the utmost of quality and service in every kind and style.

You can instantly identify the Raynster. This name appears in the coat label; it is the Honor Mark of a great company. Look for the stores where the Raynster signs are displayed. If your dealer hasn't the Raynster, write to us direct at the address below, and we will see that you are supplied.

Look for this label on your coat

Raynster US

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division **New York**

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust—

Monona Avenue, leading to the Capitol, Madison, Wis. Treated with "Tarvia-A" in 1908 and recoated with "Tarvia-A" 1914.

Grand Boulevard and Concourse, New York City. Constructed with "Tarvia-A" in 1911, and treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1913 and 1915.

Maple Street, Winnetka, Ill. Surfaced with "Tarvia-A" in 1916.

A Good Road is as Personal as a Good Automobile—

An automobile is as personal as a prized and petted horse.

When you labor through a tough road—ragged, or stony, or bumpy, or sandy—you feel the evil "personality" of *that* road. *It is your enemy.*

But when your car sweeps over a smooth, resilient, dustless, perfect road, you feel that *that road is your friend.* That perfect road becomes as personal as your car. *Every Tarvia Road has that friendly "personality."*

Smooth and resilient always; dustless in dry weather, mudless in wet weather; a welcome stretch as often as your wheels hit it. If the name TARVIA were painted on it you would say, "Here we are again, old friend!"

You are probably no stranger to Tarvia roads. They are now to be found in nearly every section; in cities and towns, parkways and highways—thousands of miles of them.

But do you know how they are made? Do you know what makes them smooth, dustless and mudless? Do you know why they are so durable and economical?

If not, here is some detailed information that will interest you.

About Tarvia

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation, shipped in barrels or in tank-cars. It is made in three grades, to be used according to road conditions, *viz.:* "Tarvia-X," "Tarvia-A," "Tarvia-B."

The chief use of Tarvia is for constructing and treating macadam roads, to make them durable, smooth, resilient, dustless, mudless, waterproof.

It is also used on concrete roads, on brick pavements, and even on good gravel roads, to smooth out irregularities, to arrest disintegration, and for repairs.

"Tarvia-X"

"Tarvia-X" is always to be used when you are building a new macadam road, both as a binder and a surface-coating. The old way in building macadam was to use water as a binder.

But a water-bound macadam wears out quickly under modern traffic that loosens the surface, grinds it into clouds of dust, makes heavy mud and leaves the road full of holes.

Results and Cost of "Tarvia-X"

With "Tarvia-X" in place of water, you have a road smooth enough to dance on, resilient enough for rubber tires to grip on without skidding, or for horses to trot on without slipping; without dust in dry weather, without slime in wet weather.

The first cost of making a tarvia-macadam is but little more than the old-fashioned macadam, but the saving in maintenance more than pays this difference. So Tarvia costs you practically nothing.

"Tarvia-A"

"Tarvia-A" is practically a thin "Tarvia-X" used for recoating the surface of a macadam road already built. It is applied hot and adds greatly to the life of the road. It keeps the road dustless, smooth and inviting to traffic, but its use is confined to certain kinds of traffic to be economical.

"Tarvia-B"

"Tarvia-B" is a much more widely used preservative. It is applied cold. It is thin enough to sink quickly into the road, yet strong enough to bind the surface particles together into a dustless, durable surface. "Tarvia-B" offers the lowest cost of road maintenance yet invented.

Tarvia roads invariably reduce taxes for road building and maintenance. They give a maximum of road efficiency for a minimum of cost.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

With Every Fish

Serve Lemons. **For Attractiveness—for Flavor—for Digestion**

A WELL cooked dish that looks inviting is already half digested. If also *flavored* well the charm is made complete.

Lemons as a garnish and a dash of lemon juice for flavor make scores of dishes *epicurean* that would be plain without them. That little care in achieving this *perfection* is doubly paid back in the benefits derived.

There's more than merely *art* in garnishing. Why let fish, meat and game lack the *healthfulness* that lemons add?

SUNKIST Lemons come from California. They are mechanically washed until each is absolutely clean. Then wrapped in fresh, crisp tissue and packed in brand new boxes. Sunkist are practically seedless, bright-colored, waxy lemons. Because of fewer seeds they are more easily sliced and quartered. Such lemons are best for garnishing.

Delivered to you by your dealer *in the original wrappers*—if you insist—*all ready for your table.* In order to keep lemons most satisfactorily leave the wrappers on the fruit. This prevents the air from shrinking the skin.

Boston Cooking School Recipes—An illustrated book containing 200 Orange and Lemon recipes by authors of the famous Boston Cook Book sent *without charge* to housewives who answer this advertisement. Send for copy now, giving your dealer's name and address. Also please state your greatest single use of lemons.

California's

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

"Lemons for Usefulness"

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. M59, Los Angeles, Cal.
A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8000 Growers

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The Heraldic Pattern

In this new pattern is offered a revival of the antique hand-hammered effect with a decorative crest to relieve severity.

It is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible through an actual test of seventy years of service in American homes.

The Heraldic Pattern can be matched in hollow ware, such as coffee and tea sets, bowls, trays, etc.—permitting a full silver service in one harmonious design.

Sold by leading dealers *Send for illustrated catalogue "C-90"*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

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